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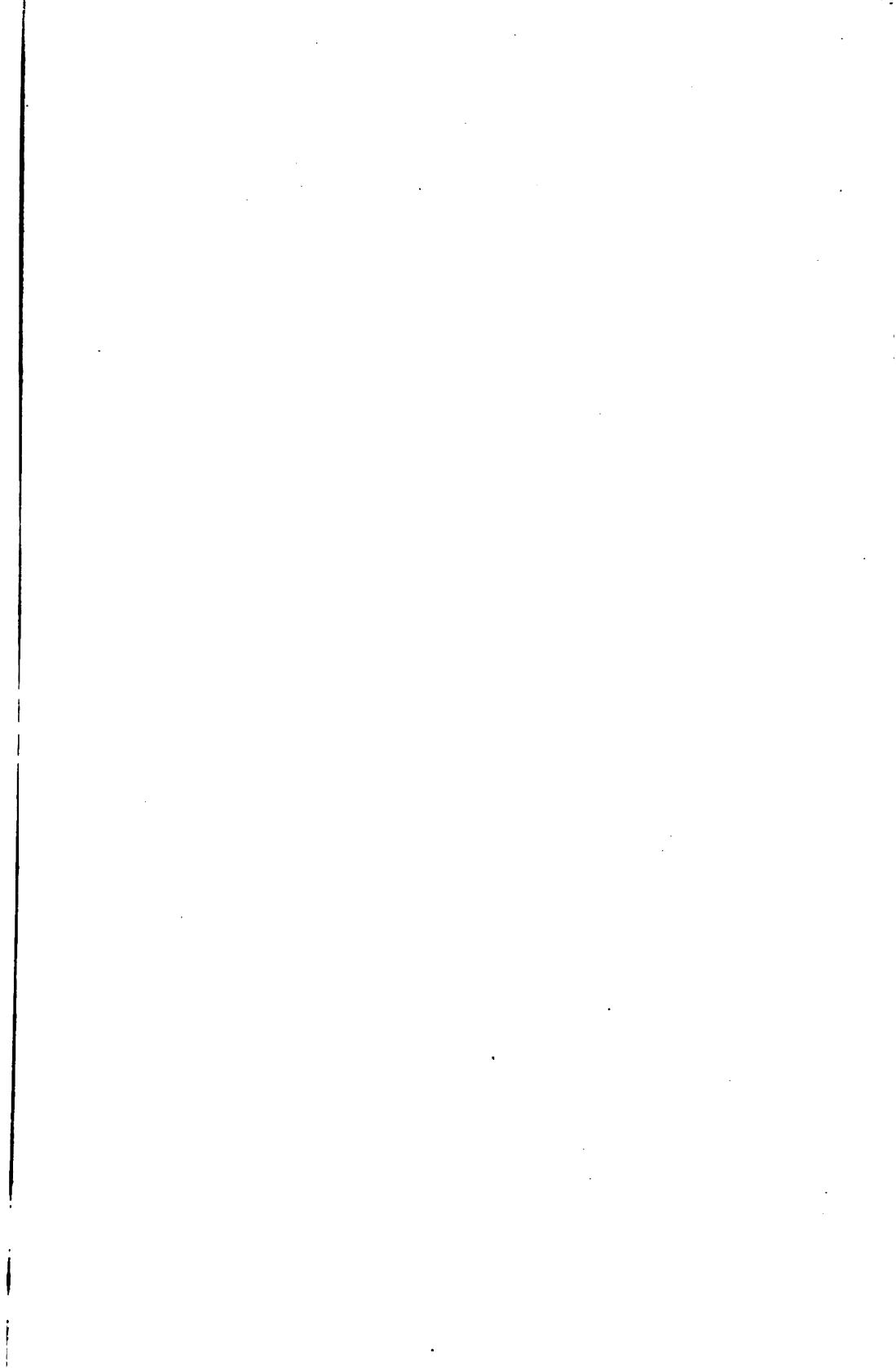
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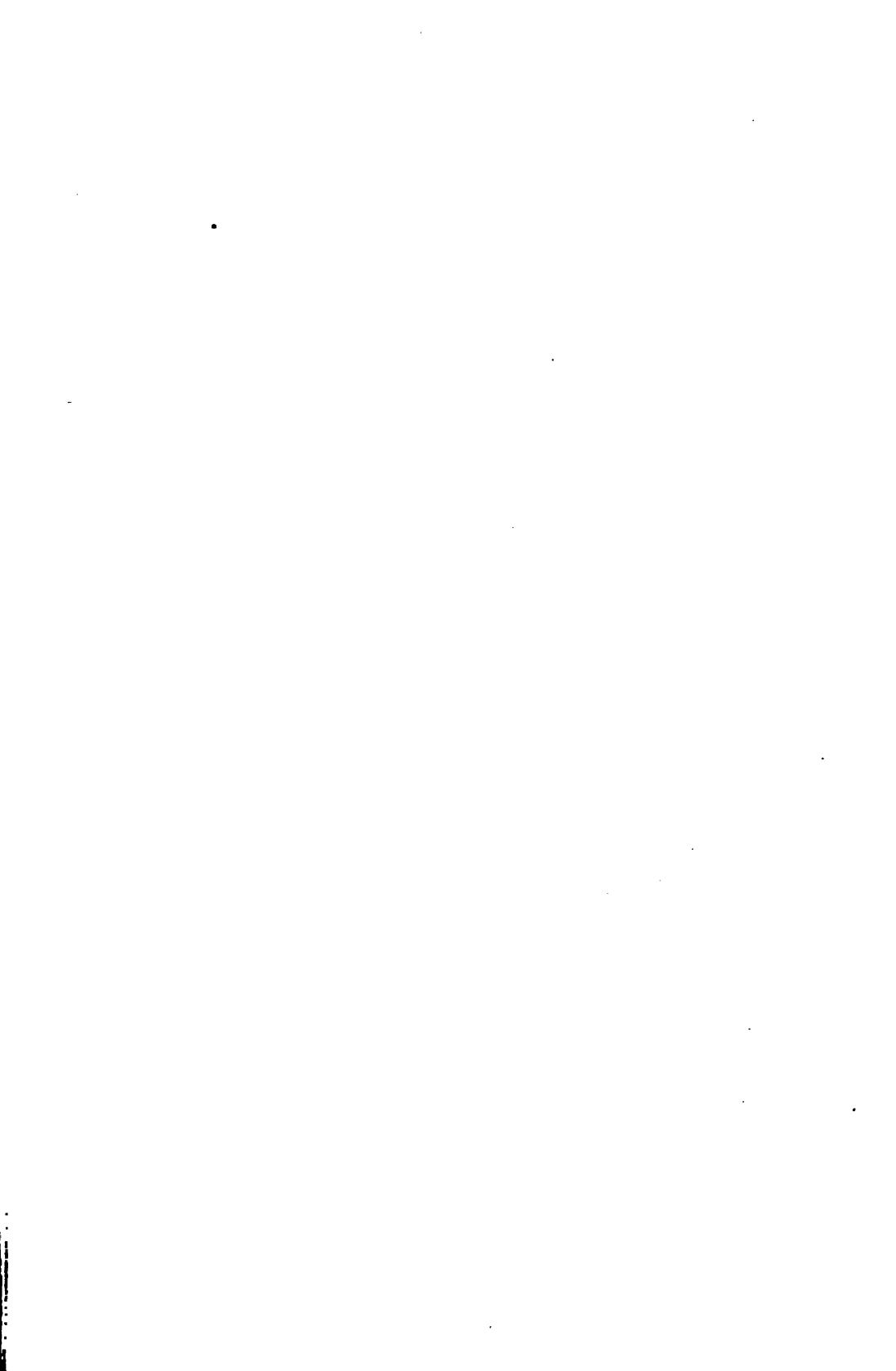
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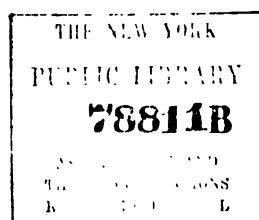
# THE CHILD OF THE NATIONS

*By Lucy McDowell Milburn*

1914

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MRS



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**LUCY McDOWELL MILBURN**

**TO MY HUSBAND,  
JOSEPH ANTHONY MILBURN**



## PROLOGUE

Great priest of the moon-god, Ptah-Hotep called,  
Whose earthly body lies beside the stream  
Of Nile, near Memphis, but whose words of wisdom  
Live and find their way to many lands;  
Who after various incarnations here  
And elsewhere clos'd th' circuit as the poet  
Homer, who from Chian isle did wander  
To Asiatic shores, where 'mid the scenes  
Of which he wrote he liv'd and died almost  
Unknown, yet lives to-day throughout the word,  
Rever'd and lov'd by all who know his verse;  
Who came, but not in earthly guise, to help  
Th' Roman Vergil write the wand'rings of  
Æneas; yet not satisfied in giving  
Man these great, immortal poems, still  
Desir'd to pen another message when  
Th' brain and hand made ready to receive  
Prophetic word should come: it is not strange  
That he should seek an instrument to-day  
On shores where liberty is larger than  
In other lands; nor that in coming to  
America a woman he should choose;  
For here a goddess holds the light as truly  
As the pole in Athens Pallas held.  
Why the great, immortal Homer came  
To me, I cannot tell; but when he came  
And how, I shall relate.

Much worn and sorely tried, my little bark  
Upon a sea of doubts borne round and round,  
My spirit faint from having tried to both  
Row and steer o'er life's rough rock, I sat  
One long, lone night, and pray'd and wept and pray'd  
Again with strong desire to rend the warp  
And woof that shut me out from light. Then having  
No more tears to weep and no more prayers  
To pray, like child so very tired of having  
Its own way, very quiet I grew and listen'd.  
I heard naught save the throbings of my heart;  
Then at the portal of my palace knock'd<sup>1</sup>  
For never had I been within. The door  
Was straightway open'd; out fell all my doubts,  
My self-will and my misery. Then said I,  
“Lord, wilt thou not enter in<sup>2</sup> and do  
With me as seemeth best to thee?” Then having  
Plac'd my trust on God and Him alone,  
And promis'd in the presence of my soul  
Not to rebel wherever He should lead,  
A deep, sweet peace fell 'round me like a mother's  
Arm, and soon a soothing sleep was mine.  
Th' carolling birds awakened me, and made  
Me feel their note of praise; the water gurgling  
Said to me, “Come drink, thou knowest now  
Th' crystal fount whence inspiration flows”;  
Th' fleeting dawn lent me her rosy robe.  
Then I arose and put my hand in his,  
My guide's my heavenly Father sent to help,  
One whose bidding I should do with will



Quite trustfully. Then looking up I saw  
A patient, self-controlled, godlike man,  
So gentle, firm, yet kind. "Materials gather,"  
Said he, "that I with you a lasting lay  
May build for time to come. This way you will  
Not come again; so leave behind you thoughts  
That will enrich the world when much that now  
Is valu'd shall have passed. Write of children  
That the nations are by thought producing;  
For like individuals, peoples when  
United create their offspring. Nations few  
As yet have coalescing ideals. Many  
Have conceiv'd an ideal child, but one  
Only has produced.<sup>3</sup> Write of Him,  
Of others yet to be; but most of all  
Write of child that will exist when wars  
Are over, when a universal law  
Binds all; and see perchance if you can look  
Beyond the day, and know what lies before."  
"Am I then chosen as a prophet; that  
Your wish for me?" I humbly asked, knowing  
That prophets suffer anguish oft of spirit,  
And always have sad lives. My thought my guide  
Could read though unexpress'd, and for me suffer'd.  
Then said he, "Let us hope it shall be so,"  
And handed me a cross some larger than  
Th' one I wore. "If you would gain a crown  
Of laurel while on earth, you needs must wear  
A heavy cross. If you would prophesy,  
You must be persecut'd; for those who see

Beyond what others see are shunn'd of men,  
Regarded as unsafe, unsound, and only  
In future ages prais'd."

If any words there be herein contain'd  
That help mankind, that throw a light on smallest  
Grain of truth, or ope the door, let praise  
To him, my guide, be given; th' flaws and faults  
Assuredly are mine. My prison walls  
Reflect but blue; the full white light would blind;  
A mortal but a partial ray can have.

How gladly would he speak to me more clearly;  
His full voice deafens me. His touch is gentle  
When more I've wish'd to see and hear and feel;  
Then Semele's<sup>4</sup> sad fate I do recall.

"Write hexameters, as Daphne<sup>6</sup> wrote of old,  
Call'd by you to-day a double trimeter.  
Some will say you've lost the beat, but know you're right;  
And others soon will follow where you lead the way.  
Freedom in your style is good, but liberty  
Of thought far more important is. Be fearless; tell  
Truths which telling you must bear the scoffing of  
Th' crowd, yea, e'en ingratitude of friends, the stigma  
Of insanity perchance; yes, surely, if  
Of our company you come to be, for poets  
All by men of shorter sight have been deem'd mad."  
As bearing torches into darkest dens men feel  
Th' foulness, dankness, and unwholesomeness of deadly  
Vapors, which have not yet risen high enough  
For harm yet will in time destroy, so poets see  
Intellectual ills far greater than the noisome

Pestilence, which will, if not annull'd, destroy  
Th' freedom of the human mind.  
Then bravely write of that you know is truth; for no  
One, not even Over Here, knows all the truth;  
God to each one gives a portion suited to  
His need. The more you give the more you gain; so freely  
Tell the message now intrusted you, e'en though  
At times it seems to contradict historic page;  
For fuller light is coming now to all who study,  
With no prejudice, the laws of planet life,  
And truly love their fellow-man."



## CANTO I

### *Beginnings*

Before creation's dawn, before its eve, before  
Th' visible Universe came forth, an uncreated  
World there was, the kingdom of the Most High God,  
O'er which the Almighty One held sway supreme. As yet,  
Not begotten, The Creator.<sup>1</sup>

Before all worlds (which means before created worlds<sup>2</sup>  
As suns and moons and planets), God in His own image  
Made, not th' fleshly tabernacle of the man,  
But mankind, in tenderest love His offspring breathing  
Out. Some whole He formed, likest to Himself;  
More were made in halves; while many were but partial  
Gods, mere atoms of His being, yet in substance  
One and form'd to be like Him.<sup>3</sup>

Th' host of heaven were angels called, while the whole  
Beings, archangels, were denominated Lords.

Th' eldest of the begotten sons did in rebellion  
Lead a number of the heavenly host against  
Th' will of God the Father. Harmony thus arrested,  
Th' atoms were dispers'd; attraction and repulsion  
Began. When all were not of one will — call it warring  
If you choose: it was not peace — yet as in heaven  
No strife can be, these angels and their leader fell,  
Not to a bottomless pit, not into endless misery,  
But into outer darkness which they made by their  
Self-will, for all oppos'd to light must e'er be dark.

Though to God the darkness and the light are quite  
Alike, to those outside of God there is no light.  
Still the Father loved his rebellious offspring;  
He would not they should stay forever from His side;  
He ne'er desir'd to punish them, but wish'd to bring  
Them home again. By th' way prescribed some were ready  
To come, but some were still antagonistic and  
In the darkness sought to found a kingdom. So  
Now began the creation of the worlds that were  
To be the fields of battle for th' opposing hosts.  
By the Father's loving hand were stars sent out  
To guide His erring children Home.  
From the source of light were thrown great brilliant balls  
To illuminate the sky. In time these flames  
Dividing, fire- and water-stars became, which orbs  
Are known as Saä- and as Fedrus-Stars. The fire  
Or father stars were able to produce. They threw  
Off portions of themselves which from the mother stars  
Attracted water,<sup>4</sup> thus fecundated formed a third  
Part which we call earth. This triune body able  
Itself to reproduce we name a sun. Not all  
Are suns that by this name are called.<sup>5</sup> Some stars are still  
Electric lights<sup>6</sup> and some are yet all fire, as th' male  
Progenitor of our sun, the famous Polar Star.  
Around this father star in swift procession his  
Children and their progeny go.  
One group, Taurus nam'd, is far away from home.  
Helios, our sun, midway stands, while Ursa Major  
Nearer is; yet all are far from the star that gave  
Them birth. These three as yet are all the systems that

Hold life, as we term life, and on these three the human  
Kind came simultaneously. The Polar Star,  
Our great Saä father, stationary now  
Is, as if to say, At heaven's gate I wait  
For my children. Long, O so long, must he wait —  
For Helios, as we know, is not through giving birth,  
But now in throes of travail is.

All the planets of our little system must  
Do their work, return their earth and ashes also  
To the sun before his fires can burn their fullest;  
Then be quenched, and in turn great Helios fall  
Into his father's arms. And not our sun alone  
But all the suns he has produc'd must fall, when their  
Day is ended, into the arms of the Saä Star.  
Many children are less ready to come home  
Than Helios who has not made one circuit of  
His orbit 'round the parent star.

With our short sight we cannot even count the children  
Of our sun. Some known in earlier days have slipp'd  
So far into the shadowy world we see them not;  
Some are known to-day that were not counted years  
Ago. Not longer are Hyperion's rays, but lenses  
Man has made that do augment his sight, and planets  
That upon their paths have slipped come once again  
In place and enter on the race.

Poseidon of old again is on the heights, nor held  
Below the waters by his angry brothers; Neptune  
Shines though not so brightly as does Jupiter. Also  
Uranus once more upon the chart of sky is named.  
Like men, male planets are more easily reinstated

Than their sisters. Where is dear old Amphitrite?  
Lost? No, only fallen for a time, and Rhea  
Takes her place, as cradle most desirable for  
Th' human race. The Earth we sometimes say, that other  
Planets are of earth as well as fire and water  
Unawares. Our Mother Earth, the planet Rhea  
Is not the only home for God's erring children  
As they make their pilgrimage through the sky. Before  
Rhea's day began, on Jupiter, on Venus, and  
On Mars at one time came mankind; that is, in form  
Of man they came, for elsewhere potencies they had  
Develop'd, necessary to form a human body.  
When on Rhea souls first lived, in the rock  
And jewels of her bosom they were hidden; having  
Fed on this firm frame, they came again to sport  
Among the herbs, to quicken grass and fruit and flowers.  
But long ago the human left these lowlier forms  
To make its home in tenements that swim and run  
And fly, until attun'd to life in myriad ways  
Th' struggling soul dares claim its present shroud of clay,  
Which habit it must learn to wear and war in, 'til  
By means of it and knowledge gain'd through oft repeat'd  
Lives,<sup>7</sup> the soul of man can clothe itself with frame  
Of substance finer than his house of clay, and rise  
Beyond the sight of those still held in Rhea's arms.  
Our mother earth was born some fifty million years  
Ago; a ten millionth part of the parent, with like qualities  
She was dropped into space remote, a shining,  
Burning mass. Her fires externally quenched were,  
While with earth and water, much of th' latter congealed

To ice, the brighter element was enfolded. As  
Whirling swift through space the icy egg came nearer,  
By attraction, to the sun, her coat of ice  
Melt'd, and water form'd her swaddling clothes. Still  
spinning

'Round the sun, she felt his sway.  
Past her creeping days, she thought to stand erect  
And run, as little child who first essays to walk  
Will run and tumble oft; so infant Rhea, on  
Her little end unsteady, next roll'd over, bruised  
Her side and lost a fragment of her frame, some burnt-out  
Earth and rock, from out that sea we name Pacific,  
After great convulsions grown so calm; long since  
Th' wound was heal'd. We call this charrèd bit of earth  
Th' moon. No life can it support, but serves as time  
Measure and reflector of Hyperion's rays  
As 'round our orb it winds its way.  
Baby Rhea roll'd for many million years  
Upon her way, an orbit long, around the sun,  
Spinning best she could, but wabbling much upon  
Her larger end. Where was the head of earth first seen?  
Where did the waters first divide? The place methinks  
Th' Nubian mountains, or near by; her right arm on  
Th' plain of Tibet beyond the Himalayas vast.  
One tiny hand, the arm of which o'er much of Central  
Asia stretch'd, came out in what is now Australia.  
It was the life within, the heart and lungs of flame  
That forc'd th' rocks and sand from out the sea, and made  
Th' islands which in after days were mountain tops.  
As age succeeded age, still more of land was wrested

From the sea, but all upon one side the globe.  
We say, "The Old World"; well we may, for prehistoric  
Races many liv'd and left no monument, while  
Water covered all the western hemisphere.  
Beside the upper waters of the Nile and on  
Th' Persian plains there came a race of men who elsewhere  
Lower lives had lived.<sup>8</sup> Another type of man  
His habitation made upon the shores of Hellas,  
Not then so called. These two races in three countries  
Develop'd simultaneously and a third came forth,  
An amalgam of these two.  
While upon her breast mankind she nourish'd, our  
Mother Rhea grew apace within, and proudly  
Stood erect, a queen among the planets; her head  
Now towards th' north, her feet on Afric's soil were planted.  
Th' mighty mother's speed increas'd. Up came her bile,  
A motley mass of well-burnt ores; huge stones and even  
Fire at times she vomited. Such her rage that turning  
Over once again she threw an island off  
While in her fury rocking. Mother Earth not only  
Whirl'd Atlantis into space but split asunder  
Libya's land and sent across the sea a strip  
Of earth we now call Yucatan, where ancient monuments  
Unearth'd and ones yet to be found, betray how once  
This neck of land to Africa was join'd; its very  
Clay the same as that fam'd land from which it parted.  
This cataclasm vast made mountains plains, and seas dry  
land,  
Of giant rivers chang'd the course: it tumbled towers  
Of highest rock, and buried deep all marks of that

Degenerate race which caus'd th' wrath of Rhea. Picks  
And shovels have not yet the relics of the earliest  
Men, who builded well in stone and iron, brought  
To light; and all we e'er shall find is very new  
Compar'd to what there was before dear Rhea took  
That turn which once more land'd her upon her little  
End, and brought her nearer to the light, thus making  
Night and day each shorter than they were, though shorter  
Still they'll be as nearer to the sun we draw.  
In times when Cyclopean walls were built the days  
Were more than twice the length of those which now we  
count.

No need had giant men of old to travel fast,  
Or hurry work; their years were almost centuries,  
So lasting structures builded they which now defy  
Our scientific architects. A dozen thousand  
Years they've stood in Syria and Greece; yet new  
Are they beside the ones we yet shall find by old  
Father Nile or deep in central Africa.  
For race on race had liv'd and pass'd away before  
There came to earth the Adamites.  
In a garden fair between two rivers, in  
Th' golden sand by th' water's edge an egg was plac'd,  
Th' envelope of a man, surrounded by congenial  
Elements; a two-fold tenement of clay  
Was evolved. This man Adam came a whole  
Being, not divided from his mate, as all  
Rhea's other children are before they reach  
Her nourishing breast, and find theirs how and when they  
can.

---

Adam was indeed a blessed mortal whose star  
Had elsewhere had its setting. He was good, but far  
From perfect, as is shown by th' history of his acts.  
Then Eve, the more evolved, but more fragile portion  
Of what had been ere this a perfect man, came forth  
From the dual envelope. To look upon  
Very fair was she, and loving th' other part  
It was not strange she should desire to again become  
One with Adam. To offer him the fruit was natural;  
To partake, for him, was right. But that which grew  
In the centre of the garden should have been  
Preserv'd for seed. The core conserved, they had not  
For their first, attracted such frail progeny. Often  
A Cain will come to homes where parents eat the fruit  
Of life and sap the springs of being. Not content  
With the many fruits that grow in rich abundance,  
They use the one whose flowers are full of gore. The fruit  
Of knowledge, season'd well with salt, the highest self  
Whence the savor flows will, when partaken of  
Temperately, produce the best.  
These progenitors rare of special race were sent  
To earth a purpose divine to fulfill; obeying not  
Th' mandate of their higher wisdom, needs must suffer  
Pangs of bringing forth a murderer, and of seeing  
Slain a weaker brother, ere temperate enough  
To conceive a son who should their likeness bear  
At its best, and on the earth their seed continue.  
Seth, this son, was of a famous race progenitor.  
Cain became an alien in the land of Nod,  
Far to th' east of Eden; but no more was Eden

The abode of Adam. All to remind him of  
This estate so fair was a simple rod, a twig  
From a tree that in his beautiful garden grew.  
An angel, so the story runs, permitted Adam  
To take this rod, and told him what its use. Though not  
Plant'd it grew, and held its strange mysterious  
Potencies for many a day.

When illustrious Noë, whose ramparts were the sea,<sup>9</sup>  
Was swept away by tidal wave, and all that part  
Of Rhea's crust was soak'd by rain, a man of God  
A wondrous ship did build, and sav'd therein himself,  
His sons and daughters, and animals of all kinds; of unclean  
Two, and seven of the clean — a fair proportion,  
Hospitality showing to all of God's creatures  
Nurtur'd here for good of man. How came this Noah  
So much wiser than his age? The legend says  
He divin'd what was to come, and builded well  
By means of Adam's rod. The history of this man  
As given by the Hebrew poet helpful is  
To th' wise, and full of symbolism.

Upon this scriptural washing day not all of Rhea's  
Clothes were wet, but all the world to Adamitic  
Race of men, then known, was delug'd. But this time  
Of waves and storms was further back by several thousand  
Years than we have counted it. Just as to-day  
We know not what is happening at the Poles with all  
Our ironclads, fast motors, wireless telegraph  
And aëroplanes, so in those early days a flood  
Might o'er all of Syria sweep and not be told  
In other quarter of the globe.

It is a saying old that "nations rise and fall";  
They do indeed. Not all are swept away in one  
Dire cataclasm, not all by tidal waves or deluge  
Perish, or are covered with volcanic stuff  
As Sodom and Gomorrah, rich cities of the plain;  
Some one way, some another, perish or are buried.  
Mountains also rise and fall. The prophet sang,  
Every valley shall exalted be, and was  
Geographer as well as philosopher and poet.  
Islands peeping forth from watery home are urged  
By th' heat in Rhea's heart to seek the air above.  
Some come in a day, while others centuries take;  
But slow or fast, they grow to hills or mountains vast.  
Then when as stately hills they, for a time, have looked  
Arrogantly down perhaps upon the fields  
Below them, suddenly comes, some day, a rift in one  
High peak, the fire beneath long smould'ring seeks relief.  
Greatness never lasts. The highest mountain once  
Its fire pours forth, becomes as lowly as the plain  
It once looked down upon. Its worn-out crater lower  
Falls, then useless lying for a time excites  
Th' wonder of the passer-by. But Time all things  
Equalizes. Th' most unsightly lava fields  
Become the softest, richest earth. In broad expanse  
Of prairie lands we see no remnant of volcanic  
Action. Men who lead their flocks and herds o'er these  
Level fields have never heard that they were once  
Mountains high; nor do the sightseers gazing on  
Geysers often stop to think how near the fire  
Must be that boils the water. Soon the place where they

Are treading will be molten fire. Geologists tell  
That these changes have been and still will be, but  
They do not tell the reason why.

Much to help him guess how human beings lived  
In times gone by the archæologist finds, and comes  
Gradually nearer to the truth of when man first  
Made stone and metal tools, first builded tombs or carved  
His image. Th' scientist gathers knowledge from without,  
Th' poet from within, he therefore sees the scroll  
Of records before they are unrolled.<sup>10</sup>

Besides the nations that have come and gone yet left  
Their impress well engraven, their runes full strongly marked,  
There are those gone and those still here who have no fruit  
Borne, conceiv'd no child. The undeveloped has  
No age. Some young, some old, of individuals live  
And die without a purpose, nothing leaving that  
Will prove they've been; the same with nations, mass from  
part

Differs not, save in degree.

In far off Australia, what find we? An island,  
Yet a continent, in extent as large almost  
As th' United States. Th' geologist tells a tale  
Here the same as elsewhere on our planet: Mountains  
Risen, mountains fallen, lakes and river-ways,  
And glorious fields. The archæologist here has not  
Yet begun his work to tell us of the greatness  
Passed away: for once was here a race whose only  
History buried lies in things they one time used;  
Sealed books their thoughts to us.

Degeneracy is clearly written on the face  
Of every native man we meet upon this isle.  
We should not think of asking him of how he came  
Or who was there before. Of his progenitors  
He knows far less than we, for we know how the history  
To discover he has lost.  
When time is ripe the English-speaking race who now  
Possession have of this rich, fair, and fertile land  
In their search for gold and diamonds will some day  
Uncover unexpectedly interesting history,  
Which will tell us of a civilization long  
Buried in Australia.

Another race degenerate whose place upon  
Our map is large: The children of Turan hyena-like  
Who through the night of ignorance prowl, devouring dead  
Nations, thinking to govern by the sword instead  
Of by the light. But half emerged from the animal  
Envelope, their garments are so black they fail  
To see the gore upon the border.  
What Turkey may become when she begins to travail  
Towards a human birth, we know not; but as yet  
She has no ideals. One prophet she produced  
Who knew the unity of God, but saw not man's  
Divinity, nor recognized that strength must come  
By suff'ring. Failing to move the mountains great of doubt  
And ignorance, his faith not strong enough to wait,  
Mohammed yield'd his princely state to vassals, left  
His throne within and went without the beast to conquer  
Which in the open conquer'd him.

Of no mean magnitude was Mohammed's star  
Though shining with a lurid light as waning  
Moon upon a cloudy night, or setting  
Planet flick'ring 'mid black veils of night.  
That same moon rose in silver radiance;  
That planet brightly shone at eventide.  
Th' time, the place, conditions 'round the man  
Made Arabia's prophet what he was,  
Th' best expression of that time and clime.  
Wand'ring Bedouin tribes must needs be welded;  
An earthly kingdom learn ere a spiritual one  
Was known. An infant race is led by one  
Strong man 'til able all alone to stand.  
Within a tyrant's breast prophetic gifts  
Are seldom hidden; very few are warriors,  
Kings and legislators too; but this  
Unletter'd son of Turan, persecuted  
And despis'd in youth, his great gift fearing,  
Until Khadija counsell'd him, Obey  
Th' voice divine, surmounted difficulties  
With strength miraculous, oft gaining knowledge  
Without the aid of books. He wrote his laws,  
Humane and just, eradicating many  
Crude beliefs. He held to much of good  
In Moses' statutes, modified Hebraic  
Customs, adding gentleness from Christian  
Teaching gained. Yet desire to see  
Results, ambition for the recognition  
Of the world, made Mohammed resort to measures  
Most severe, made him in part forget

His mission to mankind. The monarchy  
To him became the leading thought, and soon  
His gift of prophecy waned. His religion  
Crystalliz'd at Mecca 'round the Caaba  
Stone. His kingdom at the point of sword  
Was far and wide extended. He controlled  
By fear his converts. Strength of arms without  
Th' cords of love still feeds the beast, so slowly  
Slavery gnaws the root of Islam's tree.

Though equality preaching and brotherhood of man,  
Th' savage Turks were ever brought to truth by force,  
And still their way to grace they fight.

Th' kingdom by Mohammed 'stablished after his  
Death amazingly grew o'er all Arabia, easily  
Spreading thence to Palestine and Asia Minor.

Th' Caliphs saw their armies conquer in the name  
Of Allah and his prophet, great Mohammed, while  
Despotically they ruled beside the prophet's tomb  
At Medina, sacred shrine.

These different peoples, knit by kinship which belief  
In the same God gives, were able soon in Persia  
To deal a final blow to th' Sassanian monarchy.

Though the Caliphs at Damascus ruled long,  
After a time the chief seat of the empire was  
Changed to Bagdad on the Tigris. Having at home  
Conquer'd th' Persians, Egypt was quite easy to gain:  
For it has been a prey to any one who cared  
To take it since the fall of Rome. The Mohammedan Turks,  
Whom the Romans called Saracens, burnt the famous  
Library which the Ptolemies at Alexandria

Had collected. Mohammedan fanatics wished  
No books but the Koran, which has much of truth  
In it: for knowledge not alone from Jews and Christians  
Did Mohammed gain. Quite conscious that he talked  
With visitors celestial he had confidence  
To write and inculcate his laws.  
Easily all of Northern Africa the Turks  
Occupied, th' Moors absorbing; thence from Tunis  
And Morocco pass'd to Sicily; then a century  
Later set a giant foot on Spain where they  
Improv'd and beautified a region much neglected  
Since the days of Roman rule. But long and fierce  
Th' struggle, with many bloody battles ere th' persistent  
Turk the crescent rais'd o'er Capitol decadent  
Of the Eastern Empire, where for centuries  
Byzantine culture under licentious rule had smoulder'd.  
Since Naziansen's bonfire no more classic learning.  
In all the motley crowd since Rome had come to rule  
Beside the Bosphorus, but one was ever called  
"Good." Though chief of the army for a quarter of  
A century, as Emperor, Michael Sixth was asked  
To abdicate the throne in one short year. Then ruled  
In quick succession weakling men and wicked women.  
After sacking Rome and crushing Greece, barbaric  
Hordes from th' north and east for some time helped to hold  
The Turks at bay. The Byzantines, surrounded on  
All sides by enemies, yielded in the fifteenth century  
To the sword and faith of Islam.

The people we call Scandinavian older are

Than we think. At foot of hills whose beauty only  
Th' modern man attracts, their culture buried lies.  
No signs remain of this first race. Some songs and sayings  
Wise by their descendants were left in Iceland, where  
A portion of a second race we find, who here  
Ruled long before Phœnicians found their way  
To northern seas. A tree of life and knowledge grew  
For these simple folk, whose fruit was rudely shaken  
Down by Tyrian pirates, who, returning south,  
Many towers and castles planted on the coasts  
And erst received the name of Norsemen.  
In these latter days upon a budded branch  
Of their tree of life has come a blossom, a poet  
Born in Skien.<sup>11</sup> Both Scotch and German blood runs in  
His veins, and in his eyes the sorrows of mankind.  
He has urged the world to see its social ills,  
Nor has he failed to see beyond this vale of tears,  
Where lov'd ones live, and can be seen by all whose eyes  
Are clear'd and who to soar are willing to resign.  
Sweden, too, had her great son, a prophet,  
One who to th' world belongs.

Th' English call all Northmen Danes, the races  
Of the Scandinavian countries failing to  
Distinguish. Yet they differ greatly. The Dane no kinship  
Had with veritable Norsemen, for the Viking  
No liking. Long, long after th' earlier civilization  
In the North it was that Danish people came  
To live along the Baltic shores, and took possession  
Of the Jutland peninsula; then made war upon

Degenerate Northmen, Kelts and Anglo-Saxons, or  
Any one who came within their reach; their time  
Spent in exploits like the schoolboy of to-day,  
Who cares much more for football than for classic lore,  
Letting strength grow in his heels rather than his head.  
Th' Danish pirate bent on sport, his days to theft  
And rapine given, took no time to think or brood.  
That he conquer'd but a day he held; for, having  
Naught to give for that he seiz'd, nor anything  
That might the parts cement, they slipped away as fast  
Almost as he grasped them.

Driven from their Asiatic home by Roman  
Conquerors, led by wicked chief, from Asgard after  
Pompey's triumph, a barbaric horde it was  
That follow'd Odin to th' north and west, that hailed  
Him King in life and after death disrobed him,  
Called him God, the evil that he did exalting,  
Excusing all his wicked deeds by classing them  
As supernatural. Odin to his people left  
Some crude runes, some tales and songs brought from their  
distant  
Eastern home, wound 'round with minstrel lays, extolling  
Their wild life and victories. These a book of legends  
Make, by them as early history held. Though th' softening  
Light of Christianity has for many, many  
Centuries been among them, th' Danes as yet have no  
Central thought, no firm ideal, for the centuries  
Of plunder no richer left, no wiser for their years  
And years of greed and rapine; and th' few good men  
And women who within the Danish realm have found

---

Birth, by right belong to other lands. Yes, verily —  
Their one, ideal man a world possession is,  
And in spirit belongs to Germany.<sup>12</sup>

Italy also has produced no child for reasons  
Different far from those which made some other nations  
Barren. They had given nothing to the world,  
While she has given her all nor kept enough at home  
To feed her poor. In some respects it is the same  
Whether nothing or too much, but not in all;  
For those nations that give nothing have in turn  
Nothing to expect; while she who gives her all,  
Becoming empty, receives from all, or will receive  
When time has shown the world the obligation owed.  
Italia has never been united, always  
Feuds and jealousies internal; central fire  
None on which to heap the débris of the race;  
No charioteer to drive the steeds which gallop where  
They will, full speed, like woman with too many lovers:  
Full to th' brim with charm she husbands not her forces,  
Sits not by the hearth to rock the cradle, but  
Would forever on the public way be seen.  
Her little faults forgiving, and of her gifts to other  
Nations only thinking, note the casket full  
Of jewels in either hand she bears.  
Assisi 'mid the Umbrian hills half hid, still guards  
Th' tiny chapel Francis builded, its stones made smooth  
By pilgrims' kisses who from far and near come here  
For visions rare and answered prayer, find rose leaves stained  
With blood which speak of sacrifice and saintly life.

One Franciscan friar far outshone the founder.  
By his tomb at Padova all receive a blessing  
And many weary faithful ones miraculously  
Are healed, while in every country shrines and altars  
Do attest the love and faith inspired by that  
Young saint who ever holds the lily.  
Ruled so long by popes at Rome, like nuns no marriage  
Rites permitted, no thought of child, for orphans of  
Th' world has Italy clothing made and sung eternal  
Songs, has painted pictures full of truth divine  
To help the nations yet unborn.  
Her Dante, morning star of verse, belongs to all  
Th' world. Who knows not his Divina Commedia,  
Its height and depth, and th' Vita Nuova, is poor indeed.  
Marvel well we may at his imagination.  
Joy we often shall at love that so transform'd  
His life. Yet o'er his unforgiving spirit, that  
At last his life so darken'd, and our thought of his  
Great genius shadows, weep we must.  
Then her Petrarch with broad brow and luminous eyes,  
Remember'd long by all whose Lauras to th' heights  
Them lead, a lover, patriot, friend, philosopher he,  
And poet laurel crowned, lives at Rome to-day,  
At Pisa and at Florence, though at Arqua rest  
His bones. His statue speaks a message to the children  
Of Padova, as on their way to school they play  
Around their town's late tribute<sup>13</sup> to the bard who learned  
Much lore within the gate where Galileo's tower  
Is seen, where still his rostrum reverently guarded is,  
In the quiet halls which held a host of choice

Spirits in the bygone days. They loved the chapel  
Built upon the old Arena, whose walls hold pictures  
Fair that make us feel there is a vision seen  
Alike by poets and painters. Giotto's inspiration  
Dante's portrait drew in fresco fine while they  
Abode in Antenor's town.<sup>14</sup> Here Petrarch came to pray,  
And Tasso too in later days; and while celestial  
Vision ever came to Giotto's aid, yet in  
Mary's Chapel better than in crypt or tower  
We see the master's hand who knew so well what color  
Suited best each saint, who used th' legends old  
And Holy Scripture stories right, and never failed  
To give to saints their holy eyes. In every branch  
Of art he far outstripp'd his master, Cimabue,  
Whose sweet spirit still pervades many sacred  
Fanes and makes us glad he found and taught the shepherd  
Lad and recognized his peer.  
Luini th' Lady Mother drew and saints that hold  
A rare perfume. Though dim with age th' undying still  
Is written on each perfect brow.  
DaVinci knew the face of Christ; to it the phase  
Of womanly as well as manly strength he gave.  
But Guido Reni saw the Blessed Mother clearer  
Than his peers, and of the gentle John of Patmos  
Gives a portrait true, while Beatrice's tearful  
Eyes are not more lifelike than the face and form  
Of his Michael, warrior archangel.  
The art of old Perugia town is full of quaint  
Religious feeling; hosts of angels everywhere  
From brush of Fra Angelico or Raphael's teacher,

Perugino. Raphael depicts on his  
Madonna faces every phase of woman's love  
And power to suffer. We like to think that this most blessed  
Lady cannot be portrayed by any one  
Type, but that she stands for ideal womanhood.  
What of Titan Angelo, who strength of sculptor's  
Art to painting carried; in color carving figures  
On his canvas so that prophets walk and sibyls  
Almost talk on ceiling of the famous chapel  
Of the popes. Not higher than his time did his  
Religious compositions rise, but when he gave  
A dome to Peter's Church we knew that Angelo  
Many talents had, which, if in one groove they  
Had run, he would be hailed as Italy's greatest genius.  
A majestic mixture in his art of pagan  
And half-bred Christian; in his poems and letters th' gentle  
Heart we find that would have grac'd earth as a prince.  
A princess, yet true woman, helped to mould the manners  
And the inner life of him she honored most.  
Yea, Colonna, to you the credit be of much  
We find in men whom you call'd friends.  
While Italy is the native place of Christian art,  
From rude designs on walls of catacombs to mural  
Paintings quite superb in palace and cathedral,  
Art by no means was all scriptural. Many mythic  
Scenes we see and Titian well deserved praise  
Gained for rarest coloring, yet not erudite  
In fabled lore, his pictures often fail to tell  
Th' story. His Assumption and fresco of Mary on  
Th' temple stairs are justly famed. Tintoretto,

Veronese and Jacobo Bassano as  
Colorists each the other much resembles; but  
One can always tell Bassano by the family  
Portraits or the little brown-ear'd dog. To naught  
In Venice second is the Cana marriage feast,  
Tintoretto's masterpiece, though Palma Vecchio's  
Saint Therése more talked of is. The Ariadne  
And Europa side by side in Doge's Palace  
Illustrate the love of classic, Veronese  
And Tintoretto felt. At Parma has Correggio  
Left his most superb Madonna group, and while  
Some cry decadence, all are spellbound held by warmth  
Of feeling, grace, and opal tints. Guercino of  
Bologna, though his coloring is less delicate than  
Correggio's or Guido's, rarest portraits gives  
In mythical and scriptural scenes.  
When canvas all is worn and pigments e'en are faded,  
On Ghiberti's doors we still shall gaze and wonder,  
Nor fail to praise Verrochio, nor say that any  
Him excelled in equestrian art. Perchance  
He sculptured better than he knew; though Donatello  
Gave to David and Saint George more perfect forms,  
Both in marble and in bronze were master workmen.  
Cellini's Cosimo and Perseus are inspired,  
While Canova modell'd many lovely forms.  
All these and many more made Italy's tree of art  
Blossom for three centuries. Now came blight from bigoted  
Religious zeal, which kill'd th' artistic spirit, which  
Imprison'd Galileo for knowing more than pope,  
Which burned th' wise Dominican friar who dared denounce

Corruption in the Church and warn the wicked Borgia  
Pope as well as Florence's lowliest sinner. Then  
When God's instrument, Charles of France, from Alps to  
Naples  
Marched, Italia's iniquity was chastised,  
And France gain'd literary and artistic birth  
Which the mother's death knell sounded.

## CANTO II

### *Egypt*

*Let geologists tell the minute process of the birth of lands. Let  
physicists and chemists wrestle with the problem  
Of changes wrought that made the land a habitation fit for man.  
Suffice for us to know that mankind on this planet  
Lived ages ago, not only man, but wise men, seers and teachers.  
Unless the seer be teacher too, what mission has he*

Fulfilled? Who in times to come knows whether he lived  
Or not? To Egypt we should go to learn what man  
Did for man, yea, for mankind in th' dawn of th' sixth  
Day, that day which now is and will be for ages  
Yet to come th' most glorious by far that e'er  
Has been; that day when, all things being ready, th' time  
Fulfilled, man into being sprang, his temple of clay  
Entering, leaving fins and feathers, fur and hide,  
Too thick for higher uses than to defend him from  
Th' beasts of prey, behind. Then shedding tails and wings,  
He stood with vertebrate strength to claim his kingdom, not  
On earth alone. At first too weak to climb, he sought  
Th' level land and quiet water-side; the placid  
Lakes his bestial nature calm, and nature's beauty  
Reconciles him to the change.  
That sweet poet who by stream of fecund Nile  
Sang of creation's days, inspired was to speak  
Of the evening and the morning. How beneficent  
As well as wise the hand designing evening to

Precede the morning! Who that first beheld the radiant  
Morn and felt the noonday heat could live through night?  
Darkness to one ignorant of its purport would  
Be enough to stunt the growth of life and leave  
A man bereft of reason who for th' first time felt  
It after daylight. No death, perhaps, has been  
More terrible than the yielding to sleep that first night after  
Seeing th' god of day descend.  
Did light precede the dark? In any life or lives  
Does it e'er come first? The seed lies in the ground;  
Th' bird is hidden in the egg; from the dark womb comes  
Th' infant life. Yes, always darkness, then the light.  
Out of the cloud comes lightning. O great negative mother!  
From whom positive force proceeds! O blessed wisdom  
That decreed the night should day precede! In th' evening  
Light was born! In th' twilight man first came to life.  
A little light, then a long, long night before the brightness  
Of the rosy dawn. So Erebus Phoebe precedes.  
Nyx with her dark horses drives before Eos  
With her saffron robe! Leto wander'd long  
Ere chain'd Delos came in sight where birth she gave  
To twin lights.<sup>2</sup> Even Phœbus must destroy the python  
Ere from Phœbe's hands the shears he takes, declaring  
His hair shall ever be unshorn.  
Having elsewhere had their primitive lives, a few  
Develop'd souls to Rhea<sup>3</sup> in their astral nimbi  
Came, and wove terrestrial bodies out of Mother  
Earth's fabrics, in climes best suited to their need.  
Th' age call'd Pleistocene<sup>4</sup> came earliest in Greece,  
Persia, and Nubia. In each of these

Climes a race matur'd, nor knew of others than  
Themselves. The forerunners of these races, those who came  
From other planets, in their astral envelopes,  
Temples of clay constructing from the elements, were  
Spirits so advanc'd that inspiration easily  
They received from beings of a higher order,  
Who not only aided them in preparation  
Of these new tenements, but taught them what to do  
For the betterment and development of all creatures.  
Nubia, set 'round with mountains, wreath'd with clouds,  
A land of many pure fresh-water lakes which flowed  
Northward to the sea in after days, the foster  
Mother was of a race in sinew strong, in mind  
Wise. As all of earth's first children, they the sun  
Worshipp'd. Into life its genial rays had warm'd  
Them, as still it does the ostrich eggs when hidden  
In the desert's golden sand. The radiant orb  
Of day they lov'd and mellow moon and twinkling stars,  
Yet when night-time came they fear'd th' monstrous beasts  
Who own'd th' waters and the forest ere man came.  
Of all the myriad forms of life the serpents were  
By far their greatest enemies. Of superhuman  
Size, still upright,<sup>5</sup> walking on their tails, these creatures  
Worshipp'd were by man, through fear.  
When the golden age of earth had pass'd away,  
Some seers and trusted teachers of these earliest times  
Were, to men of later days, as gods. One Kofu  
Open'd such a mine of wisdom to the new  
Made race of men that he was father call'd by all  
Of his disciples, and by many deem'd th' father

Of the Nubian gods. He sometimes is miscalled  
Kephera, and was by his descendants worshipp'd in  
Th' moon. A little later Sepa, learn'd in secret  
Lore, by his descendants worshipp'd was as sun.  
Th' life in trees was nam'd for him, and many words  
Still found in northern lands betoken that his name  
Was one with wisdom.<sup>6</sup> Nu, an early ruler, gave  
His name to all the land so lately under water.  
He was call'd th' water-god; while Nut, his wife,  
By her children nam'd Goddess of th' Sky,  
Had figure made with feet and hands upon the earth  
While her body fair is as the heavens arched.  
Shu, whose place it was to uphold the sky, and keep  
Th' earth and heavens apart, a teacher was of many  
Things so little understood, those coming after  
Nam'd him God of Air; and many of his words  
Treasur'd long beyond his day were taken into  
Syria and later to the Chinese realm,  
Where in curious ritual crystallized we find  
Them to-day in valued books, the Shu-King called.  
Shu and Tefnut, wiser than their day, were only  
Mortals worshipp'd when their faults were all forgotten.  
Keb, less given to talking of th' sky than his  
Father Shu, unveil'd th' treasures of the earth,  
Helping men the secrets of the soil and rocks  
To unfold; was given the name of Earth-God by  
Those who wish'd in after days to honor him.  
All these before the day of kings.  
Th' earliest of the Nubian chiefs e'er honor'd as  
A god was Thoth, who thought the moon was greater than

Th' sun, and instituted worship to that pale orb.  
Thoth's teachings, not unlike the cult of Kofu,  
Were in later days brought north where several kings  
Assum'd his name. We know not all whose children made  
Them gods, for next to sun and serpent worship, which  
Everywhere was earliest, came the adoration  
Of the ancestor; if he had anything  
Worthy of recording done, or if his children  
Thought so, and were rich enough to make their boast  
In metal or in stone, this one would be to future  
Generations as a god.

As century after century pass'd th' people who  
Their earth-beginning had on Nubian soil o'er all  
Of Æthiopia spread, and northward came beyond  
Th' then high Atlas mountains going to a fair  
Island called Atlantis. Here the men who chose  
A southern clime for their beginning rapidly  
Develop'd; many incursions made on the mainland north,  
A maritime power becoming, 'til their progress was  
Arrested by the Titans in Greece.'

This island of Atlantis in its civilization  
Equall'd anything this earth as yet has seen;  
But as the people in material wealth and knowledge  
Gain'd, they lost in wisdom and in goodness, so  
Had degenerated in a few thousand years  
Into a very wicked nation. Then the Pilot  
Who guides dear Mother Rhea, knowing that some portion  
Of the earth must be thrown off, its shape and orbit  
To preserve, the island of Atlantis chose  
As least worthy to be saved.

Little did the luxury and refinement of  
Their rich civilization help assuage the anguish  
Both of mind and body that on one and all  
Seized in that storm of storms, which rocked and sway'd  
Their isle three days and nights, and loosen'd from th'  
mighty

Deep the roots of land, and sent a piece from Rhea's  
Breast far out in space, or sunk beneath the high,  
High waves the land that fail'd to hold. Where once was  
verdure

Now was mud; where temples, palaces, and gardens  
Fair, and all that men and women covet of  
Earth's rich stores, were in profusion, now was naught  
But salt waves lapping mud, which barr'd for many years  
That passage to the inland sea where stood the gates  
Of Herakles. This cataclasm, of great ones second  
On our planet,<sup>8</sup> which has had so many fires  
And floods, not only threw Atlantis off, and many  
Smaller isles submerg'd, but clove asunder Afric's  
Mounts, and let the many waters of the Nubian  
Land in river flow, long call'd *Ægyptus*,  
Afterwards the Nile. A world of sand was left  
By th' receding sea, not yet made fertile, still  
A desert call'd Sahara, which between *Ægyptus*  
Land and ocean made a barrier.

One man escap'd th' doom that met his kind that day  
When this mighty earthquake buried low all towers  
And temples of the Nubian land. Without a mate,  
Without a home, by all he had endured nigh  
To distraction driven, Kahab with the beasts

---

Consort'd and ere his days on earth were ended saw  
Th' human partly imaged in half beast, half man.  
Th' mustang and the ape from Kahab took on human  
Traits and partly human heads, yet kept their tails,  
Some their claws. With human heads e'en serpents came,<sup>9</sup>  
And men with heads of vultures, rams and dogs, so that  
In after days these strange mysterious compounds wor-  
shipped  
Were; yea, reverenced by a few, and feared  
By many. Painted in rock tombs or graven on  
Temple walls their portraits oft we find. The great  
Sun-god Ra e'en had a head of ram, for he  
In earthlife to the half-beast race belonged; yet  
Deified he represents the sun whose rays  
Vivifying, were suggested best by strong  
Creative force in rams. Hence Aries, the sun's  
First house, mark'd th' vernal equinox, when life  
Returns to trees and herbs, when man and beast feel most  
Desire to multiply. So in the upper world,  
Also in the underworld, has Ra the head  
Of ram, and many are the emblems found that show  
His power, greatest of the race from Kahab sprung.  
This race, half beast, half man, in time held sway o'er all  
Th' valley of the Nile. They left one monument  
Which still defies the hand of Time, and keeps the savants  
Guessing what it means and whence it came. By these  
Strong-limb'd people built, the great stone sphinx on lion's  
Body bears a woman's head.  
In those far-off days the woman larger was  
Than man, with passions stronger. This the lion's body

Indicated. She who had so lately been  
A beast had mind develop'd less than man, who had  
Been longer out of th' animal state. Man, hoping his  
Mate to rule by keeping her in ignorance,  
Capp'd her thinking thereby to suppress her mind.  
From the great stone sphinx, still peering o'er the sand,  
We learn what in those early days man thought of woman  
Whom he almost worshipp'd, half fear'd, and wished wholly  
To subdue, yet dreaded doing so for fear  
He might thereby defeat his perpetuity.  
Valued only as producer, kept as slave  
For the gratification of the animal man,  
Not permitt'd to use her mind like children close  
To Nature, woman then had much of Nature's wisdom  
Unalloyed. Judgment never used, her  
Intuition was more strong. So now among  
Th' women of this curious race, so lately sprung  
From beasts, were sibyls who had such divining power  
That men from far and near consulted them as to  
Th' portent of the future. Of these women, taught  
Wholly by the lore in Nature's book, such wide  
Celebrity one attain'd she gave her name to all  
That land, and many lesser seeresses in later  
Days the name of Libya adopted, claiming if not  
Descent from her held high in days of Ra, at least  
A portion of her power assuming.  
Not along the river Nile but in the hill  
Countries of Apollo's land were Amazon women,  
Able to produce their sons in sinew strong  
And larger than themselves; of whom some came a little

Later to Libya's land, there mixed with the smaller  
Darker people in whose veins yet ran the blood  
Of rams and bullocks, who possessed still a portion  
Of th' serpent's guile. From out the east and north  
Another race migrated to this valley, water'd  
By the long strong river, which e'er since that fearful  
Cataclasm from pure fresh lakes in Nubia  
Had rolled and cut its way amid the hills, its bed  
Of mud in that great sand tract making, 'til with many  
Mouths it reach'd th' Magnum Mare.  
In the lower valley of the Nile, made rich  
By many overflowings of the giant river,  
A race arose amalgamated from the three —  
Syrian, Greek, and those half-animal beings who  
Mark'd their highest era by the great stone sphinx  
And the worship of the sun-god Ra. Yet not  
Forgotten was the reverence for the moon. An early  
King of Thinis took the name P-tah, a Nubian  
Moon god, then made lunar calendars; so now  
Again the moon became the first of deities.  
By its quarters time was measured; and to these  
Men, who first by Luna's quarters measur'd time,  
What we call months were years. Then later thirteen  
months  
Became the lunar year, as now.  
By its light the moon converted night to day,  
Its apparent comings and its goings birth  
And death suggested, rebirth and immortality  
Foreshadowed. Surely P-tah a great god was, and many  
Priests who knew the secret lore were glad to take

His name for their cognomen, thereby gaining power  
Over superstitious persons whom they purposely  
Kept in ignorance. All writing was by signs  
Known to priests alone. E'en monarchs were dependent  
On the priestly hierarchy for their knowledge  
Of science or of history. Pyramids they built  
For astronomical observatories which  
Later were built over, added to or alter'd  
And used as tombs by kings who ceas'd to reverence  
Th' science of the stars. Yet many temples, builded  
By these priests, to-day tell us how well they knew  
Th' movements of the heavenly bodies, and betray  
By their orientation what religious cult  
Was uppermost.<sup>10</sup> Those pointing to the summer solstice  
Honor'd Nile whose flood-tide started at that time;  
Oriented to the vernal equinox  
Others, showing that their builders held to forms  
Of worship where the Tigris and Euphrates rose  
In springtime. Some to rising, some to setting stars,  
Tell th' inquirer in these latter days the age  
Of these temples, and the time when different races  
O'er this land held sway. For by their knowledge of  
Th' stars and deep religious feeling, records true  
Have been left in great stone temples by these builders  
On the banks of Father Nile.  
There came from out the land of Punt, some thirty centuries  
After the great cataclasm, a mighty chief,  
Osiris nam'd, who all of Lower Egypt gained,  
Making the peoples of the different races all  
Subservient unto him; his rule at Thinis having

Firmly 'stablish'd, many other cities built;  
Then with army vast to Nubia he sail'd  
And brought a number of the large dark-skinned race  
North as slaves. But with diplomacy acting, Osiris  
Add'd th' Nubian deities to his own pantheon.  
Kofu and Thoth now took their place beside the chief  
Gods of Lower Egypt, Ra and Atum, whose  
Worship had been added to that of Am, brought by  
Phoenician conquerors from Syria. To each  
Sun-god a place was given: Kofu, call'd the Opener,  
Represented th' sun at early morn; the heat  
And power of the noonday sun was Ra; while Tum  
Or Atum, closer of the day, the sun at evening  
Was. These gods did service also for the seasons;  
Kofu, spring; the summer, Ra; the autumn, Tum.  
Never more than three hours for each day, nor more  
Than three seasons to the year.<sup>11</sup>  
Th' Nubian moon-god Thoth for long held sway beside  
P-tah, who venerated mostly was as teacher  
Of metal workers; he, a veritable Hephaestus,  
The fires of th' underworld controll'd.  
His conquests finished, Osiris taught the people by  
Th' Nile the cultivation of the vine which grew  
To such perfection in his native land.<sup>12</sup> To Egypt  
He became a Bacchus, and many temples built  
Oriented to the equinoxes as  
In Syria. Astronomers and architects  
Imported were from Babylon. Both the lunar and  
Th' solar calendars were by Osiris used,  
Who added to the solar year five days, thereby

Confusion making: earlier it was more nearly right.

Osiris was a fighter brave, successful conqueror;

But by far the greater soul his sister  
Isis, whom he married and made queen,  
Jointly to rule with him. She was not only  
Beautiful and learn'd but greatly loved,  
And became a power for good in the land  
She rul'd. Isis taught the women many things.  
Greatest of all the truth from her they learned  
Was the dignity of motherhood.

Upon that cult which worshipp'd virgins Isis  
Frown'd. She cared not for the stern, cold maid;  
She did not sympathize with Neith, the goddess,  
Boasting that no man had pierced her veil.  
Isis was proud to be a wife and mother.  
One of her favorite names was Mut. One of  
Her much-lov'd symbols was the cow, whose milk  
Nourish'd not alone its own but higher  
Offspring. Isis strove to make all 'round  
Her aware that woman God's final  
Creation is, His highest work, most like  
The Creator. Through becoming a mother  
She not only created sonship, but  
Conferr'd fatherhood upon her husband.  
It was from this Phœnician princess, Egypt's  
Greatest queen, that women of the valley  
Of the Nile not only did, but all  
Who will may, learn of motherhood th' intrinsic  
Value and in creation woman's place.  
But dimly the truth we apprehend that last

Shall be first. Not strange it glimmer'd faintly  
On these childlike minds. Yet after Isis'  
Day the Egyptians deem'd th' goddess higher  
Than the god, th' mother ever more  
Than the father god. From the day of Isis  
Th' mother-thought is never absent. Th' child  
Of Egypt was a Trinity of Beings.  
In every triad of gods we find two gods  
And one goddess. In the hand each god  
Holds a symbol of the threefold life.  
Under many names the great Egyptian  
Mother was ador'd; she was not only  
Demeter, but Persephone, whose gentle  
Breath discovers, when trees in spring their life  
Renew, the body of Osiris, her  
Beloved brother, grief for whom had almost  
Demented her when he by serpent worshipping  
Set was slain, because he would put down  
That cult which his enlighten'd mind abhor'd.  
Many lessons all may learn from th' blessed  
Mother of Horus, who with Horus in  
Her arms was full moon, also she the eyes  
Of Horus was. When he as sun was worshipp'd,  
She was represented by the dog-star:  
Its heliacal rising hailed the goddess,  
Bringing th' sun to light, while Sirius  
Setting was the goddess Hathor,<sup>18</sup> th' cow.  
Her greatest temples oriented were  
To Sirius, erected centuries after  
Her life on earth, when she was deem'd a goddess

Only, all her frailties forgotten.  
Countless statuettes in metal and  
In precious stones, e'en more than temples at  
Dendereh and at Thebes, attest the fact  
That motherhood was worshipp'd by these people.

Many pages in the poetry of this land  
Are filled with myths that multiplied about the deeds  
Of Isis, Osiris, Set, and Nephtys. Temples found  
In fourteen places typify the days of th' waning  
Moon: his heart at Abydos buried tells us that  
This place was the center of Osiris worship.  
Many places honor'd him who was not only sun  
And moon but Nile god, all that gave fertility and  
Increase to the land. His wife, the moonlight had  
For veil; it represented the mystery of birth;  
This mystery it was, and not the moonlight, that  
Was worshipp'd. Noting the use of veils we very nearly  
Can follow the decadence of religions; for  
When all inspiration from the fountain head  
Directly comes, so long as nothing is between  
Th' individual and his God, there is no need  
To conceal the form divine. When human wisdom  
Substituted is for revelation, th' serpent  
Having enter'd th' garden, for secrecy there arises  
Necessity, lest one should detect the fallibility  
Of the hierarchy: hence the mysteries  
Are inaugurated. Only priests may enter  
Th' inner sanctuary; none but initiates  
May see the form of th' goddess. After a while there are  
So many veils the covering often is mistaken

For the form. If veils are spotless no one asks,  
Is the King's daughter all glorious within?  
It was not enough to veil the goddess; priestesses  
Must wear veils to indicate that they were virgins.  
Mortal maids e'en strive to hide with tissue veils  
Th' imperfections of their bodies, as the blemishes  
Of soul are hid by fleshly veil.  
Laban made the veil of Leah so thick that Jacob  
Wedded her instead of Rachael, his belov'd.  
Not only Syrians and Egyptians used veils;  
Was not Iphigenia arrayed as a bride?—  
And as she sings that Greece shall be her nuptials, Greece  
Her children, the saffron veil, betokening that she must  
For her country bleed, hides not the cruel blade  
That priest at altar wields, unsexing her for others'  
Sins. So Polyxena likewise suffered, veiled  
As bride while priests pretended that her sacrifice  
Necessary was Achilles' shade to appease.  
If only they were veiled enough, how many crimes  
Sanction'd were by priests. No veils to-day our temples  
Have, yet maidens drap'd with lace are oftentimes sold.  
Th' veil of temple at Jerusalem was rent  
By earthquake, when the Bridegroom of the Church, who  
came  
To break all veils, was crucified.  
Yet mysteries are still in vogue; altar veils,  
Chalice veils, and veils for ugly truths, and much  
Of simple beauty cover'd deep with years of weaving.  
How much further are we on the way to freedom  
Than those children in the olden days? Some light

From other spheres the childhood of the race had brought.  
Mysteries of life to it were more apparent.  
Life and death and birth are mysteries yet. Before  
Th' life on Rhea is the free, full life we crave,  
Lifted must be many veils.<sup>14</sup>

As time went on the worship of Osiris was  
Restricted to the waning moon and to the sun  
In Duat, the underworld, where he with Ra divided  
Honors. The world of shade most vividly pictured was  
By th' Egyptian, who gave serious thought to th' place  
Where he expected to spend much time, and from whence he  
Would return. His earthly tabernacle preserved  
Must be, so that his Ka, or astral, might in some  
Mysterious way partake, through it, by means of prayers  
And offerings, made by priests and friends of th' pleasures of  
This life, which would last as long as th' mummy was  
Preserv'd. To weave another body for his Ka,  
To return to labor and to suffer in earth life,  
Would indeed a hardship be, if, as he hoped,  
He had to Duat gone equipp'd for life with Ra.  
Hence was so much time and labor vast expended  
On the tomb, and money willed whenever possible.  
To pay for services and offerings. Was it strange  
That these beliefs were foster'd by the priests, when rich  
Harvests they thereby did reap?  
Many curious paintings on the walls of tombs  
Show not only what their life was here, but what  
They thought of the Hereafter. One idea is far  
In advance of later ages. In the judgment  
Hall of Duat a picture shows Anubis, son

Of Isis, weighing th' heart of man. Decision is  
In favor of the man's rectitude if th' heart  
Is more than a feather's weight. That a man is as he thinketh  
Was by a wise king said some centuries later. We  
Still are spelling this trite lesson written on  
Th' tombs of Isis' descendants. Life Hereafter held  
A large place in the minds of these sun-worshippers; yet  
Th' cult of Isis was so popular it spread  
In later days to Greece and Rome, where costly temples  
To the great Egyptian Mother-Goddess were  
Erected. There to-day we find in marble, statues  
Of her beautiful priestesses, who in one hand carry  
A symbol call'd th' "sign of life."<sup>15</sup> With it they conjured.  
If the hooks when shaken turned down, the seed  
Would sprout. The future was foretold by those with  
psychic  
Gifts, while others made wild guesses at the truth,  
As many would-be psychics do to-day. These cults  
Were inaugurated long years after Isis  
Herself had passed to the world of shades; but during  
Her lifetime was Osiris deified, and  
Their son Horus sat upon the throne of Lower  
And of Upper Egypt, when he had avenged  
Th' murder of his father. Horus conquer'd Set  
And all his followers, in a long religious war  
Abolishing serpent worship throughout the land. He was  
Then declared by worshippers of the sun and moon  
To be th' reincarnation of Ra, whose name was added  
To that of Horus; the sacred serpent<sup>16</sup> was to the royal  
Crown attached; a hawk's head was given him,

Which bird, when drinking, by the position of his wings  
Represents the force creative.  
Even in his lifetime Horus was consider'd  
Th' putter down of evil, the victor over the works  
Of darkness. And what more than this a sun-god makes?  
While Ra was never forgotten — does he not direct  
His bark in the nether world, and give that beautiful care  
Of th' divine pilot? — Horus was exalted  
To the rank of highest sun-god Egypt produced;  
His worship that of Kofu, Atma and Ra included.  
As the lotus flower symbolizes the fertility  
Of nature, Horus rising from this sacred blossom  
Of the Nile was chosen to signify that life  
In the spirit higher is than life of earth.  
Deity ever matter transcends.  
Horus' children, four, were for th' cardinal points  
Nam'd, and for a thousand years did his descendants  
Rule the Valley of the Nile. To magnify  
Th' deeds of Horus they delighted, and oft depicted  
Him as conqueror of all evil. Th' sun-disc winged  
Over temple doors or humble dwellings was  
Suppos'd to ward off powers of darkness, and betokened  
Their faith and trust in Horus' strength.  
Descendants of the son of Isis were the last  
Dynasty of Egyptian kings divine entitled;  
Phœnician rule by conquest end'd as it began.  
There came from out the East a grandson of that Noah  
Who from Persian deluge with his family was  
Sav'd. This Semite Menes conquer'd Thinis; there  
His throne established; then built Memphis which he called

For himself. That he was greatly rever'd, if not  
Worshipp'd by his children's children, is attested  
By the monuments in his honor erected by  
Posterity. Those colossi at Luxor, sometimes called  
"Th' Vocal Memnon," statues are of mighty Menes,<sup>17</sup>  
Several centuries later than his day erected.  
Th' Semite race, from Menes and his followers  
Descended, ruled Egypt fifteen centuries.  
They enlarged or rebuilt the pyramids  
That were near to Memphis. Ata, a king of the first  
Dynasty, built a step pyramid, while in the dynasty  
Third, the pyramid of Medium Seneform  
Erected, importing Babylonish astronomers.  
Dynasty fifth pre-eminently priestly was;  
Towards the end, in the reign of Assa, we find a moral  
Philosopher whose name betokens a worshipper of  
Th' moon. P-tah-hotep,<sup>18</sup> of Memphis high priest, left  
A book of moral maxims written in verse, which more  
Than a curiosity is. These maxims to-day  
Are valuable as literature as well as precepts.  
Though the oldest writings yet in Egypt found,  
Their style betrays the fact that P-tah-hotep, however  
Great, was no originator of a written  
Language. Among the many excellent gnomic poems  
One on how a man should treat his wife is modern;  
One on courtesy in conversation full  
Of wisdom is. He says not merely with the lips  
But with the soul to speak, and silent keep unless  
Th' thing that thou canst speak is perfect.  
Near the end of the old empire, in the sixth

Dynasty, higher than either priest or king, we find  
Th' name of a common man, a son of th' soil, one Una  
Of Abydos, who by ability and integrity  
Placed himself at th' head of affairs.  
Now a period of decline, by civil feuds  
Caused, and Memphis ceased to be the seat of government;  
Ammon grew in power; many temples built  
Or alter'd were while priests of Thebes for centuries ruled  
Th' land, restoring order by the undertaking  
Of enormous works: the Fayum drain'd, th' Nile floods  
        stored  
In Lake Moeris, canals built. The aristocracy  
Saw that they were powerless against these wise  
Priests. In time, the civil authorities were strong  
Enough to insist that Ra should not neglected be,  
A compromise effected was, the name of Ra  
Added to that of Am, the All-god of the Syrians.  
Henceforth th' cult at Thebes was that of Amen-Ra.  
During th' latter part of the dominion of  
Th' Amorite priests, when a pharaoh also of some power  
Reign'd, it was that Abraham of Ur visiting  
Egypt was surpris'd to find its civilization  
Advanc'd beyond that of Chaldea, especially  
In the deference paid to women and the sanctity  
Of the family. Since the days of Benothis,  
In the second dynasty, women were permitted  
To reign, and since the time of Isis motherhood  
Had been venerated. We revere that pharaoh  
Of the thirteenth dynasty who, because he had  
So little power, took to himself so many names,

Who with the beauty of Abraham's sister-spouse,  
Sara was taken, yet as soon as he was told  
That she the wife of another was, restored her  
To her Hebrew husband. Famine which had driven  
Abraham to Egypt, prov'd to be a great  
Good. He profit'd doubtless by the wiser laws  
In that land which is the mother of civilization,  
Where the highest symbol is the lotus flower  
Whose blossom is the woman, stem the child, and root  
Th' man. This trinity of earth the father, mother,  
Child, was first in Egypt worshipp'd.  
Some three centuries after the Hebrew patriarch's visit  
To the land of th' Nile, the power of the pharaoh  
Being greatly weaken'd by th' domination  
Of the priests, who though most learned men were never  
Warriors, the Edomites, of Esau followers,  
Descending upon the people of Lower Egypt, a kingdom  
At Memphis establish'd, introducing th' worship of Bel;  
They otherwise became Egyptianiz'd. This rule,  
Which is known as that of Hyksos, or the shepherd  
Kings, from th' thirteenth to the seventeenth dynasty lasted.  
These Edomites it was who th' great rock pyramids  
Converted into tombs. They also built vast temples  
Of marvellous beauty, and tombs for sacred bulls, their god  
Bel or Baal in later days as Apis known,  
Whose vital fluid was by priests for healing used:  
Caught in richest cups of silver and of gold  
This potion taken tended to produce longevity.  
During the period of the Hyksos kings it was,  
In the reign of Iran Ra, the Superb, The Dreamer

Sometimes call'd, that Joseph, a Hebrew lad, descended  
From Abram, Isaac and Jacob, by his brethren sold  
To the Midianites, to Egypt came, a slave,  
Where for a time he labor'd, was unjustly imprisoned,  
Yet finally through his gift of divination was  
Brought before the king, whom he so pleased that  
Iran Ra bestowed upon him many honors,  
And gave to Joseph, Asenath, daughter of the priest  
Of On, for wife. Their sons, by Jacob blessed, became  
Leaders, two of th' tribes of Israel nam'd for them.  
By his remarkable foresight godly Joseph enriched  
Egypt in the time of famine, also brought  
His father and his brethren to this land of plenty.  
The descendants of Jacob lived and multiplied  
By the stream of Nile for centuries four or more.  
Though the Hyksos kings had been expelled by  
Aahmes, that great Nubian warrior whose grandson,  
Thothmes, the worship of the moon reintroduced  
At Thebes, as yet had nothing disturbed the peaceful lives  
Of Israel's descendants. Thothmes First and his  
Grandson Thothmes Third were given to war, and many  
Successful conquests made, the empire extending from  
Ethopia to Palestine and East  
To th' Euphrates, into a province erecting Syria.  
Of all the energetic sovereigns of the eighteenth  
Dynasty, Queen Hatasu is the most distinguished.  
Though half-sister to Thothmes Second, and seven years  
His senior, she became his wife, and reigned jointly  
With him. Then through the minority of the third Thothmes  
She ruled alone, and many temples and obelisks

Erected. Her name at Del-el-Bhari still is seen,  
While from other temples it was by Thothmes erased,  
Who two great obelisks<sup>19</sup> set up at Heliopolis,  
Both of which to Alexandria later were removed.  
At Elephantine and at Luxor structures were  
By Thothmes Third begun which Amen-hotep, his  
Great-grandson, finished, whose wife, a Syrian princess,  
urged  
Th' change in worship at Thebes from moon to that of sun.  
In the reign of Amen-hotep Fourth, who also  
Married a Syrian princess, once again sun worship  
Prevails. A hymn of this time seems to change the cruder  
Notion of sun worship to that of sun as source  
Of energy. Philosopher, reformer, and patron of literature  
Too radical to find favor at Thebes, this prince  
With his Syrian consort th' capital to Tel-el-Amarna  
Removed, where some years ago a correspondence  
Political in character, showing friendly relations  
With Syria, was unearthed. After this dynasty  
A period of military despotism ensued,  
Which last'd till Ramses First, a Hittite warrior, founded  
Th' nineteenth dynasty. His son Seti First, a serpent  
Worshipper, as his name betrays, it was of whom  
Th' Hebrew scriptures say: "He knew not Joseph." Now  
Began the persecution of the Israelites  
Whom the Hittites feared and hated. It was Seti  
Who decreed that all male infants of the Hebrew  
Race should be destroyed. The ark in bulrush hidden  
Wherein the baby Moses rest'd, by Miriam watched,  
Was by Seti's daughter found. This Hittite princess

Beautiful the babe to palace brought and begged  
Permission of her father to adopt it. Stern  
Seti could refuse his darling daughter nothing,  
So it came about that Moses educated  
Was in all the learning of the Egyptians. After  
Th' death of Seti, Ramses Second, his son, who as  
His name betokens worshipp'd rams, did not with favor  
Look upon the Hebrew lad who found it dangerous  
Now to stay in Egypt; for in trying to  
Defend an Israelite an Egyptian he had killed.  
Into the land of Midian thence he fled and came  
To Jethro's house. The aged priest from Jacob descended  
Was so pleas'd with Moses that he gave his daughter  
Zipporah to him for wife. For several years the future  
Prophet led a peaceful life, the flocks of Jethro  
Tending. Hearing how his kindred suffer'd under  
Rule of Seti's son, the longing to deliver  
Israel Moses seized, so that he begged Jethro  
Him to bless and let him go.  
Th' aged priest had in his house a potent rod  
Which to give his son-in-law he much desired.  
One morning after earnest prayer th' wise old man  
For Moses shepherd's crook the rod substituted.  
Three days and nights was Moses on th' mountain absent;  
Returning was by Jethro met, who saw at once  
By the new light in his face a great experience  
Had come to him, who to his father-in-law related  
All the marvels of the precious rod, recounting  
What Jehovah, great archangel, said, who in  
A blaze of light appear'd like fire within a bush,

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Yet burn'd it not. The vision like a god to him  
Spoke, declaring the Almighty had the cry of his  
Afflicted children heard, and now was calling Moses  
Their deliverer to be. Then Jethro knew  
Who chosen was to set his people free, so gladly  
Gave the rod of power to him, its history telling,<sup>20</sup>  
How an angel stay'd th' hand of Abram, Isaac's  
Life to save; how he on Jacob the rod bestowed,  
Who many visions had and wonders did perform  
While he Laban served; that with this rod the Dreamer  
Joseph e'er divin'd, and to distinction rose,  
Whose son Manasseh, knowing that it must be saved  
Though he could ne'er it wield, had carried it to Jethro's  
Home, and bade him keep it safe 'til one arose  
Who might with it be trusted God's mandates to  
Perform. Magicians many knew the use of rods  
Who would rejoice possessing this, but Providence  
Had it preserved not to be misused. Then Jethro  
Godspeed bade to Moses, sent with him Zipporah  
And their two sons. To Egypt as he journey'd with  
Th' rod of God in hand, his brother Aaron came  
To meet him in the wilderness, and they each other  
Kiss'd. Then Moses told to Aarón what words Jehovah  
Spake, declaring unto him the Lord Almighty's  
Help, by whose strong arm the children would from bondage  
Come into the Promised Land.  
To Aaron Moses showed the rod, and told of all  
Th' signs and wonders wrought by it, and promised that  
In sight of all the people Aaron should these feats  
Perform, and speak to Israel's Elders e'en as Moses

Bade. When Aaron deeds miraculous had done  
And to th' assembled host what Moses dictated spake  
The Elders and the people bowed their heads and worshipp'd  
God, obedience promising Moses. Yet when Pharaoh  
Did refuse request that they might go for holiday,  
And sacrifice unto their Lord present, the people  
Murmured, blaming Moses for the harshness Pharaoh  
Show'd, who sent the messenger away saying,  
I know not who the Lord is that I his voice obey.  
And that same day he gave command that labors be  
Increas'd which Israel's children wrought for him unpaid.  
Then to Jehovah Moses spake complaining, for  
Well he knew the hardness of this king with whom  
In Seti's palace side by side he was brought up.  
His angel guide did him assure that God was hard'ning  
Pharaoh's heart, yet in a little while the king  
Would drive them forth, for strong the arm of Righteousness.  
Still great discouragement Moses felt, for if in earlier  
Days, while yet his father reigned, Ramses gladly  
Had seen Moses exiled, now when ruler sole  
Of Egypt in the zenith of his power, the prince  
Welcom'd not the coming back of this brave man  
Who would the cause of Israel champion.  
For nearly fifty years had Ramses ruled with  
Rod of iron. Not only all at home the knee  
Did bend to him, but from the east much tribute came,  
Which show'd that part of that great Asiatic realm  
He had regain'd, that Thothmes Third had earlier to  
Th' empire add'd, which had been lost for many years.  
Not only stranger tribes did Ramses fight, but his

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Father's people; Hittites felt his cruel onslaughts,  
Though later with his kindred he made peace, and married  
A Hittite princess, yet when boasting of his exploits  
He did not hesitate to magnify his victories  
Over Hittite kings. These wars most graphically  
Described, in vivid though in somewhat exaggerated  
Style, the groundwork form of Egypt's greatest epic.  
Ramses, tired of wars, desired a record that  
Should last be of his campaigns. The preservation  
Of rare heroic verse, in which the poet Pentaur  
Celebrates the victories of this boastful king,  
We owe to Ramses' vanity, who the verses that  
His exploits glorified caused to be carved  
Upon the massive pillars of the temple at Karnak,  
Where his father, Seti, had great pylons raised  
To close the sanctuary to the light of solstice sun,  
Where the priests had praised Osiris for the rise  
Of Nile. Nor would these ram and serpent worshippers let  
Th' light of sun those temples flood which oriented  
Were to vernal equinox, for these were built  
By worshippers of the sun and stars who came from Babylon.  
As conquerors each succeeded each in Egypt; as  
In other lands they brought with them religious prejudice;  
Yet finding here so many temples of gigantic  
Mould, expedient often found it not to destroy  
But these massive structures alter; hence it is  
That pillars block the entrances and darken ancient  
Sanctuaries, when one cult to another gives place.  
Not alone were pylons raised by Seti and  
Ramses, but heads of rams were everywhere in evidence.

And statues of these kings were seen on any possible Site. At Abou Simbel four of Ramses Second Are still on guard. This superb rock temple was intended To glorify Pharaoh, but to-day it stands a monument To the Israelites whose patient labor builded It and many another, while they wore the yoke Of servitude in Libya's land.

Now living in the glory of these magnificent temples And tombs, which only could be builded by an oppressed People, far from easy was it for this Pharaoh, Who had never in his life been crossed, to let His slaves go even for a three-days' feast. Grown old In selfishness, greed, and arrogance, the heart of Ramses Was hard indeed. He lov'd but one thing besides his power, Meren-p-tah, his son, who like his father feared Th' Hebrews secretly, yet was loath to part with them. Moses knew these men so well he doubted even God's power their hard hearts to soften. That Pharaoh easily yield was not intended now; First he must see the power and might of Israel's Lord. To this end Moses and Aaron skill were given beyond That of the Egyptian magicians who could do Many occult feats, the potency understanding Of magnetic rods. Yet through the rod by Moses Or by Aaron held, Jehovah's strong arm acting Made or stayed the plagues at will, sent horrors, suff'ring, Grief, to th' homes of Egypt's mighty men, yet left Th' land of Goshen free from pestilence, pests, and death. Nor frogs nor lice disturb'd th' Israelite though found In Pharaoh's bed. To th' fields of Israel's children came

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Nor hail nor fire from heaven; neither did the locusts  
Eat the tender herbs; their cattle died not though  
In the Egyptian's field both man and beast did perish.  
On that last eventful eve, when God so sorely  
Smote, it was that Moses did the hearts of his  
O'erburden'd people prove. If they Jehovah's arm  
Would trust, if in the true God they believed, their faith  
Must written be in blood. Where o'er the doorway now  
Th' sign of Horus' power appear'd, e'en here the blood  
Of lamb must strike, on lintel and on posts be seen,  
That Death's grim messenger might know whose faith was  
firm.

No longer from the wingèd disc of sun-god they  
Might protection seek; on Abram's, Isaac's, Jacob's  
Lord alone rely. Minute directions Moses  
Gave, and strict command concerning th' lamb whose blood  
To them would ever be as token that the Lord  
From hand of their oppressors had deliver'd them.  
With fire the lamb must roasted be, with bitter herbs  
And bread unleaven'd eaten at night, and nothing left  
'Til morning; gird'd their loins and staff within their hands;  
Shoes upon their feet. In haste must it be eaten,  
Rememb'ring that it is the Lord's passover. This  
Feast in Egypt, instituted their deliverance  
To commemorate, forever must be kept,  
Their children and their children's children taught its  
meaning,  
Commanded to observe the feast for seven days,  
From the evening of the fourteenth to the evening  
Of the twenty-first day of the month of Abib

Which from henceforth was to be the first of th' year.  
Nothing served to show the change in their religion  
More than altering th' year's beginning from the Nile  
Flood at summer solstice to the time of vernal  
Equinox; for this the lowliest among  
Them would perceive a separation indicated.  
But whether even Moses fully understood  
Th' symbolism of th' lamb, its blood upon the door,  
Th' bitter herbs and bread unleaven'd, very doubtful  
Is. The Lord Jehovah he obeyed in smallest  
Details, while in later years the seers have seen  
What was typified by Moses' passover feast  
Which has helped to point the way.  
So great the cry in Egypt when in every house  
Th' first-born died, that Moses and Aaron summon'd were  
By Pharaoh in the night, and bade go serve the Lord  
And take with them their flocks and herds; for urgent now  
Was the Egyptian that this people, by reason of whom  
They had so keenly suffer'd, should depart. So Moses  
And Aaron hasted, and that selfsame day the children  
Of Israel out of the land of Egypt marched six  
Hundred thousand strong; for they beside the Nile  
Four hundred years and more had lived and labored. They  
Carried Joseph's bones with them, as he had bidden  
When prophesying that God would surely visit them.  
Before the Israelites had crossed the sea, repented  
Pharaoh that he let them go from serving him.  
Then all his horsemen, captains, chariots, sent he after  
Them. Yea, even the young Meren-p-tah who ruled  
Beside his father, with the army went, for so

Willed God. When Israel saw the army of Pharaoh Pursuing, 'gainst Moses bitterly murmured they for bringing Them into the wilderness to die, for surely th' Egyptian Host would them annihilate.

But Moses feared not, and to the people said,  
Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which He  
Will show this day to you. The Lord shall fight for you  
And you shall hold your peace. Then spoke the angel,  
saying:

Tell the people to go forward.

All that night a strong east wind prevailed, sent  
By the angel of God, which caused th' smoke to go  
Between the camps, so that the Israelites could not  
By their foes be seen, yet light the chosen people  
Had enough from Sinai, sacred mount, whose crater  
High threw out, in form of pillar vast, the cloud  
By day, the fire by night. The same east wind which drove  
Th' smoke between the camps of Israelites and Pharaoh's  
Host, the waters of the sea did make recede  
So much that Moses, stretching out his rod, was able  
To divide the waters,<sup>21</sup> on either side a wall  
And in the midst thereof the land, so that his people  
Through the sea did walk as if it were dry land;  
Yet when pursuing army came, his arm again  
Across the sea extending, Moses bade the flood  
Of sea return which covered chariots rich and horsemen  
Many, all of Pharaoh's host. So Israel's children  
Saw the dead Egyptians lying on the sands;  
Then feared they God and in his servant Moses trusted,  
And sang forthwith a great triumphal hymn. Then Miriam,

Th' prophetess led, with timbrels and with dance, the  
women's  
Choir, antiphonally singing with the men a hymn  
Of praise to Israel's Lord whose mighty arm had them  
Delivered from the house of bondage.

## CANTO III

### *India*

*Th' Israelites who still preferr'd the laws of Nubian Shu to those of Moses, eastward journeyed to th' land of Chaldees.*

*Here some eagerly receiv'd th' ancient wisdom brought by Jacob's children from the mother land, while others frowned Upon the cult. So Shu's followers soon to th' Punjab migrated, where for many years in peace they dwelt beside the Indus.*

Brahma, soul develop'd, who though an Aryan spirit  
Was of Malaysian parents born, to th' land of India  
Came as forerunner of that race which still in Iran  
Dwelt, who destined were to drive the Semites north,  
And conquer th' aboriginal tribes of northern India.  
Those who to the conquerors would not submit  
Retreated to the hills and mountains where are found  
Their descendants still. These Aryans coming into  
India from th' Iranian plateau a century  
After Brahma's time, possession took of this  
Fertile valley, and assimilat'd th' culture  
Of decadent Malaysians, as the Romans did  
That of th' Greeks. Though Roman bricks ofttimes th'  
Greek

Marbles cover'd, never for a moment did  
Their lamp of light outshine or overshadow Hellenic  
Radiance. But the men of Iran not only drove  
Th' yellow-skinned people from their fertile fields  
In the land of th' seven rivers, and new methods

Of agriculture introduced; but collecting  
And translating their great store of sacred writings  
Neglected to ascribe them to an ante-Aryan  
Period; while the numerous bright divinities of  
Th' Aryans quite eclips'd th' somber shadowy spirits  
Of the primitive race they conquer'd.  
Malaysians, the autochthonous race of India, coming  
To life on Rhea<sup>1</sup> only a century later than  
Th' earliest,<sup>2</sup> warriors, priests and tillers of the ground  
Were, whose civilization had so degenerated,  
When the Aryans came it was no more than that  
Of the American Indian when by Anglo-Saxons  
Found. Yet they had left not only mounds and rude  
Rock-tombs, but hymns of highest merit, a drama of such  
Value that its fragments make the world to-day  
Richer, helping all who seek the truth and desire  
Liberation. Th' names of India's earliest poets  
We know not, nor th' conditions under which they wrote,  
Yet of their inspiration there can be no doubt.  
Thirty-three are th' gods of which the Vedic hymns  
Speak, divided into three groups differing in  
Degree, in state and station, though th' Almighty is  
Immutable. These old bards the shining ones above  
Knew, the devas recognized as distinct  
From th' dark earth spirits, dasyus or preventors  
Of light. They also knew the deva-Rishi, saintly  
Man, who from his seat in spheres above his brothers  
Help who still are bound to earth.  
Knowledge of things divine the Veda is, and writers  
Of these sacred songs had certitude; they knew.

Not merely dances and rude mimes their drama, as  
Often is suppos'd, but literature. The highest  
Philosophic truths these dialogues contain,  
Fragments of which we find in the Upanishads.<sup>3</sup>  
Nachiketas, greatest seer in Brahma's day,  
To whose home repaired many pupils, some  
Sons of th' royal house, and even kings themselves,  
Preserv'd for later ages th' greatest of th' truths  
Found in these Malaysian dramas. Nachiketas  
Taught his pupils reverence for the mother-god,  
Th' one of all the gods in India earliest worshipp'd,  
Not Privati, ancient goddess of the Earth,  
But that primeval stuff from which the gods as well  
As men proceed, and part of whom resides within  
Each one of us e'en though unrecognized.<sup>4</sup> This self  
A light, a finger's length, lies hidden in the heart  
Of man. The wise beholding it within themselves  
From sorrow cease and choose the better rather than  
Th' dearer things in life, no longer led away  
By greed for earth gauds. He who chooses wisdom, wisdom  
Gains, and learns that what is Here the same will e'er  
Be Over There. He knows this light within his heart  
Is one with th' inner self of All; that he in substance  
Is the same as God. A tiny spark of fire  
Must e'er contain the elements of fire. The creature  
Made in image like unto The All, to his  
Creator is as drop of water to the ocean;  
Who sees a difference restless and uncertain is  
And goes from death to death. The knowledge of this Life  
Is gained neither by speech nor sight nor meditation,

Only by affirming it. The light is that  
Which Jesus call'd the candle, and said it should be set  
Upon a hill, not hidden as is oft the case  
By worthless mass of rubbish. How the self to th' great  
Dynamic force of life by radiance may be join'd  
When man, by meditating on the mystic Aum,  
Shall learn to rise by measures three, and pass the narrow  
Gate which leads to higher spheres, where food in pastures  
Green and waters clear life-giving streams may be  
Partaken of, while yet the soul in house of clay  
Doth dwell, wise Pâppalâda taught.  
This sage in Brahma's time suggested what in after  
Days the Nazarene command'd — Go in and out  
And pasture find, and take of life's waters freely.  
This was the food which He partook of when He said,  
Meat have I that ye know not of.  
Th' saintly Sâkayâna warns his hearers not  
To preach the secret doctrine save to pupils of  
A mind serene. An esoteric circle has  
Always been encouraged by great teachers. Jesus  
In parables spake to th' many, for their time had not  
Yet come. A time there is for all things, all things come  
In time. Not all mankind for vision ready are.  
God's children differ greatly in attainment,  
As in age souls vary. When on earth for th' last  
Time, a glimpse at least of other spheres the soul  
Will have to make the journey heavenward easy. Seers  
Are those who see beyond. The righteous Sâkayâna  
Taught that mind the cause of bondage is, as well  
As cause of freedom, and that man his way to life

Eternal wills, when life within beholds The Life;  
This can never be until from wickedness  
Th' soul has turned away, and emptied envy, hatred,  
Malice, prejudice, from the heart. Then tranquil, free  
From fear or grief, the man will see by grace of God  
Th' majesty of self, and know by choosing that  
He can one become with Universal Self,  
Nor lose an atom of any good that he has gained.  
Besides the many Brahmanical seers and sages who  
Th' philosophic dissertations of the Malaysian  
Drama preserved, there were gifted poets among  
Th' early Brahmins, singing of non-Aryan as well  
As Aryan heroes, giving glimpse of a golden  
Age that passed away before the Semites came.  
Valmiki, holy hermit, pearls of poesy gained  
Through pity. Aided by Narada, messenger of  
Th' gods, of Dasa-ratha's dutious son, the noble  
Rama sang, who Vishnu-like, unfaltering in  
Th' truth, was by privation chaste'n'd and prepar'd  
To be a father to his people, th' kind Kosalas  
And Videhas in their glorious day, when men  
Of Ayodhya righteous were, when Oudh and Behar warriors  
Marvellous prowess had, and culture deep their priests.  
Valmiki not alone of Rama's wanderings sang  
But of Rama's bride, Mithila's princess Sita,  
Janaka's daughter from the earth with birth imputed  
Miraculous, whose faithful wifehood many sufferings  
And purgations have to womankind endeared  
Her, and given her a place in every Hindu  
Woman's heart. The valiant brothers Rama and

Lakhmana were descended from devout illustrious  
Monarch Sagara, also from the saintly king  
Bhagiratha who the lovely Ganga, daughter  
Of the vast Himalaya mountains, led to th' sea.  
Centuries after Rama's day the Kuru kingdom  
On the upper Ganges stood. 'T was here Bharata's  
Godlike race of knightly men, with maids and matrons  
Fair, so fam'd in song and story, revered  
For long years the Holy Vedas, also their authors  
And their heralds, fed the sacrificial fire,  
Gave abundant feasts to rich and poor; made costly  
Gifts, not only from king to king but from the wealthy  
To the needy man; acknowledg'd that the shining  
Ones above were cognizant of their acts; and offerings  
Made to saints and gods celestial, who from seats  
On high o'er them did watch, as well as gifts to saintly  
Seers and priests and holy hermits, helpers here.  
They believ'd that bright immortals came to view  
Their gay parades; and taking pleasure in their pleasures  
Above them sailed in the sky in cars, from whence  
Dropped heavenly flowers whose perfume filled th' air.  
Not only did these men of Kuru have their massive  
Palaces gaily painted, their women much bedecked,  
Their monarchs and their princes jewel-girdl'd, gauntlet'd,  
Their bows and knives and swords aflame with precious stones,  
Their chariots drawn by milk-white steeds and swiftest  
coursers,  
Their actors and their minstrels well paid, loyal their friend-  
ships,  
Their paternal and maternal love alike

Firmly grounded, so that the mandate of a mother  
To her sons was final; but many of the heroes  
Of this Bharata land were god-born, or their birth  
God-inspired, fighting to the end their fight,  
Yet dying they forgot not to forgive their murderers.  
So it was in Kuru kingdom when Vyasa  
Of Hastina's ancient walls did sing, which Ganges'  
Bright wave washed; and of Yudhisthar's palace  
Built on Jumna's sacred shore, and of the old  
Blind king Dhritarashtra, father of Duryodhan,  
Who the sons of Pandu fought so fiercely when  
Jealousy had darkened his hard heart so that  
Even saintly, white-rob'd Drona, warrior-priest,  
Could not stay his murd'rous hand. So peerless Bhishma  
He bade lead the Kuru race in war unrighteous  
'Gainst their kindred; thence fell many godlike men.  
Now we read that Krishna with Hastina's monarch  
Pleaded long for peace and love with sweet and soft  
Persuasion; that the fatal feud might cease; that Bhishma  
Strongly urged Duryodhan yield to Krishna's counsel;  
That Drona, wise preceptor, bade him list to these  
Peerless chiefs and not to those who wished th' war,  
Prophesying that brave Arjun, son of Indra,  
Aided by the righteous Krishna, could not be  
O'ercome; and that the sightless kind old father wept  
And strove to turn Duryodhan's mind, the friendship of  
Th' noble Pandu brothers begging him to seek,  
Letting strife and hatred cease. But proud Duryodhan  
Was with ten strong kings allied, and naught could bend  
His ignoble pride nor quell his boundless greed.

He hop'd to wipe his hated kinsmen off the earth.  
Also we read of Drupad, fair Panchala's monarch,  
Whose dear daughter Draupadi, in mighty contest  
By Arjun gain'd, the wife of Yudhishtir  
Became; and of Matsya's King, whose daughter fair  
Was bride of Arjun's beauteous boy. These kings the army  
Of the Pandu brothers joined.

We read of wind-born Bhima, stalwart fighter, who  
With furious valor strove; of Arjun, Vishnu-like,  
Who, when god-incarnate Krishna served him  
As charioteer, the death of peerless Bhishma caused.  
Then when Abhimanyu, fair Subhadra's boy,  
Was slain by Sindhu's monarch and six Kuru warriors,  
Boundless Arjun's wrath and deep his grief for death  
Untimely of his valiant son, while fiercely burn'd  
His vengeance on that day of arduous, cruel quest.  
Krishna, ever kind and thoughtful, groom'd and fed  
His jaded horses, healed their bleeding wounds ere Arjun  
Drove his furious car against brave Jayadratha,  
And laid him low with vengeful arrows.

Yet when Drona, peerless, wise preceptor, slain  
Was by Panchala's prince, a filial tear brave Arjun  
Dropped o'er his lifeless corpse. When sun-born Karna  
Whose famous bow Vijaya that once to Par'su-Rama  
Belong'd, met Arjun with his bow, Gandiva, gift  
Of gods, these heroes equal were in strength and bravery.  
Naught did Karna fear save Arjun's charioteer,  
And begged that mighty Satya, Madra's king, his car  
Might drive. This favor by Duryodhan granted was.  
Then for two long days these archers, so well matched,

Fought, and neither knew that both were sons of Pritha.  
At length when valorous Arjun conquer'd dauntless Karna,  
We know that more than mortal strength was his, and this  
Was granted him, we're told, because in path of virtue  
He was fighting for the right.

On the fifteenth day, the last day of the war,  
Bhima, having slain Duryodhan's brothers all,  
Met the hateful king, and for his many crimes  
Him arraigned, calling hideous deeds the one  
After another to mind ere him he sent to Yama,  
Monarch of the regions of the dead. Then from  
Hastina's palace hall came forth the Queen Gandhari  
With many moaning maids and widow'd matrons, weeping  
Bitter tears o'er loved ones' corpses found on field  
Of battle. Stately in her sorrow stood Gandhari  
While to Krishna speaking. That Duryodhan now  
In heaven dwelt herself she comfort'd. When the funeral  
Rites were o'er the sightless Dhritarashtra with  
His Queen Gandhari and the ancient Pritha, mother  
Of the Pandu brothers, into retirement went  
To the forest, where ere long they met their fate  
By fire. One after another the heroes die, then Arjun's  
Grandson, Prakshit, upon the throne is placed, and pious  
Yudhishtir proceeds to Paradise in car  
Celestial. We follow him and note that Krishna now  
In heavenly form the good man meets, and him presents  
To Draupadi his dear earth mate, to father and  
To mother and all his brothers brave. The sun-god Indra  
Then shows the king the heroes Bhishma, Karna, Drôna,  
All the true and virtuous chiefs of Kuru kingdom.

In the glimpse we have of heaven mention is  
Not made of selfish, impious king Duryodhan.  
So closely this historic epic of the war  
Of th' Bharatas twin'd itself around the people's  
Hearts, that generations later when a writer  
Or a teacher would preserve a legend or  
A maxim emphasize, it was inserted in  
The Mahabharata. So Vyasa's bouquet  
Of verses<sup>5</sup> has to vast proportions grown, wreath'd 'round  
With much that's good midst many weeds. When Krishna  
worship

Dominant became, the ancient dialogue  
Between brave Arjun and his heavenly charioteer  
Was by wise preceptor Sanjaya heard with inner  
Ear; wherein the godlike slayer of Madu teaches  
Th' son of Kunti helpful truths, instructing him  
That slaying a man's body in no wise slays the man,  
For he to the imperishable belongs; having been  
From the beginning, will be always. The everlasting  
Abiding Ancient is not slain when th' body perishes,  
Yet Arjun wishes not to smite his kindred  
Not desiring victory. Krishna then assures  
Arjun that this fight is lawful, and 'twould be  
Dishonorable in him not to wage the battle.  
Further th' Lord to Pritha's son explains the rule  
Of work: that no man wins adeptship leaving work  
Undone; without the doing of deeds no one can come  
To the plain of rest, but wise is he who ever unwearying  
Works with no desire of fruit of works, for that  
Work done free from attachment wins to the supreme.

Further Krishna to his faithful one makes plain the difference  
 Of the moods, and how to pass beyond them by  
 The cleansing power of knowledge, which through faith to him  
 Is given who wisely holds the reins of his emotions.

Mind than sense is higher, understanding higher  
 Still than mind, while self that in the heart abides  
 Highest is, for of the Undivided Supreme  
 It is part. "Who refuge seeks within and casts  
 His cares on Me wins peace at last."<sup>16</sup> Thus spake the Lord  
 Whose words were ages later into this epic woven;  
 Which by many later critics is considered  
 Modern, but Sâṅkarachârya called it  
 The essence of all the Vedas; while to-day the native  
 Men of erudition hold that th' Bhagavad Gita  
 Was long before Vyasa's day, before the Aryans  
 Migrated into India,<sup>17</sup> though much mutilated  
 Now by modern would-be seers.

Time came when the prophet Brahma was forgotten.  
 Though half hidden by the rites and mummeries of  
 Th' sacerdotal order, much of his teachings remain'd.  
 Yet men of learning claiming to be than monarchs higher,  
 Some enlightened and some not, but knowing that  
 That which animates the man is spirit, worshipp'd  
 Breath, and taught that Brahma was th' Creator. While  
 Th' ignorant and uncultur'd here as elsewhere had  
 Many gods, th' Brahmin monotheistic was  
 At first; the lesser gods were all impersonations  
 Or the attributes of Brahm.

Th' Aryans brought a number of deities from Iran;  
 Then adopted all they found in their new home,

And invented for this sunny clime a bright  
God who became in time a veritable Apollo,  
Athwart the sky his chariot driving, attended by  
Th' haratas; Indra gradually took the place of th' great  
Mother, honors alike sharing with th' protector  
Vishnu and th' destroyer Siva, who together  
With Brahm had form'd a triune God.  
Th' Brahmin minstrels, singers of sacred songs, at first  
Became the priests, and later on a caste, whose claim  
To superiority was enhanced by  
Th' teaching that the Brahmin proceeded from the mouth  
Of th' Creator, while the Rajputs from his arms  
Came forth, the Vaisyas from his thighs, and from his feet  
Th' Sudras. Of course those who proceeded from the  
mouth  
Must teach; those coming from the arms were warriors  
And princes; while the product of the belly or  
Th' thighs should work; and those born of the feet be slaves.  
Separated were these castes by iron-bound rules  
Fost'ring prejudice, injustice, pride. To break  
Their rigid order no one tried until the Master  
Came, the Samda-Budhi, reincarnate Brahma,  
Greatest of the Aryan teachers, th' brotherhood  
Of man proclaiming; founding th' Order of the Yellow  
Robe, so that deliverance from delusion might  
To mankind be preached, th' barriers breaking down  
That bind the soul to earth lives; fetters cutting that  
Create necessity for reincarnation. Buddha  
Sought and found in man and womankind wise helpers —  
Men to preach and teach; to nurse the sick and tend

Th' temple, nuns and matrons kind, who food and clothes  
To th' despised poor dispensed, also practic'd  
Generous hospitality, gaining lasting good.

Whether in oval isle of Ceylon, or  
In northern land of Ouhd where Sākyas dwell  
As tributary princes to Kosala's  
King, was this rare prince Siddartha born  
Is of little moment. Whether palace  
Was his home or humble dwelling place  
Matters not. Or if as later legends  
Say, his mother Maya was by gods  
Above impregnat'd — what of it? A Virgin  
Is a man begettore. Yes, one able  
To produce a virile man, a hero;  
For consciously or unconsciously is all  
Conception caused by Holy Spirit power.  
Who knows her kinship to the gods will be  
Th' mother sought by souls who purpose help.  
Whoe'er his father or his mother, born  
On earthplane was the master call'd Gautama,  
Who the key to heaven's kingdom found;  
Show'd th' open door to those made ready  
For the vision; taught that knowledge freedom  
Brings to those with eyes and ears for truth,  
Th' many moral teachings of the past  
Condens'd into the eightfold path, a doctrine  
Plainly pointing to the cause of suff'ring;<sup>8</sup>  
Stating how to quench the thirst for earth lives,  
How to vanquish vain desire and banish  
Delusion; how to overcome the tempter

Of forest! Then an order founded of mendicant  
Monks, who donn'd the yellow robe with meek  
Grace, their daily bread in bowl accepting,  
Making the giver richer for the gift.  
Brahmins not alone to this new order  
Came, but high or low were welcome if  
Ready in themselves to seize a ray  
Of light that from Gautama's well enlighten'd  
Soul in floods fell round.  
Then as rivers all to ocean run  
Whatsoe'er their caste had been, these men  
As one Bhagava cry, Exalted One!  
Buddha! He who knows.

Among the earliest converts of this prince Siddartha  
Were the mighty kings of Magahda and Kosala,  
Also wise Jivaka whom Bimbisara appointed  
Physician of the Order. When Buddha at Benares  
His first sermon preach'd, he won a numerous following.  
Then in Jetavana's garden many merchants  
And many men of humble birth he taught, while women  
Throng'd to hear him, though to highest fellowship  
None admitted were. The gentle Yasodhara  
Became a nun, and good Visakha of Savatthi  
Praised was for hospitality.  
Maggollana and Saruputti, Buddha's early  
Friends, though disaffected for awhile to th' master,  
Return'd anon and faithful followers were; but none  
So well as Ananda understood his word, though many  
Brethren went throughout the land the Way of Peace  
Declaring, which the Buddha had proclaim'd; and after

He had shed the mortal shell his teachings at Patna  
Were collected. But divisions came, and neither  
Th' council of five hundred nor of seven hundred  
Held the believers to one mind.

Asoka, grandson of the famous Chandra Gupta  
Of Behar and th' daughter of Seleukis, who  
With Antiochus th' Great made treaties and extended  
His empire southward, made of Buddhism a state religion,

Conven'd a council, corrected heresies, collected  
Th' sacred books, promoted institutions of learning  
For men and women, hospitals built for man and beast,  
Missionaries sent to teach. Conversions always  
By persuasion were and never by the sword.

Numerous rock inscriptions permanent record make  
Of good Asoka's work. His son the sacred canon  
To Ceylon carried; thence it spread to Burma and  
Th' Eastern Archipelago.

Buddhism grew the better for transplanting. Though  
It prevailed in India for a time, never  
Was Brahminism entirely crush'd or rooted out.

From the pen of Megasthenes we learn that kingly  
Government in Gupta's day was much the same  
As that prescrib'd in Manu's laws.

While the Gupta kings in Ouhd were reigning, and  
Th' Sah kings held the northwest near Bombay,  
Those vast invasions by the Tartars started, which  
For over a thousand years all India devastated.

Fame one monarch won attempting to drive the Scythian  
Hordes beyond th' Himalayas. Th' Samvat era began  
In honor of his victories. Then a century later

Th' successful exploits of another valiant king  
Th' Saka era marks. But still the Tartars came.  
Ishmael's descendants, cultur'd Arabs, in th' eighth  
Century of the Christian era conquer'd th' Sind,  
Mohammedanism introducing, which a rapid  
Growth had in the north, while in the south of India  
We find the faith of Brahma reasserting itself.  
Kumarila of Behar the Vedic doctrine  
Preached of a personal God, and while in his  
Day the Buddhists suffered persecution, he  
And his most famous pupil Sâncharachârya mould'd  
The philosophy of the Brahmins into the more  
Popular religion of the Hindus.  
Siva now became the favorite deity. In  
Th' minds of th' cultur'd class this is the wisdom of  
Th' serpent, while to th' ignorant man or woman it is  
Only phallic worship. Vishnu never was  
Forgotten; he who brighten'd day at morn, at noon  
And eventide; who from his home in heaven willingly  
Descended, taking human form, as Rama First;  
Then, as Krishna incarnating, high-soul'd princes  
Of the great war epics, Vishnu, god of light,  
Slowly gain'd pre-eminence in the minds of th' people  
Especially those of th' middle class. The worship of  
Vishnu spread, becoming the popular cult of even  
Th' most despised caste, after Ramanand  
Of Benares chose his twelve disciples from  
Th' poorest, and the dialect of the common people  
Used in th' familiar folk songs and war ballads.  
One of Ramanand's disciples, Kabir, to unite

Th' Hindu and Mohammedan strenuously strove.  
Eloquently he set forth the oneness of God,  
Saying to the Mussulman: To th' West, to Mecca,  
Thou for God dost look; and to the Hindu: Thou  
Lookest East, to Benares; but if only your  
Heart you would explore, there both would find the same  
God, the Inner, He to whom the whole wide world  
Belongs,—the Father of both peoples.  
From Usman's raids to Ahmad Shah's devastations  
Th' triumphs of the army of Islam were but partial  
And temporary, meeting with resistance in  
India keener than elsewhere. Yet by Muhamud twelve  
Times was India invad'd, though it was not 'til  
Th' day of Akbar that an Islamic empire existed.  
Most wise his policy was of giving to the Hindu  
Chiefs high posts in government, which not only brought  
Them into political dependence on him, but induc'd  
Them to mingle their blood in marriage with th' Mughals.  
Thus did Akbar reduce the states of Upper India  
To provinces of the Delphic empire. Yet withal  
In the south his efforts frustrated were by th' valor  
Of a queen.<sup>9</sup> To various forms of religion Akbar  
Was hospitable; he also encouraged learning; his  
Red stone fort at Agra is still admir'd, and stands  
In marked contrast to the exquisite marble temple  
Erected by his grandson Shah Jahan. This was  
The height of the Mughal empire in India. Even before  
Th' British came, decline began. Mohammedan princes  
Resist'd th' English army at many places, yet soon  
Th' great Mughal was but a puppet, mov'd by British

Hands. The longest and the strongest opposition  
To British rule came from the Hindus.  
Th' military supremacy of the English in  
India only began after the battle of Plassey.  
Th' victor became the Governor of Bengal, and made  
Vain but most heroic efforts for good government.  
It was after Clive's second administration  
During th' term of Macpherson, English governor third,  
That the orientalist Jones, the translator of  
Th' Persian poet Hafiz, found the Sanskrit drama,  
And made an English version of the Sākoontala  
An exquisite picture of the pastoral life in the dawn  
Of India's day. Though oftener we read the poetic  
Translation of this drama by Monier-Williams, to him  
We owe most thanks who to the western world first brought  
Kalidasa's light, a poet greatest among  
Th' nine bright gems who grac'd the court of Vik-rama-dity,  
King of Ujjain, in a day when Buddhism was  
Uppermost in India, ere it was transplanted  
To China, Siam, or Japan.

## CANTO IV

### *China*

*It was the canon of the Scythian King Kanishka, who held the last great Buddhist council and revis'd th' sacred books,  
That became a state religion of China, spreading through the north of India, thence to Thibet, Tartary and the southern Part of China, where Buddhistic thought is still preserv'd in purest form by people who know that spirit first is born,*

Which weaves an envelope for itself best suited to  
Th' sphere in which it dwells. The soul life then evolves,  
Spinning a little coarser thread for rougher uses,  
Forming a case to work in, lastly th' earth-house, call'd  
By some the natural body. So the law of life:  
First that which is spiritual, and afterwards  
Th' earthy, cemented by a middle life which rules  
Th' emotional man. As in the unit, so it should  
Be in the mass; and if we but look deep enough,  
Go back far enough in the history of a race  
That has come to aught, we ever find it so.  
China's child is law; and children here not only  
Must have little feet to be aristocratic,  
But must be laced about the waist, and bound in many  
Layers of rich clothes, so nothing of their natural  
Form is seen. Conventions multitudinous  
Have hemm'd her children in so long, her men and women  
Can be walked upon. Yet underneath, like frozen

Stream in winter, th' current still sets toward the sea;  
So, though held by too much outward form, the nature  
Of the Mongol is not frigid; deep down under  
Th' crystallized surface paternal love still moves  
His heart; his spirit yearns for higher spirits that  
He believes are ever near.

If we stir the stream of individual life  
We find it warm within; so if we drop the plummet  
Down the sea of th' race, we find a prophet, whose  
Name is but a name for God.

Early in the morning of Time, beside  
Th' river Wei, in land now nam'd for him  
Tartary, lived the grand man Tao, who  
To his land the first laws gave — and they  
Are more to-day than then, for laws of spirit  
Live and grow. The sage of Tartary bade  
His disciples live a simple life,  
Not seek to govern men, but strive the nations  
Of the kingdom inside to subdue.  
His word was ever self-effacement. His  
Favorite figure was the valley; for  
As to th' lowlands all the waters of  
Th' hills must run, and all the richest earth  
Be borne, so honor ever to the humble  
Man will come, and that which without seeking  
Comes is always best.  
For the sake of results must naught be done,  
Else th' result will not avail, says Tao.  
He taught the easy, level way: that small  
Things must be considered great, and few

Many; while with kindness injury ever  
Must be recompensed.

To Tao there was neither Yin nor Yang, but just  
Th' All. Forgetting that e'en life in process of  
Creation must have ebb and flow, repulsion and  
Attraction, th' Taoists of to-day have stopp'd progressing;  
Their religion only one of forms, the prophet  
E'en forgotten by his followers, a word his name.  
Yet 'neath the sands that give it birth pure water sinks  
To rise again in other lands, or flow in wells  
When men dig deep enough; so ages after Tao's  
Stream of spiritual wisdom buried was in Tartary,  
It rose in China, when the Old Child, Laotze,  
Who kept the archives for the King of Chu, the fountain  
Found, the heavenly stream of Tao recognized,  
Knew the pearls of thought he found encrusted by  
Th' ages, and gladly gave them light.<sup>1</sup>  
Confucius of Lu to th' Old Child went for wisdom;  
But so unlike were these two men in mental build,  
They found no common ground on which to meet; yet both  
Would teach the golden mean, would have men live by  
golden  
Rule. Confucius was courtier, politician,  
Reformer more than philosopher; regarding outward  
Modes of life was sage. He voiced views held long  
Before his day; a canon of ceremonious customs  
Codified that from earliest times existed.  
His disciples gather'd th' fragments left from ancient  
Feasts in baskets five, which gave the history, poetry,  
Laws and manners of antiquity.

Th' earliest race in China passed away before  
Th' time of history. Next the Mongol evolved, but  
Not for many centuries mixed his blood with that  
Of Malay or of Tartar neighbor; yet the three  
Gradually an amalgam formed, with a sprinkling  
Of that Semite stock which brought the cult of Shu<sup>2</sup>  
Across the Tibetan hills when they by Aryans were  
Driven out of northern India.  
From what the Chinese sages saved we learn that in  
Th' ancient days the Highest One by China's children  
Under name of Yao worshipp'd was; that heaven  
Descended were their emperors deem'd, and reverenc'd  
As the fathers of the race; that later dynasties  
Gained their names from new religious cults; that those  
Recognizing God within are Yin, those seeing  
More of God in outward things, the Yang or Wang.  
Woo Wang, founder of the dynasty Chou, a memory  
Left not reverenc'd less than that of Yu, who follow'd  
The heavenly Emperors Yao and Shin, when he with almost  
Superhuman power had dealt with mountain floods,  
River courses changing, marshy lands reclaiming.  
In the Trigrams of Fu-hsi we see the knowledge  
Of a positive and negative force in nature;  
But in the hands of priests the hexagrams became  
A system vast of divination.  
Mencius, mother'd carefully, cull'd th' flowers Confucius  
Cultivated, tied the seeds in labelled packets.  
Mo-Ti, to whom antiquity was not as sacred  
As to orthodox Confucius, affirms that all  
Evils in family or in state arise from want

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Of mutual love—as altruistic he as Yang-Chu  
Is frivolous. Broad are Schopenhaur's ethics compared  
With Yang-Chu's, whose denial of free-will  
Is a link in the process of decay of th' Chou  
Dynasty, far more pregnant than the change to Tartar  
Dress by King Wu-ling, or introduction of  
Cavalry to a people used only to chariots.  
Neither th' building of great walls nor burning records  
Stayed th' ship which rides the waves of history. Woo,  
Taitsong's widow, ruled th' land for forty years,  
When enlighten'd Arabs built a mosque at Canton;  
But not 'til Marco Polo wrote did th' western world  
Know much of that vast empire rul'd by Kublai Khan,  
Grandson of the ablest of the Mongol leaders.<sup>8</sup>

## CANTO V

### *Persia*

*Had Genghis Khan ne'er conquer'd Syria, still upon the soil of Persia we should find the impress of the dominant eastern Race. For ages long before the Tartars teas'd their eastern neighbors, or their territory tried to gain, they westward Marched, passed th' Tibetan mountains, and an empire founded in the plain between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.*

Here as elsewhere on this planet, man on th' sixth Day began to live. At once he surpassed all That had existed here through ages, oftentimes called Days, before the heat within the globe came forth Enough to foster him. If upon the surface of facts He liv'd and saw some light that since is lost,—nay, only Clouded for a season,—if he read a message In the stars that has been blurr'd for years, his children Yet unborn shall fairer, fuller lessons read When light their robes of clay has percolated. This mud, Th' elements three times three containing, used was In form of sun-dried bricks impress'd with ideograms To tell the story of their civilization; yet Long years before they felt the need of written records These prehistoric races warr'd over their religious Differences. The overworld they worshipp'd with Its day- and night-time luminaries, but the tribes Dispers'd and families were divided as to whether Th' Sun be called Ar or Ra, or Al or La.

Th' Persians never had a definite mother god;  
But Tur, the thunder, thought to be a force malign  
Was worshipp'd as a goddess. Devotees of Tur,  
Turanians, early went to Africa, Italy and  
Spain; there the city Tarshish built.  
Wars between the sons of Selim, Tur, and Irij  
Many heroes made; the foremost one of whom,  
Rustem brave, whose father Zal by Simurgh nourished  
Was, with axe of Sam in hand, astride Rakush  
His wondrous horse by demon foaled, seven marvellous  
Feats performed; then the Persians led 'gainst Turan  
And the allied Tartar hosts, and champion proved.  
Yet his majestic child, Tahmineh's son, Sohrab,  
Unwittingly he slew, and all too late his offspring  
Knew. But still their deeds in fadeless colors live  
On Firdausi's poetic page.<sup>1</sup>  
By and by religious amalgamation effected  
Was by Iran and Turan to protect themselves  
Against the Tartars who brought learning from the land  
Of the Sacred Tongue, where the sun was more  
Than an archer god; where men for ages had  
Studied th' movements of the heavenly bodies, th' spirit  
In and behind them worshipping, rather than their form.  
It was the Tartars who to Persia gave th' Sumerian  
Culture and a language than th' Semitic older  
Far. One branch in history known as Hittites drove  
One of th' earlier races northwest, where in the mountains  
They retain'd their primitive ways. To-day these are  
Caucasians called. Persia's other Titan race,  
Known to-day as Aryans, for a time were driven

South and west. Some went to Egypt; thence returning  
Settled in Phœnicia; but before this time  
Cyclops from the north had come and left their story  
In the massive stones at Baalbec. Very much  
Of the record of the earliest peoples was  
Destroyed in Noah's deluge, but one book, that of Job,  
Th' Aramaean philosopher, full of dramatic fire,  
Th' kernel of the Christian faith containing, was  
Saved; and their thought was carried on by one  
Born in far-fam'd Noë before the flood,  
    Saved in the ark, so marvellously  
    Built. While yet a little child he saw  
His father and his grandfather thanks return  
To the God of Earth and Heaven, when  
On Ararat they saw the waters abating.  
Is it strange that Shur's soul should be  
Strongly stirred, and his heart for action  
Throb; or that he should the will of heaven  
Feel, and early know his destiny? Taught,  
While still a little lad, by his father Shem  
To pull the bowstring, not at elk or doe  
Or mountain goat he aim'd, but upward sent  
His arrows, hoping they would pierce the sun.  
When later he had grown to be a mighty  
Hunter, heavenward his thoughts were sent,  
And still extraordinary deeds he craved.  
Feeling th' power of tides and waves, yet knowing  
Not their origin, he shared th' popular  
Belief that Anu, god of the celestial  
Ocean, inundations brought about

As punishment for wicked men. To help  
Mankind above all else was Shur's desire.  
Having slain a goodly lion, he  
Sacrificed him to the sun, then built  
Altars three — to fire, to earth, and water.  
Around the last a temple rear'd to Nun,  
Where priests in robes resembling fish<sup>2</sup> petition'd  
Heaven ne'er to send another flood.  
Near this temple soon arose a city  
Built by mighty men, a chosen band  
Of Shur's, and he their lawgiver was and king.  
Th' wheel with wings he made his emblem, ever  
Conscious that his inspiration came  
On wings from place beyond the sun, which orb  
He worshipp'd as the source of life terrestrial.  
Not only his descendants took his name,  
And rul'd in Nineveh, but all the country  
Round was called for him Assyria.<sup>3</sup>

Shur's kinsman, mighty Nimrod, Erech conquer'd  
And Akkad, builded Calneh in the land of Shinar  
Where for centuries Tartars had held sway. 'T was here  
Gishdubar laurels won, Eabani fighting.  
Here Istar for long was deem'd a goddess. Brave  
Merodach exalted was to sun-god when  
He had slain Tiamat, great sea serpent, whose  
Spirit shone in Milky Way.  
Two centuries after Shur a sovereign nam'd Shargina  
Arose who master'd Babylonia, then carried  
To the Mediterranean Sea his arms. He called  
His empire Sumer and Akkad. Naram Sin, his son,

Left a wonderful portrait of himself in stone,  
And maintain'd his father's empire, keeping the Elamites  
At bay, who ever sought to destroy the arts and records  
Of the towns of Lower Zab.

A civil war arose in Peleg's day,<sup>4</sup> which drove  
A remnant of the Semites further south. So Nahor  
Went to Gurra's land and Terah dwelt at Ur  
In Chaldea; whence his son by God was call'd to Canaan,  
Where Abram by Melchizedek was blessed, who gave  
Him bread and wine. Here Abram fought with Sodom's  
king

To rescue Lot, and slew the king of Elam. After  
This with th' angel of the Lord, to spare the wicked  
Cities Sodom and Gomorrah, Abram pleaded.  
Now Amraphel of Shinar, in the vale of Siddim  
Warred, and th' Elamites to their mountains drove,  
Then reunited Sumer and Akkad. Now Marduk  
Bel supreme became, whereas En-lil of Nippur  
Had long been call'd the All. The change was only one  
In name; both worshipp'd the creative fluid of  
Th' bull, which as a potion taken gives longevity.  
Th' limits of his empire Amraphel not only  
Now extend'd, but peace restored, literature  
And astronomy encouraged, and a written  
Code of laws to his people gave. One of these  
Graven tablets was to Susa taken five  
Centuries later when the Kassites conquer'd Babylon,  
Where for full six hundred years they held the throne,  
And assimilated Babylonian culture.  
That the Semites mix'd their blood with that of Huns

We learn from grief Rebecca show'd when Esau took  
To himself a Hittite wife, from which admixture  
Th' indomitable Edomites arose, whose country  
In early days the Israelites pass'd round when Edom's  
King refus'd their marching through; nor with this people  
Israel fought as they with many of their kindred  
Did as well as nations strange. Yet Balaam saw  
A star arising out of Jacob that should possess  
This people; while post-exilic Isaiah spoke of Christ  
As one from Edom coming, his garments stain'd with blood.  
Soon after Israel came again to Canaan, his next  
Capitol Shalmaneser built at Calah which  
Later was absorbed by Nineveh. Then for a time  
Semite Nebuchadnezzar led victorious armies;  
But that he gained could not hold, while his successors  
Were overcome by th' rising power in Assyria.  
They felt the sway of that strong king—"Conqueror  
Of hostile countries and subduer of all rebels,"  
As Assur-ris-isi was by his greater son  
Tiglathpileser styl'd — who statesman was as well  
As warrior; even unto Egypt his success was known.  
His lengthy annals tell of many prosperous  
Expeditions, widely extending Syria, conquering  
Babylon, Canaan invading, coming e'en to Lebanon.  
But as night follows day, after conquest a period  
Of inaction usually ensues. Tiglathpileser  
Found no one in Syria or in Canaan able  
To resist his arms; but when two centuries later  
His successors tried to reach th' Phœnician coast  
They were not only met by Aramæans, who

On th' fallen Hittite empire had a kingdom  
Founded at Zobah and Damascus, but in Palestine  
Found new forces firmly planted, for a kingdom  
Israel had established there.  
Samuel, prophet-priest, to th' cries of Israel's children  
For a king had acceded; Saul, tall son of Kish,  
Anointed them to lead to battle; but not the rod  
Of Aaron did Samuel give to Saul, which Joshua, son  
Of Nun, of all the Hebrew leaders greatest, brought  
To Canaan; with it dividing th' waters of Jordan, tumbling  
Th' walls of Jericho through knowledge of acoustic  
Laws long since forgotten; making the sun on Ascalon  
Stand still, or appear to do so by the help of his  
Angel-guide and th' mighty rod. This was the weapon  
Caleb used to fight the giants. Othniel, son  
Of Caleb's brother Kenaz, with this magic twig  
Th' king of Mesopotamia defeated. Then arose  
Left-handed Ehud, son of Gera who the king  
Of Moab, Eglon, slew, and in his belly left  
Th' potent rod which, used for death instead of life,  
Long was lost. This rod once only by a woman  
Was possessed. Poetess and prophetess  
Deborah judged Israel many years. She aided  
Barak rout their enemies; then sang the praise  
Of Heber's wife who drove the nail in Sisera's head,  
Captain brave of Jabin's army, when in the Kenites'  
Tent he rest'd while his mother peering through  
Th' lattice wonder'd why the chariot wheels so tarried.  
Again did Israel evil in the sight of the Lord.  
So the Midianties, Amalikites and Amorites

Prevailed against them 'til an angel brought the wondrous Rod to Gideon, mighty man of valor, whose Chosen men their trumpets blew and cried, Th' sword Of Gideon and the Lord, which sword was Adam's rod. With it their foes he vanquish'd, yet refus'd to rule. For many years no ruler came. Then greatly fearing Ammon th' men of Gilead sent to th' land of Tot For Jephthah, on whom the spirit of the Lord did rest. With Gideon's rod in hand he sallied forth to fight, Vowing to sacrifice whatever should come forth, First, on his return to meet him, when victorious To Mizpah he came. Behold, it was his daughter who Came out with minstrel and with dance to greet him. Jeph-thah

Sorrowfully now his vow perform'd, his only Child condemning to virginity.<sup>5</sup>

Next Manaoh's Herculean son heroic deeds Accomplish'd, Dagon's temple overthrew, the death Of many causing. Samuel, like Samson, was the child Of aged dame, hence rul'd by judgment more than passion, Kept the rod throughout his lifetime, realizing Saul from witches e'er was seeking aid, advice From familiar spirits asking, instead of gaining All his wisdom from the Lord.

To David, whom in Hebron he appointed, Samuel Bequeath'd th' precious rod, and taught the son of Jesse How with other spheres he could communicate By means of Ephod,<sup>6</sup> Urim (earpiece), thumbpiece (Thum-mim)

Form'd of clay and epho in shape to user suited

Best. To priests of Egypt this was known, and used  
By Levites who understood its law.  
Able men surrounded Jesse's youngest son,  
Sons of Zola of the tribe of Issachar  
Were men that understood the times. Those that to David  
Came in Zikley ambidextrous were in throwing  
Stones, while sons of Gad with faces lionlike  
Could the shield and buckler handle, and were swift  
As roes upon the mountains. Amasai of captains  
Chief, Jehoshophat, son of Ahilud, recorder,  
Zadok, Ahimelech, chief priests, and Joab, leader  
Of the hosts, were all trustworthy valiant men.  
When the great grandson of the gentle Moabitess  
Ruth, the singer of the psalms of Israel, King  
Of Judah, turn'd his face to th' wall his soul return'd  
To God, his youngest son, Bathsheba's child, inherited  
Not only all the kingdom but the rod of Aaron.  
So well did Solomon wield this rod that far and wide  
His reputation as a sage was spread, and Sheba's  
Queen from Egypt journeyed his advice to ask.  
Rich gifts she brought to him, and wonder'd at his treasures.  
Though in extent his kingdom greatly was reduced  
He richer grew, rare woods, rich colors, spices, gold  
And silver shower'd were on Solomon.  
As in very early days Gudea, priest-king  
Of Sirgulla, to Lebanon sent for cedars, so now  
These priceless trees desiring for the building of  
Th' temple, Solomon asked them of Hiram, king  
Of Tyre, who aided him in every way. This temple  
Was seven years in building. Syrian in design

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And very rich in ornamentation was this house  
Which Solomon dedicated to God with song and prayer.  
To Israel's children very dear this temple was.  
But with all his wisdom, Solomon altars built  
To strange gods to please his many wives: to Ashtoreth,  
Goddess of th' Zidonians, Chemosh, Moabite god,  
To Milcom and to Baal, which so displeased Israel's  
God that Solomon's kingdom He divided and only  
Two tribes gave to Rehoboam, in whose reign  
Jerusalem was sacked, its palace and temple treasures  
Carried into Egypt were by Pharoah Shishak,  
Th' ten tribes now to Jeroboam of Zereda  
Given, whose father Nebat, one of Solomon's servants  
Was. Yet Jeroboam and his sons were so  
Displeasing to the Lord that soon we find in Israel  
Kings enthron'd by military despotism.  
With Omri, able general, who Samaria builded,  
Arose a new dynasty. His son, Ahab, influenc'd by  
Th' wicked Jezebel of Tyre, the worship of Baal  
Introduc'd, whose prophets manifold and those  
Of Ishtar were at the royal table fed, while prophets  
Of Jehovah hid in dens and caves; until  
Elijah th' Tishbite, living with a widow in  
Th' village of Sarepta, near to Sidon, rebuked  
Ahab and a mighty miracle on Mount Carmel  
Wrought; then fearlessly bade the people slay the prophets  
False of Baal. On Horeb in his lonely hours  
Elijah found that inner chamber where the voice  
Of God is heard. On leaving this world Elijah bade  
Elisha, whom for his successor he had chosen,

Make a request. A double portion of the prophet's Spirit was what Elisha ask'd and gained; for Elijah bestow'd on his disciple th' mantle which Was Aaron's rod.<sup>7</sup> Elisha many marvellous things With it perform'd, and to political as well As spiritual power attained. Knowing that the house Of Ahab would be destroyed, he appointed Jehu Of Ramoth-Gilead king. The Baal-worshippers then He strategically slew, yet allow'd th' golden Calves of Bethel and of Dan to remain. Throughout Jehu's reign and that of many generations Succeeding, th' struggle of Israel with Damascus continu'd To be a losing one. Th' Assyrian conquest of Th' Aramaean kingdom brought relief to Israel And to Judah. Then ensued civil strife. During these times of dissension Judith<sup>8</sup> of Bethulia, by her great beauty and deep strategy, Secur'd and bore within her bag of meat the head Of Holofernes, captain chief of th' Assyrian host, For which brave deed both priest and people sang her praise. Ahaz, king of Judah, to Tiglathpileser Third Appeal'd for help, though by Isaiah warn'd that ruin Would come. This was that Isaiah, son of Amos, Who the shadow on the sun-dial made go back Ten degrees. When this was noised abroad, and also Hezekiah's wonderful recovery, priceless Gifts to Jerusalem were sent. Then Hezekiah Ostentatiously display'd th' royal treasures To ambassadors from Babylon. Now Isaiah Prophesied that not only these treasures

But the people also would to Babylon be carried  
Captive. Just a little while it was until  
Hezekiah dearly paid for heeding not  
Th' prophet's voice; for th' destruction of Samaria  
Begun by Shalmaneser was by Sargon th' Later  
Complet'd, and Israel carried into Babylon. Sargon  
Also captur'd Gaza and Ashdod, and took  
Th' Philistines to his realm. His greatest conflict was  
With th' Chaldeans, a people lately risen to power  
In southern Babylonia. But Judah was not  
Devastated or th' Chaldean monarch expelled  
From Babylon 'til his son Sennacherib's day.  
After the murder of Sennacherib by his sons,  
And before the rebuilding of the city by  
Esar-Haddon it was, that Tobit who dwelt an exile  
At Nineveh, sent his son to Rages, guided by  
A holy angel Raphael, one of th' seven who  
Th' prayers and praises of the saints to God present.<sup>9</sup>  
For the young Tobias, Raphael found a wife  
Fair and rich, his cousin Sara, daughter of Raguel  
Of Ecbatana; also Raphael taught Tobias  
How to heal his father's blindness, who, so grateful  
That his eyesight was restored, wrote a prayer  
Of rejoicing, telling of Jerusalem  
The city Over There, whose streets are paved with gold.  
Tobit prophesied Nineveh's destruction  
Which happened in Tobias' lifetime, though his father's  
Instruction following, to Medea he had moved.  
On the ruins of Assyria arose the new  
Chaldean monarchy. The fate that renowned Jonah,

Priest of th' famous fish-cult, hesitat'd to tell  
For Nineveh so long ago, had overtaken  
Her. When Nabopolassar join'd th' Medes besieging  
Shur's ancient capitol, Nineveh was raz'd  
To th' ground, and th' wonderful library of Assurbanipal  
Was buried, that future generations might not only  
Read of th' last of th' Sargonids (a fierce and merciless  
Warrior, who was educated in all the arts  
And sciences of Babylon) but through these clay tablets  
Learn the culture of the people.

Necho, son of Pharaoh Psammet, during th' siege  
Of Nineveh advanc'd against Carchemish where  
He was defeat'd by th' young prince Nebuchadnezzar, who  
Had allied himself to Medea by marrying princess  
Amytis. She car'd not for th' mighty walls of Babylon  
Built by semi-mythic Semiramis, when from Tartar  
Hands the rich plain first was wrest'd nor did she care  
For military prowess as that Amazonian  
Semiramis reigning in a later day, to whom  
The credit of the walls is sometimes given. Though  
With richest stuff from Lydia and from Egypt and  
Many golden candlesticks and vessels from  
Jerusalem her palace crowded was, yet Amytis  
Was sad. She sighed for her mountain home. To please  
This creature of the woods and hills the king had built  
A mount and thereon hanging gardens, which were long  
Accounted one of the seven wonders of the world.  
Many and magnificant the structures Nebuchadnezzar  
Gave to Babylon. In his reign Jerusalem  
Was besieged, for it had revolt'd despite

Jeremiah's warning, who predicted captivity  
On account of their sins, yet taught that children need  
Not suffer for the sins of fathers, but be rewarded  
Every one according to the fruits of his  
Doings. Jeremiah used an almond rod  
For divining, which was not so powerful as  
Th' apple rod that came from Eden; but that one  
Daniel had to Babylon carried, where he sat  
In the king's gate as Mordecai in earlier  
Days had done, whose brave niece Esther pleas'd th' king  
Ahasuerus and outwitted wicked Haman.  
With Daniel were three other noble youths who in  
Th' king's palace stood. The golden image refusing  
To worship, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego  
Were thrown into a fiery furnace, but protected  
By an angel they came forth unharmed. Th' mighty  
Michael, prince of all the Hebrew people, spake  
To Daniel; and the great archangel Gabriel guided  
Him; so many things he prophesied that came  
To pass: the death of King Belshazzar, and the coming  
Of Cyrus, prince of Ausan, king of Persia, who  
Had overthrown th' Medean empire, and the beautiful  
Capitol of Lydia taken. Crcesus, son  
Of Alyattes, at whose court wise Solon feasted,  
And the cripple AEsop moral fables told,  
Had allied himself to Nabonid of Babylon.  
So though meriting punishment Cyrus pardon'd him  
As at a later day he Nabonid forgave.  
On entering Babylon Cyrus peace to all proclaimed.  
Sympathetic with their many religious cults

He much praise to Marduk gave, yet favor'd Ormuzd  
As portray'd by Zoroaster the Iranian  
Reformer, who another form of phallic worship  
Taught in fire dimension which is nine, and nine  
Th' measure is of man,<sup>10</sup> as Ezekiel versed in  
Kabbalistic lore, in mystic language tells,  
When he had seen the chariot wheels in his own temple,  
And learn'd to go without, and browse within the courts.  
But even more than to his religious liberality  
Cyrus' fame was owing to the edict which  
Gave the Jews their freedom; yet not all return'd  
To Palestine; a century later we hear of Ezra  
Th' scribe, and Nehemiah cupbearer to Artaxerxes  
Going to Jerusalem to assist in rebuilding  
Th' temple and repairing of the city walls.  
It was in this day Zechariah, son of Iddo  
Th' prophet, urg'd th' spiritual restoration of Zion.  
He in vision saw the seven-flamed lamp<sup>11</sup>  
Whose oil feeds myriad lesser lights.  
From the river Indus to th' Ægean Sea,  
From the Jaxartes to the land of th' pharoahs, Cyrus'  
Empire vast extend'd. His son Cambyses dethron'd  
Amasis in an Egyptian expedition, and would  
Have reigned over th' largest empire on earth had not  
An accident shorten'd his life. Under Darius who now  
Was chosen king, the empire was organized anew.  
Desiring to be master of the world, Darius  
Sent his armies not only eastward to the Indus,  
And northward to th' Caucasian country, but tried to  
conquer

Greece. Mardonius his ablest general with  
A host of long-hair'd Medes landed on the coast  
Of Attica, where they signally were defeat'd by brave  
Skillful Miltiades who a chosen few,  
Th' flower of Athens, led to battle. Still the Persian's  
Grave is seen upon the plains of Marathon.  
Next at Salamis Xerxes' ships a sad fate met,  
While he sat by and wept. In Susa's palace Queen  
Atossa saw Darius' ghost, which said to her,  
"My son defeated is by great Themistocles."  
After this the Persians thought no more of conquering  
Greece, but half a century later ask'd from Hellas  
Help. Then Xenophon with ten thousand sturdy men  
Aid to Cyrus Younger lent; returning after  
Countless hardships found the gates of Sparta closed.  
Th' battles of Issus and Gaugamela decided  
Persia's fate when Alexander th' Great the power  
Of the third Darius overthrew. Then began  
A second era of civilization for Persia under  
Th' rule of th' Seleucidæ, when the customs and culture  
Of the Greeks were introduced.  
Once again in Persia power arose. The brave  
Sassanides disput'd th' east with Rome for four  
Centuries. But th' victorious career of Sapor  
Second, king of this new dynasty was by th' rising  
Power of Palmyra checked. Here in the old  
Tadmor of the desert Odenathus reigned,  
And after him his brilliant, beautiful wife Zenobia,  
Who later recklessly fought Aurelian, and was taken  
Captive to Rome in chains of gold.

Subtly Hellenic and Hebraic influences  
Met and mixed in Syria and in Asia Minor,  
Where Seleucus and Antiochus made the Jews  
Ever welcome. But th' Judean state had fallen  
Into sad corruption; high priests now were secular  
Princes, finally chiefs of marauding bands of whom  
Judas Maccabæus most noted was; yet even  
Now from Pontus Mithradates was driven while  
All of Asia Minor to Rome submitted. Finally  
Under Pompey, Syria was reduced to a province  
Of the empire, and th' Hasmonean monarchy was  
Forever extinguished. High priests tributary vassals  
To Rome became. Idumean Antipater ruled,  
Whose son Herod, tetrarch of Judea, rebuilt  
Th' temple and adorned Jerusalem, which pleased  
Th' Romans so they overlooked his many hideous  
Crimes. He died four years before th' established Christian  
Era, which was th' same year Jesus Christ was born.  
After this Judea was to th' prefecture  
Of Syria join'd, and ruled by the Roman governors.  
Pontius Pilate, at whose hands the Lord Jesus  
Suffer'd, weak was, not wick'd, only an instrument in  
Th' hands of Providence to hasten th' end of that  
Life on earth, which for all time will be an example.

## CANTO VI

### *Japan*

*Th' Son of Righteousness, whose goings forth from of old have been, as Micah saith, whom Malachi with healing wings did see,*

*Not only rose in Palestine, and left warm tints of afterglow athwart the western sky, but in the far, far East*

*Ariseth, where the isles already gifts to Him are bringing, whose glory th' earth shall cover as the waters cover th' sea.*

Even now the light of Bethlehem commingles  
With the light of earlier days in Shinkoku.

In this Meigi period Japan's thinking man  
Embraces Christianity as he welcomes science,  
Political theories, social reform and industries  
Of the western world; yet with terrific tenacity  
Holds to ancient creeds, as he has always held  
To belief in an unbroken line of sovereignty.

Yesterday's revolution was an earthquake almost  
Destroying old picturesque Japan. The pent-up life  
Of the race in centuries long of isolation,  
Of such silent preparation, was the ebb  
Of a tidal wave. And just as that grand man  
Hamaguchi,<sup>1</sup> residing on the heights, the waters  
Saw receding, knowing what the flood would bring,  
Burnt his rice the village folk to save; so in  
This latter day the Samurai gives up his swords;  
The hereditary princes of Satsumi,

Choshi and Hizen, resign their fiefs to th' crown,  
Hoping to break the power of the Shoguns, their  
Enemies since the day of Jeyasu, diplomat  
Unsurpass'd, who set aside the youthful sons  
Of Hideyoshi, councillor great, then quell'd the turbulent  
Daimyos, compelling them to live at Yeddo.  
Since Yoritomo overthrew the Tairo clan  
Six hundred years ago at Kawakura, establishing  
Military rule which only a nominal strength  
Left to th' sovereign, virtually had the land been rul'd  
By the Shogunate, which now yields to foreign powers,  
Giving them an open door at Yokohama.  
Th' court at first oppos'd to western ways, pollution  
Fearing for Yamato's land, abolish'd th' Shoguns  
With a weapon by Prince Mito forged, polished  
By Motoori, and enlarged by Hirata.  
Then standing on the heights the statesmen call the people  
To come up! And culture, long the sole possession  
Of the court, is rapidly being democratized;  
Literature no longer left to women, though  
Morasaki, creator of prose epic in  
Japan, has to the Fugiwara family lustre  
Given, while Seishonagon's lengthy "Pillow Sketches"  
Are remember'd. Lyrics of the Heian age  
Are read, and Hitomaru call'd a god. Still reverenc'd  
Th' Kojiki, for does it not declare their land  
To be of origin divine, their Mikados  
All of heavenly birth! Yet press and public school,  
Philosophy and psychology are to-day far greater  
Factors in the life of every Japanese

Than even that colossal Buddha erected by  
Th' efforts of the Empress Glorious, Komio, Spouse  
Of Shomu, who when offering flowers to Buddha feared  
To pluck them lest her hands the blossoms might defile;<sup>2</sup>  
Or Ise's sacred temples with their wealth of Shinto  
Liturgies publish'd by the Empress Gensho, Jito's  
Daughter, who the court at Nara fixed, and there  
Preserv'd th' code of laws and old traditions by  
Tennu, her noble spouse, collect'd. Yet to her past  
Japan is loyal, loyal to her present, and  
Loyal to her belief in a future life. On China's  
Laws and India's sacred lore she has been fed,  
And woven the richest of each into her native faith,  
"Th' Way of th' Gods," preserving all that makes for bet-  
terment.

Other nations have had light that comes through avenues  
Of the soul, have known how to lift the veil between  
Th' seen and unseen, yet have not given freely of  
This knowledge to the world. In India it was only  
For a chosen few, and hence her light is waning,  
Her civilization fast becoming but an ornament  
Upon the English life. A heritage rich has China  
But too carefully husband'd; she has been forgetful  
Of hospitality, a virtue none must overlook;  
She has shut her doors when feasting. So to-day  
Th' father and the elder brother to the younger  
Son are giving place; the robe and ring are his  
Already; even now the feast for him is laid.  
Of the nations three, set apart to bring the psychic  
Wave to earth, the Japanese are in advance.

From of old it has been so: not Cain the outcast,  
Not Abel whose gift was preferr'd, but Seth, the third  
Son, was chosen; Shem's nor Ham's but Japheth's children  
Have the richest dower; Issac, son of promise,  
Was a younger brother; he unwittingly blessed  
Jacob, who in turn preferred Joseph, and  
Exalted Manasseh. As with th' children so it is  
With the nations of the world. The last shall be  
First. The race is very young now ruling Yamato's  
Land, whose rude rock caverns ages older are  
Than the fall of Sasanoo, whose sacred Fugi,  
Mighty mount of Daisen, rais'd its snowy cone  
Long before e'en Izanagi cross'd th' floating  
Bridge, before those fourteen chieftains slew the spider  
Men, who dwelt beneath the ground in Izumo,  
A remnant of which race we find in men call'd Ainos.  
Th' younger son a mixture of Malaysian is  
With Mongol. Coming from Korean land, led by  
Jimmu Tenno, he firm possession of these rich  
Isles has taken. Jimmu (as all emperors since  
His day) traced descent from Mingi-no-Mikoto,  
Grandson of the goddess of the sun, the beauteous  
Amaterasu-O-Mi-Kami, whose sword the dark  
Dispels, whose mirror life reflects, whose jewel rests  
Within the heart of every loyal one. Goddess  
Of miraculous birth, from Izanagi's eye  
Produc'd in Izumo, fair province of the gods,  
Mother to be of mighty kings, Mikados all  
To thee their lineage trace, to thee their high descent  
Ascribe. For ages thou didst hide in caverns of

Th' sea, whence woo'd by myriad gods with song and dance  
To gladden heart of fair Yamato's race, thy rays  
From ocean depths came forth, and shone on great Nippon;  
With ropes of rice-straw wast thou bound to hold thee fast  
To Shinkoku. Thou Kwannon art of thousand hands,  
Who on the lily stand'st refusing rest of heaven  
To aid the souls of men. Amida Buddha thou;  
Gyogi recogniz'd thy light as one in all,  
When on the seventh night of vigil to him thou spakest.  
Behind the orb of day thou peepest forth thy work  
To do, illumining lands made ready for thy light.  
Thy robes of variant hue o'er earth are spread. The dawn  
Is seen in cherry blossom petals in Japan.  
Thou new aurora of the eastern seas, your blossoms  
Scatter o'er a smiling land, and laugh and shout,  
Yea, cry aloud, ye sons of Izumo! The sun  
Which for centuries Japan has worshipp'd, will  
Soon be up; and not as horse or bull or lion  
Will she appear, but as a serpent spreading o'er  
Th' sky a roseate hue; then setting on the earth  
Its tail, its head will swallow all the little snakes  
(Small pretensions to the psychic truth magicians  
Make), as Aaron's rod of old.<sup>3</sup>  
Has the youngest child of th' yellow-skinned race  
Found the charmèd rod that blossoms for the one  
Who knows its use? It need not be of apple tree  
Or almond,<sup>4</sup> such as Israel's prophets potent found;  
Cherry tree magnetic is. Its blood-ting'd blooms  
Speak of war; its juicy fruit of intellectual  
Life; its wood that easily yields to artist's hands

Typical is of this small nut-brown race who practice  
Jiu-jitsu so well, with serpent-like guile, the power  
Of non-resistance knowing. Yet her fighters valiant  
Are, believing they are guard'd by heroes who  
Have passed beyond. They fight, and fear not, knowing  
death

Is not dark, and that a life more beautiful lies  
Just Over There. The Japanese are not afraid  
To let the world know what they believe. Did not their  
Admiral

Togo thank the deva-Rishi for his glorious  
Victory, when by might of right Yamato's sons  
Drove the larger, stronger forces of the Russians  
From Korea, which land China had so lately  
Ceded to them after a fair fight? And was not  
Korea Japan's territory by right, since Jingo,  
Widow of Chuai, bravely fought Formosa  
Folk and left her son a heritage? Great-grandson  
Of Yamato-dake, subduer of the Ainos,  
Ojin was, and after reigning forty years  
Th' title gain'd of God of War.

Hidegoshi contemplated conquering China  
When Korea he had taken; but later rulers  
With th' peninsula were satisfied, until  
Religious differences — so often cause of war —  
Made th' Conservatives in Korea aid of China  
Ask. Now young Japan herself expressed, and  
Gain'd Port Arthur. Then the Slavic bear crept in,  
And China welcom'd him. But greed, in brutes, exceeds  
Diplomacy: Russia violated agreements

With the powers, and sent her troops into Manchuria  
To protect her interests there. But lion-hearted  
Kuroki and brave Oku and Nodzu drove  
Th' Russian army back to boundary line with loss  
Of thousands upon thousands of the Slavs and very  
Few of Japanese; while Togo kept the Russian  
Fleet confin'd in harbor, aided by Marconi's  
Wonderful invention. Even more than in  
Rapidity of fire or marksmanship, superior  
Mobility marks the Japanese.

And is it not significant that both Russia and  
Japan should come to these United States to settle  
Their dispute, which has resulted in making Japan  
Th' dominant power in the East?

They are very young, these children of the Orient  
Isles, and use their fists as children will; but they  
Are running fast, and soon will overtake, yea, pass,  
Their elder brothers on the way. They know the power  
Of non-resistance. Using th' subtle method of  
Jiu-jitsu not to fight for rights o'er here they come,  
But just slip in. Yes, e'en to-day are many sons  
From Yamato's race of Aryan parents born  
On American soil. They come because rebirth  
They understand; for just as individuals pass  
And repass from one body to another,<sup>5</sup> nations  
Places change. It is decreed that th' yellow-skins  
Shall one day the western hemisphere inherit.  
Now they come to families that know them not,  
But that will educate them, and property leave to  
them.

Then more will come. We know them by their eyes, their  
smiles,

Their silent, winsome ways, their knowledge of the art  
Of living, which, as Soshi says, lies not in criticism  
Or antagonism, but in gliding into spaces  
That do everywhere exist.

Their serpent lies not prostrate on the ground, nor swallows  
Its tail as if afraid to leave its mouth unguard'd;  
It curls not up, and sleeps beneath the grass; but on  
Th' path it coils quite ready for the charge — that serpent  
Which so long has crawled, mindful of the curse  
That put it on its belly, but forgetful of  
Th' cross that, even in the wilderness, raised it  
To higher, nobler uses. Japan's serpent head  
Is up; her wisdom not secreted, wide she opes  
Th' door, and lets the sunshine in that all the world  
May know her goddess. Fast, so fast, she is acquiring  
Th' knowledge of the new, and adding it to th' knowledge  
Of the past; nor letting go of truths she long  
Has held, and seen to be as pearls.

## CANTO VII

### *Greece*

*In other isles, in earlier days, the sun in female form, with shears as symbol of creative power, worshipp'd was; Phœbe rul'd as light primeval 'till the Dark brought forth the Delian twins, when she resign'd the Delphic shrine to Phœbus.*

*Then secund feminine force in brain of Zeus produc'd th' virile maid Athene, whose pole for ages rul'd Hellenic men.*

Very old the fruitful plains of Attica by  
Natural bulwarks bounded, warding off the sea,  
Through great travail produced, fertile made by much  
Fire. For even now the close observer sees  
Th' form of two gigantic extinct craters between  
Which majestically rises the acropolis.  
Gone their fires, no streams of boiling water issue  
From the rocks, Hygeia's wells are dry. The soil  
Yet is light and fruitful; but the lava which  
Mother'd forests is to ashes turn'd; the trees  
Have to earth gone back; the rocks alone remain  
Much the same for ages, yet have broken, crumbled,  
Fallen, singing as they fall, The hills made low.  
On the glist'ning quarries of Pentelicon, or  
O'er the purple slopes of huge Hymettus gazing,  
Where rich store of sweets the bee still finds, we know  
That they too, in time, when inward fires are kindled,  
Lava will send forth, to first destroy and then

Enrich these plains time-honor'd. Yes, though silent now  
These great sentinels shall send forth their fire by night,  
And cloud by day, until they too shall be brought low.  
Then the sea, long at bay, shall sweep at will  
O'er Athene's olive trees. But ere that rock,  
Fam'd so long in legend and historic page,  
Be splinter'd at its summit, we would trace the record  
Left by all who here have lived.  
First the Titans, children of the earth and heaven,  
Well named, having elsewhere had beginning, brought  
Enough of force to clothe their souls with elements found  
Here. Our mother Rhea garments rich provided  
For this heaven-sprung race who worshipp'd God the  
Father,  
Yet builded fanes to honor her who brought them forth.  
Cea, celestial mother of the Titan gods,  
Though your temple now is hid from view, on it  
Rests the only perfect building in this world,  
Which the firmer stands because that yours was builded  
Well by loving hearts and willing hands, made strong  
Through firm faith in you and all that you had taught.  
Without reward your sons and daughters labor'd, this  
Part of earth to make a dwelling fit for all.  
What if Asteria turned to meteoric rock —  
Had you not Titan sons: Anteos,<sup>1</sup> strong of limb;  
And Helios, bright one like the sun; yea, grandsons too  
Of whom you could be proud? Prometheus, overwise,  
Wasted heavenly fire; Oceanus, so learn'd  
In laws that govern water ways, was father called  
Of all fresh water streams; while sages and poets in

Later days ascrib'd the source of life to him,  
Dimly apprehending that of elements needed  
For sustenance of the vital frame the first is water.  
Hyperion, whose golden hair and visage bright  
Won for him the name of Sun, outshone his father  
Helios. Themis, just of soul, and Thia devout,  
Tethys,<sup>2</sup> fruitful vine, and many more whose names  
Here are not record'd for generations lived  
In sweet accord, and made the golden age of Greece.  
Few and rare the monuments to prove that they  
E'er lived; for when the streaming, groaning mounts their last  
Lava streams sent forth, and giant craters sunk,  
Th' Attic Titan age was over.  
Mother Earth had other children rear'd in other  
Lands; so, when the time was ripe, a remnant of  
Another race from out the north came here, who thought  
Themselves the first. The Cronids erstwhile were a cruel,  
Savage tribe; yet even they were worshipp'd once,  
So prone is man to magnify the merits of  
Th' dead. These Cronids dying left no lasting monuments.  
Before the flood o'er Asia's shore extended, when  
Peleg was divid'd,<sup>3</sup> one portion of that warlike  
Race to farthest west did march, and came to Greece;  
Routed all that yet remain'd of Cronids. These  
Semitic peoples left a record on the rocks  
Which is oftentimes deem'd th' first in lore historic.<sup>4</sup>  
We fain would praise them more, had not the giants that  
Succeeded them thrown down their temples, and with mighty  
Rocks cut from Hephaestus store built walls and castles,  
Covering all Pelasgic art had left. They stand

To-day on Attic plains, in Pelops' isle and on  
Asia's shore, to tell the tale that men had far  
Outgrown the natural frame allotted them. To us  
Cyclopean signifies the massive and  
Th' strong, but speaks no word of beauty or of grace.  
Cyclops giants work'd for ages; yet no written  
Page they left to tell from whence they came or who  
They were; so those coming later, at their deeds  
Marvelling, oft imputed to them even natural  
Wonders, vomiting of huge rocks from mountain tops,  
Earthquakes, noises made by subterranean fires,  
And gas. Rich knowledge of the use of fire they surely  
Had; the Cyclops metal forgers were, as well  
As builders of strong walls of sun-dried brick and hugest  
Rocks; yet they in turn were conquer'd, not by men  
Of larger limb, but by ones with stronger nerve and brain,  
Who came across the great blue sea from out of Libya's  
Land. Well arm'd were Cecrops and his men. The Cyclops  
Fell before superior skill; while fair Cecropia,  
Built by dext'rous hands, soon grac'd th' rocks where Titan  
Temples long had stood. The Cyclopean walls,  
Thought this Libyan king, were well enough; on them  
His palace rose,<sup>5</sup> a stately edifice facing th' southern  
Sun, and looking towards th' temple of the mother  
Of the gods, which soon was builded o'er with marble  
White, and nam'd for Egypt's virgin goddess Neith.  
She it was who long would rule the Attic plain.  
Statues of Neith, and many priestesses with waving  
Hair and rich embroider'd robes, were brought to deck  
Cecrops' palace halls, where pillars rare of basalt

Stood, as pedestals for gaily painted maids,  
Around the court. A winding staircase under ground  
Led to grotto of old Pan, where Cecrops' daughters  
Danc'd, and music made to charm the gods, who were  
Pleas'd no doubt, with music, dance, and prayers, yet  
All the temples ever built, and all the prayers  
E'er pray'd, stay not the shafts of death's relentless hand,  
Which on Cecrops and his tribe too soon perchance  
Fell; and strangers worshipp'd in his temple rare.  
In other parts of Greece grew citadels less fair  
Than that on Astu's rock, yet strong; and many heroes,  
Good and brave, fought beasts and beastlike men with valiant  
Might, to rid their land of monsters.  
Alcmene's warlike son, bred in Æolian Thebes,  
Where Phoenician Cadmus wiser than the Sparti  
Of Boeotian plains, by music-loving Amphion  
Aided, builded well a walled city called  
Cadmeia for himself—here Herakles the brave,  
Long enduring, hardiest of many vigorous  
Sons of Greece, grew strong through suff'ring; then when  
freed  
From arduous labors he to Elis came, in Phrygian  
Pelops' day, and on far-fam'd Olympia's plain  
Gained lasting bays; nor for himself sought praise,  
But to father Zeus a monument rais'd who ersttime  
Sire of Herakles was called.  
Zeus had long time worshipp'd been where oaks Thesprotian  
Were thought to wave articulate sounds, whence with her  
doves  
And serpentine divining rod, Dodona, priestess

Egyptian beautiful, declar'd the portent of  
The signs, and made a name that even Pythia failed  
To take away, great sibyl of a later day.  
Yet to Argive Zeus was precedence 'stablish'd firm  
By mighty Herakles, who knew the love men bear  
Sports and glory gained from prowess.  
Other sons had Zeus, who sang his praise in different  
Ways. Cadmeian Thebes besides strong Herakles  
Boasts of Semele's great son Dionysus,  
Who planted first the vine on Hellas' shore, which here  
Grows more perfectly than elsewhere; still in grapes  
And grape leaves is wreath'd th' head of Semele's  
Son, and ivy vine which shelter'd him when born.  
Praises still to him are sung by bards in many  
Lands for inspiration as the bowl o'erflows  
Its purple juice, while many theatres on Grecian  
Hills attest the power he wield'd o'er the stage.  
Heaven-born, O Bacchus, is thy genius, e'en  
Though a mortal mother'd thee. Persephone oft  
Call'd thy sister, goddess fair in bud and blossom  
Worshipp'd, mourned in winter, welcomed in the spring,  
Daughter of Demeter, Mother of Agriculture —  
Child of Zeus and bride of Hades, well may she  
Share they meed of praise; and as 'tis meet, O loved  
Bacchus, through our tears we worship thee when climbing  
O'er the steps of that great temple justly famed,  
Where Demeter's gift to Grecian men and thine  
Were together solemnized.<sup>6</sup>  
From the Colchian realm rich cargo Jason brought  
To Greece, in what to us seems early days; Medea

Was his greatest prize; by those who envied her  
Costly robes barbaric princess called. She  
Taught Thessalian women how to cook; she boiled  
A ram with certain herbs that made it seem like lamb.  
Pelias' dull daughters thus persuad'd that  
Their father would be young if cooked, stewed him  
In Medea's pot, nor knew that life could never  
Be restor'd by fire. Alcestis who would not  
Lend her hand to such a deed, was by her sisters  
Hated, and driven to wed that odious king Admetos,  
Whose love of life led him to sacrifice his yielding  
Consort rather than to Hades go himself.  
One redeeming trait had this most selfish prince,  
Welcome wide to guests, which one day made him happy  
Host when Æsculapius chanced that way, no doubt  
Sent in answer to the prayers for Alcestis,  
Self-devoted wife, who willingly resigned her  
Life to save her spouse,' yet was restor'd by love  
Divine. Apollo's son, with strength of Herakles,  
Wrestled with the powers of death, and gave unto  
Th' king, his host, his bride again. Alcestis then  
So lately from the tomb restored, mourned greatly  
For her father. Soon Thessalian maids and matrons  
All made life a sad thing for Medea, until  
To Corinth she was glad to go, not knowing that  
Glauke fair would there take comely Jason from  
Her side; yet, knowing his unfaithfulness, the while  
Feigned ignorance, and in her heart did rancor  
Nurse, which she so justly felt towards him she long  
Had serv'd and trust'd. To grace erstwhile the bride, Medea

Sent a robe of cloth of gold which unsuspecting  
Glauke donned delighted with the shimm'ring thing.  
Trying to quench the flames contain'd within that  
Poison'd gown, the king's fair child was drowned.<sup>8</sup> Then  
Wise Medea fled from angry Corinth, and  
Drove her chariot to old *Ægeus'* palace; whom  
By her wiles she soon subdu'd, and ruled th' Attic  
King the better that she still lov'd perfidious Jason.  
So insatiate was her love of brewing poison  
That this Colchian princess would have ended th' Pandion  
Line of Attic kings, and placed her son Perses  
On the throne. But otherwise rul'd th' gods and *Ægeus'*  
Dulled senses quickened, so he knew his sword;  
Hence the poison'd cup he spilled, that his son  
Sprung from *Æthra* might not be cut off from life  
As Medea plann'd. Then Theseus, who with mighty  
Valor rare strategic powers combined, th' hamlets  
Of these fruitful plains allied; nothing loath  
Cecropia's virgin goddess to adore, whose name  
Chang'd had been, for her his kingdom called Athene.  
By the Amazonian queen did Theseus gain  
*Hippolytus*, a son most beautiful, in mein  
Godlike; who the chase and woodland sports so loved,  
Artemis fair he kept enshrin'd within his heart,  
Nor ever thought to worship elsewhere. Aphrodite,  
Always jealous of the chaste, would punish one  
Who to her ne'er sacrific'd; so sent from Eros'  
Shaft a barb through Phædra's heart, which made the  
queen  
Too eager for her step-son. Failing in her amorous

Wiles, with passion mad and wound'd pride, she died  
By her own hand, accusing falsely Theseus' son.  
On Hippolytus, the chaste, the fair, his father  
Cruel curses heaped, and learn'd too late the truth.  
Not Attica alone but Trœzen, Argos and  
Mycenæ mourned the untimely death of this  
Much-beloved Amazon's son.<sup>9</sup>

Theseus then with grief and shame nigh craz'd, yet with  
Hot blood unsubdu'd, no more to emulate  
Th' Theban Herakles and rid his land of monsters  
Caring, seized th' fair young daughter of Tyndareus  
Of godlike beauty; fled with her to Libya's shore,  
Where alone he left his Helen,<sup>10</sup> as in earlier  
Days he had abandon'd lovely Ariadne  
On the Naxion isle. By her twin brothers rescu'd  
Helen was borne back to Pelops' land, where long-hair'd  
Menelaus made her Sparta's queen and worshipp'd  
Her immortal beauty, nor knew how faithless would  
She prove. By Aphrodite aided Paris, Dardan  
Prince, persuaded Menelaus' wife to fly,  
Sailed with her to Troy; hence indignation righteous  
Fill'd th' breast of every Grecian chieftain that  
From their land by guest perfidious a queen should be  
Decoy'd. To arms they call'd their choicest youth; then  
sailed  
To Mysia's shore with every ship by flower of Greece  
Mann'd, determin'd Helen to bring back with all  
Th' treasure Paris stole, or raze the walls of Priam's  
Town, where Dorian Greeks, Apollo's special care,  
Shelter'd Sparta's beauteous queen.

This internecine feud became a war of gods  
As well as men; for many valiant heroes counted  
Lineage from Zeus; while some for Helen claim'd  
Descent from heaven; sprung from Perseus was she not  
Whom all Hellas loved? Offspring of Danaë  
And the golden shower he so beauteous, so  
Bright, had god-descended shown himself in mighty  
Deeds, whose number grew in later days, so much  
Did Greece desire to honor Helios-like Perseus.  
Though her beauty from her lineage high did Helen  
Erst derive, yet she of frailties had so large  
A share her visage was a torment to her soul,  
While she to Hellas was a scourge.  
Rous'd from lethargy and luxury by their anger,  
That a Trojan prince should dare so basely use  
Sparta's hospitality, not alone youthful  
Men for battle strong, but agèd seers long past  
Their prime lent aid to valiant Menelaus. Atrides,  
Call'd king of men because his frame was larger  
Than his race in days when many men were large,  
Became their leader; having brought a hundred ships  
Yet in arrogance exceeding what was kingly,  
Anger'd Peleus' son, who of all the chiefs was heartiest  
In the fight, though unforgiving in his heart;  
Thence Achilles pray'd his goddess mother his wrongs  
Avenge. His prayer lovely Thetis heard, from ocean's  
Waves arose, and swiftly sped to high Olympus,  
Zeus' aid to ask. The cloud compeller gave  
His assenting nod, at which Olympus trembles.  
Satisfied her suit was granted, silver-footed

Thetis to the sea returned, while Cronion  
Always true to his nod, deluding visions sent  
To Agamemnon's tent; who, guided by this dream,  
Rather than by judgment or advice of sage  
Nestor or the wily Odysseus, again  
Waged war; and gods with men and men with gods  
Fought and many valiant heroes gave up life.  
Immortal gods who could not die were wounded. E'en  
Laughter-loving Aphrodite wept when Diomed  
Pierced her ambrosial veil, and Iris carried  
Love's goddess to her home in heaven; while  
Apollo bore Æneas from the tumult, and  
Took himself the form of man to aid the Dardans;  
Called on Ares, blood-stained lord, to take Tydides  
From the field; but he, of all the Greeks the bravest,  
Whose sire gave his life at Thebes, who himself  
For the seven-gated city fought, now aided  
By Pallas blue-ey'd maid, arrayed for the fray  
In veil of airy texture work of her own hands,  
Th' tassel'd ægis round her shoulders whereon was  
Monstrous gorgon's head, and on her brow a golden  
Helmet, in her hand a mighty spear—to fight  
Ares feared not. When Pallas call'd th' son  
Of Tydeus dearest to her soul of all the Greeks,  
In his breast such courage she instilled that  
Thrusting forth his long and mighty spear, Tydides  
Wounded Ares 'neath his low-girt belt; who cried  
So loud it were as if ten thousand men had shouted.  
Then with speed did Ares go to Zeus his father,  
Show'd his wound, and bitterly complain'd of Pallas.

Cronion bade Apollo heal the wound, but said  
“Ares, 'tis from Hera you your love of strife  
And proud unbending mood inherit.” Now while Ares  
Rested from his murd’rous course the field of battle  
Pallas left with Hera, and to Zeus’ abode  
Came, where guarded are the gates of heaven by  
Th’ Hours, where all the gods in gorgeous palaces in  
Th’ deep recesses of Olympus dwell. Zeus,  
Abiding in his house of brass, Hephaestus’ work,  
Victory wills to Troy, while all the gods repose  
But Discord; who upon the battle-field remains.  
Then those who to the Argives wish success indignant  
With Cronion grow for aiding Hector; yet none  
Save Queen Hera dares oppose the will of Zeus.  
Borrowing Aphrodite’s belt, the queen beguiles  
Her lightning lord, who sheds a golden-colored cloud  
O’er Ida that the mystic rites of love he may  
Enjoy with ox-ey’d Hera. When by Sleep and Love  
The Sire subdued is, Poseidon, ocean king,  
Leads th’ Grecian host in furious fight, while Priam’s  
Son, the noble Hector of the glancing helm,  
Th’ Trojan troops arrays against the great Earth-shaker,  
‘Til Ajax hurls a pond’rous stone, and smites brave Hector.  
Then th’ omniscient Zeus swift-footed Iris sends,  
Who like the wind descends to Ilion’s sacred heights,  
Mandate to the Earth-encircler gives that he  
Shall quit the field of battle. Now the dark-haired god  
Of ocean declares himself the equal born of Zeus,  
Stating how old Cronus’ kingdom was divided:  
“To Hades, realm of darkness; sky and cloud to Zeus;

The hoary sea assigned to me; but earth and high  
Olympus are to all a common heritage.”  
The rainbow goddess by soft speech, Poseidon did  
Assuage; yet ere he sunk beneath the waves sends word  
To Zeus that their fraternal feud can ne’er be healed  
Should great Ilion’s towers be saved.  
While warrior Greeks deplore Poseidon’s loss, Cronion  
Bids Apollo wave on high the tassell’d ægis  
To daunt the Greeks, and also give his special care  
To godlike Hector. Gladly the behest of Zeus  
Phœbus of the golden sword fulfills, delighted,  
The guardian god of Troy, to shield brave Hector. Before  
Th’ dazzling tassels quail’d th’ spirit of th’ Greeks;  
Their well-wrought wall Apollo easily broke, and bridg’d  
A way for Trojans o’er the ditch.  
Beside their ships now standing all hemmed in, with arms  
Outstretch’d to every god each chief uplifted prayers.  
Nestor, mighty soul’d sage, to father Zeus  
Open’d heart and lips. His prayer the Sire of gods  
Heard, and thunder’d loud to quell the Greeks; yet raised  
Th’ courage high of Trojans and their allies, willing  
That with fire they wrap the beakèd ships of Greece.  
Not until the flame of hostile fire that seized  
The poop of Ajax ship was seen, where Myrmidons  
Safely by the sea were moored, did Achilles’  
Stubborn soul give ear to Patrocles’ desire  
To aid the Greeks. Within his tent still sulking Peleus’  
Son his anger nursed toward the king of men,  
Who from his embrace withheld the lovely Briseis.  
Achilles wish’d that every Greek might taste of death,

Save himself and Patrocles, his loved friend,  
And they two raze the walls of Ilion; but now,  
Fearing for the safety of his ships, in his  
Shining armor hasten'd to array his friend's  
Godlike form: the spangled breastplate bright with stars,  
The helmet with its horsehair plume, the mighty shield,  
The silver-studded sword, and his stout spears, reserving  
Only that far-famed Pelian ash which no  
Hand save his could poise; his charioteer most trusted  
Sent to drive the flying steeds of birth immortal,  
Whom nor honey'd word nor threat could move to seek  
A safe retreat or join the fray, they stood as column  
Stands to mark a tomb, beneath the splendid car  
Drooping to the ground their heads, their manes with dust  
Defil'd, their eyelids full of scalding tears e'en Zeus  
Pitied these immortal steeds, who could the misery  
Share of mortal man, when their dear charioteer  
Was by Hector's hand laid low. Though very valiant  
Not with single arm could Hector in the dust  
Patrocles have lain, who, ere his thread of life  
Was broken slew great Sarpedon, dear son of Zeus,  
And to Trojans three times nine dealt death. So he  
The well-built walls of Troy had razed, had not Apollo  
Stood thereon, with hands and threatening voice repelling  
Godlike strength. In mortal form the Delian fought  
By Hector's side to vanquish Patrocles. "Me fate  
Hath slain with Phoebus' aid, the victory Zeus has given  
Thee," Pelides' gentle, courteous friend did cry,  
As to the Shades his spirit fled. But ere his eyes  
Closed in death he dar'd predict that Hector soon

By Peleus' matchless son laid low should be. Achilles  
When he heard how his loved friend had fallen, moaned  
So loud that Thetis heard, in cave of ocean, where  
She sat by nymphs surround'd, who wept and wail'd with  
her.

Coming then to where Achilles stood, his goddess  
Mother begg'd to know his cause of grief, reminding  
Him that prayers which he had prayed in bitterness  
Of soul, not thinking what the issue, had been answer'd.  
Deeply groaning, Peleus' son his goddess mother  
Tells how his dear comrade was by Hector slain,  
And how the glorious arms, the gods' gift to Peleus,  
Had been stripped from his loved friend. Then swears  
Achilles

Never to his home will he return till Hector  
Shall be vanquish'd by his spear.  
Passionate his grief, remorseful that his anger  
Towards the king of men had kept him from the strife;  
Knowing that his term of life is short he but  
Desires that Hector of the glancing helm by his  
Hand shall fall. The silver-footed goddess bids  
Achilles not go forth to battle 'til new arms  
She brings, which surely will Hephaestus make at her  
Request. While Thetis hied her to Olympus, then  
To th' fire-god's forge beneath the sea, fierce rag'd th' battle  
Round the body; Hector shouting loud his comrades  
Onward cheered, as in glittering arms late won  
He, with aid of Ares and of Zeus, came like  
A great war cloud upon the Greeks;  
Even valiant Menelaus, and Ajax of

Th' tow'ring shield, call'd loud for aid to save the corpse  
Of Patrocles from dogs of Troy. Idomeneus,  
Brave Meriones, and many more of lesser  
Note, now swell'd the battle of the Greeks. So had  
They easily won the day, but that in human form  
Apollo rous'd Æneas, who spoke winged words  
To the chiefs of Troy, by Hector's side fighting.  
Now the will of Zeus was changed, who sent the blue-eyed  
Maid to stir the strife, in bright-hued cloud array'd.  
In voice of phoenix Pallas spoke to Menelaus,  
Instill'd th' boldness of the fly within his breast.  
Then Iris bade Achilles to the rescue go;  
Because, without his arms he hesitates, o'er his  
Shoulders Pallas throws her tasselled aegis, while  
With a golden cloud his head encircles; then  
Joins her voice with his in three great shouts that fill  
With terror all the Trojan host. Beside their chariots  
Twelve of the bravest fell, while from the fray the Greeks  
Bear the body of their comrade dear away.  
Achilles sheds hot tears, and vows no funeral rites  
To celebrate until the arms and head of Hector  
He shall bring into his tent.  
All night the death of Patrocles the Myrmidons  
With loud groans bewail; while Briseis, whom Agamemnon  
Had restored, threw herself upon the bier  
And wept aloud; while all the other captive women  
Join'd th' wail, the death of Patrocles a pretext  
Bitter tears to shed, each for her private grief.  
When rosy-finger'd morn appear'd, who her glad light  
On gods and men does shed, from ocean's cave arose

Thetis, bearing to her son Hephaestus' gift.  
As Achilles gazed upon this miracle rare  
Of art, his eyes enjoyed th' feast, but fiercer burn'd  
His wrath. Refusing food and drink, though urg'd by  
wise

Odysseus not to fast, lest hunger should subdue  
His strength, now to th' front Achilles drove his fiery  
Steeds; though Xanthus, noble horse, endow'd with speech  
By goddess Hera, had foretold Pelides' day  
Of doom was near, and that 'twas truth Achilles knew,  
Yet angry he that Xanthus had predicted it,  
And urg'd th' steeds whose feet with zephyr's breeze might  
vie.

When Peleus' godlike son they saw in glitt'ring arms  
Arrayed, trembled every Trojan.  
Not long to join the fray the gods delayed. Themis  
By command of Zeus a council call'd to high  
Olympus. Rivers and nymphs of various grades were there;  
Old ocean only stayed within his bed. Poseidon  
Ask'd th' will of Zeus, which was that all the gods  
Should mingle in the fight. So angry war was by  
Th' gods unchained. Zeus thundered, earth was shaken  
By Poseidon so that Mount Ida quail'd from top  
To base and rock'd proud Ilion and the ships of Greece,  
So great the shock that Hades fear'd the solid earth  
Was breaking o'er his dark abode. With men and horses  
Throng'd th' plain; the earth rang loud beneath their feet.  
Urg'd by Phœbus, Aphrodite's son Aeneas  
Advanc'd to meet Achilles; boasting each: of his  
Lineage high Aeneas, of his prowess Achilles;

With spears and swords and stones they fight. But that  
for others'

Guilt Æneas may not sacrifice his life  
Poseidon casts a film before Achilles' eyes,  
And bears Æneas from the field.

Onward then Achilles urg'd th' valiant Greeks;  
Likewise Hector cheers the men of Troy, to them  
Saying, "Fear not Peleus' son; I too with gods  
Could in words contend, though not in arms." Achilles  
Said, "Draw nigh and quickly meet thy death," and nothing  
Terrified is Hector at such lofty speech

But modestly replies, "I own myself the weaker  
Yet with the gods th' event if thou or I this day  
Shall die." Then Pallas lends her aid to Peleus' son,  
Who in fury strikes the misty cloud that Phœbus  
Rais'd o'er Hector. Now his rage on other chiefs  
He spends, and drives his chariot o'er the bodies of  
Th' dead. The flying host, some o'er the plain, some towards  
Th' city rush; a mingled mass of men and horses  
Into the whirling stream of Xanthus piling. Th' river  
Soon ran red with blood, while fearful groans arose  
From those by sword of Achilles stabb'd. Of slaughter tiring  
From the stream twelve youths he dragged,—their hands  
behind

Them tying, bade his comrades lead them to the ships,  
Their lives on funeral pyre of Patrocles to forfeit.  
Then right and left he slew the men of Troy, nor listen'd  
To the prayers of suppliants 'til the mighty river  
Spoke. To move Achilles by his words he failed,  
So to Apollo th' lovely stream appeal'd, reminding

Phœbus 'twas his duty to defend the men  
Of Troy. Achilles, nothing daunted, plung'd into  
Midstream to battle with the angry flood. To th' gods  
Soon he cried to save him from an ignominious  
Death. As it was not decreed that he should be  
O'erwhelm'd by a river, Pallas and Poseidon  
Came to aid him. This increased Scamander's rage  
So that succor from his brother Simois he  
Now asked. Hera seeing that the swollen stream  
Was likely to destroy Achilles, called Hephaestus  
Heavenly fire to bring. Then aided by the winds  
A strong blast summon'd so the trees along the river  
Bank were burned. The dead upon the plains were all  
Consum'd by fire. The waves were e'en with fiery breath  
Scorch'd. Then spoke the mighty river, begging Hephaestus  
To restrain his wrath and prayed th' wily goddess  
Call away the fire. No Trojans more to save  
He pledg'd himself. So Hera heard his prayer, checked  
Th' flames, and in his wonted bed the river flowed.  
Yet 'mid other gods contentions rose. Triumphant  
Some, and some in angry mood their seats before  
Th' cloud compellor took. Apollo, fearing that,  
Th' gods withdrawn, the Greeks would raze his well-built  
walls,  
Enter'd now the gates of Troy.  
King Priam standing on a lofty tower, marked  
How Achilles drove the Trojan hosts and bade  
Th' warder open wide the gates. So now within  
Th' walls the Trojans from the Greeks escaped; only  
Hector stay'd without nor listen'd to his father's

Voice imploring him, nor yet his mother's anxious  
Pleading not alone to meet Achilles by  
Th' Scean gate. His parents' tears and prayers were vain;  
For with dauntless courage Hector stood his ground,  
Thinking it were better th' fight to dare, and know  
At once to whom Zeus triumph will'd. Yet when, in armor  
Bright as rising sun Achilles brandishing his  
Ashen spear aloft, drew near, then trembling Hector  
Fled. Pelides, swift of foot, pursu'd with hate  
Untiring. Phoebus lent such suppleness of limb  
And strength to Hector, him Achilles ne'er had conquer'd,  
But that in his golden scales their lives did Zeus  
Weigh and Hector's sank. Then Pallas with her woman's  
Wiles, the bravest of the Trojans lur'd to death,  
To Pe'ides' side him bringing, who noted where  
Th' armor which from Patrocles he'd stripped failed  
Hector's body to protect; now into this chink  
Achilles drove his spear, the stream of life thus sev'ring.  
Dying, Hector did predict that Paris' hand  
Helped by Apollo soon should end Achilles'  
Life; to which Pelides made reply: "My fate  
Shall I meet whenever Zeus decrees." Then while  
He stripp'd the blood-smear'd armor off, the Greeks press'd  
round,  
Anxious each to add a wound to Hector's noble  
Form. Pelides bound with leather thongs the ankles  
To his chariot, leaving the graceful head to trail.  
On the walls of Troy Andromache, Hector's loved  
Wife, not able to behold so sad a sight,  
Swoon'd, piteously mourn'd her fate and that of Hector's

Son Astyanax; while Hecuba and Priam  
Wail'd aloud, as to the ship that lay by th' broad  
Hellespont Achilles drove his car, the corpse  
Of Hector dragging, which he flung by Patrocles'  
Couch, it for the dogs intending.  
That night, while sleeping 'mid his Myrmidons upon  
Th' ocean shore, Achilles saw in vision the Shade  
Of Patrocles, which asked him that the funeral rites  
Be hasten'd so that he could pass the river that separates  
Th' unburied from the buried dead, and begged that  
Their bones should together be interred, when  
Achilles should have met his doom beneath the walls  
Of Troy. To this request Achilles in his waking  
Hours gave thought, commanding that in golden urn  
Th' bones of Patrocles remain 'til his be ready  
For the tomb, then over both a mound be raised.  
In honor of his friend, Pelides gave rich prizes  
To those who in the funeral games contend'd. Tydides  
With Athene's aid the chariot race won easily.  
Antilochus, noble Nestor's son, came next, his father's  
Word that skill is more than strength thus vindicating.  
For Admetos' son Eumelus, whose flying mares  
Came last, Antilochus of Achilles begg'd an added  
Prize. Wise Odysseus the blue-ey'd maiden prayed  
To give him speed of foot, and lo, the goddess Ajax  
Tripped, giving prize to him who trusted her.  
In archery, royal Teucer far excell'd them all,  
Yet forgetful to request the aid of Phœbus  
Archer king, by Meriones was surpass'd,  
Who ere he drew his bow an off'ring vow'd to give

Th' great far-darting god. In all the games some god  
Or goddess still took part. The crowd dispers'd; Achilles  
Still his dear friend Patrocles did mourn and bitter  
Tears he shed. Behind his car the corpse of Hector  
Trailing in the dust, the circuit three times made  
Of Patrocles' new tomb. The blessed gods with pity  
View'd th' sight. The great Sire summon'd Thetis, bade  
Her hasten to her son, acquaint him with the rage  
Of Zeus, and say that when rich ransom Priam to him  
Bring, the dead he must restore.

Next to Ilion's king swift-footed Iris came  
To urge him take such presents as would melt Achilles'  
Heart, nor fear alone to go. His best lov'd bird  
Zeus as omen sent; also the gentle guardian  
God in form of princely youth, who to the aged  
King spoke wingèd words of praise regarding Hector's  
Bravery. Then did Hermes Priam's confidence gain.  
Th' royal Dardan, following Hermes,  
As suppliant clasp'd Achilles' knees, and sued th' chief  
With honey'd words for Hector's corpse. Achilles' heart  
Touch'd, th' costly raiment took yet left enough  
To clothe the corpse; then urg'd the king to eat and drink,  
Reminding Priam that e'en Niobe from food  
Did not abstain when robb'd of fourteen children. So  
Of Achilles' hospitality Ilion's king  
Partook and each admir'd th' other's mien and speech.  
From war twelve days Achilles promis'd to refrain  
'Til Hector's funeral rites were o'er.  
Scarcely was the solemn feast in Priam's palace  
Ended, when Apollo thought of his prophetic

Words by Troy's hero to his slayer spoken;  
So soon beside the Scæan gate Pelides fell  
And o'er the body war was waged.  
Achilles' son aveng'd his sire by wounding Paris  
With a poison'd barb. Her Paris dead, what now  
At Troy held Helen? Th' Grecian chiefs were all for going  
Home, save only Odysseus who upheld the king  
Of men in his desire to raze the walls of Ilion.  
Th' wily one a plan conceived which Agamemnon  
Approv'd. A monstrous lion-horse they made of pine,  
Bound firmly round with bands of iron; this left upon  
Th' plains while seen to sail away the Grecian fleet.  
Bewilder'd were the men of Troy; what was the portent  
Of this sign? No doubt to Athens virgin queen  
An off'ring. Thinking for themselves to gain the goddess'  
Favor, over th' walls they haul'd th' wooden horse.  
Too late the Trojans wak'd to their mistake. The fleet  
That night return'd from Tenedos, their comrades hidden  
In this mock Palladium ope'd the city gates.  
Behold, the enemy now within their walls, Troy's towers  
And temples soon ablaze, and Priam slain beside  
His household altar. Æneas, by his goddess mother  
Warn'd, with chosen few escap'd.  
Th' work of devastation wrought, the city sack'd  
Of all its treasures, beauty perfidious who the long  
War had caused, smiled upon her erstwhile lord  
And was forgiven; nay, for pardon asked not  
But made fair Menelaus think regaining her  
Prize enough for all the woe of Greece. Returning  
To their Spartan home, her husband's love the firmer

Helen held for ten years' absence. Yet as vain  
And heartless as of old, Electra said,<sup>11</sup> that time  
She nurs'd Orestes, helping him to bear his load,  
Telling him of her long years of daily woe.  
Sin sown ages ago, when Tantalus in pride  
Defied th' gods, by ivory-shoulder'd Pelops nourish'd,  
Grew apace in Thyestes' hands; inherited by  
His sons. Loud cried th' crimes when palace doors were open'd  
To murders new. Now all this weight of woe and sin  
And crime for many generations past, his family's  
Heritage, awaken'd in Orestes' heart.  
When upon the blood-stained blade he gazed which  
He had plung'd into his mother's breast, his grief  
Was madness. Furies rag'd; th' conscience of his race,  
Long buried came to life in him.  
At length with laurel bough in hand to Pythia's cave  
He came, and knelt and pray'd for penance, his burning brain  
To calm. Not only with knee bow'd but heart inclin'd  
To do the will of God, he waited for oracular  
Voice his punishment to declare: "From Scythian Taurus  
To Pelops' isle his sister he should bring." By good  
Pylades aided, Iphigenia home he brought,  
Whose virginity had been sacrificed to Artemis  
When the ships would sail for Troy, so coming from  
Th' Dardan realm, like fate had Polyxena suffer'd.<sup>12</sup>  
Many peaceful years Orestes reign'd o'er Argos  
And Mycenae, obeying e'er Apollo's mandates  
E'en though ignorant of their portent.  
What time he interview'd th' sage Tiresias,  
Where beside the stream of deep flowing ocean in

That far country, whither Circe bade him sail  
To know his fate, Odysseus learned much of what  
At home had happened in the land of rocky Ithaca,  
For to drink of th' blood came many spectres, from  
Th' shades of Tartarus. His mother told him that  
His dear old father Laertes still mourn'd his absence;  
That Telemachus, his much-lov'd son, to manhood  
Grown, now sorrowing sought his father; that by suitors  
Who his substance wast'd, Penelope was surround'd.  
Agamemnon wept aloud, recounting all  
His suff'rings and his wrongs, at sight of him wept also  
Odysseus. Lastly Achilles, whom the Argives honor'd  
As a god, spoke sorrowfully, saying he'd  
Rather live above the ground and be a hireling  
Than a ruler 'neath the earth. Of all the souls  
By Odysseus seen, tall Ajax, son of Telemon,  
Alone refus'd to speak to him, still angry that  
Odysseus had prevailed against him in the fight  
For Achilles' arms. The loss of his bright heavenly  
Armor had made Ajax take his life; the gain  
Was recompense far too small for all Odysseus  
Had endur'd. His wand'rings have been call'd a myth.  
Many seem to be the inconsistencies  
Of this eventful voyage; yet in that day water  
Was where land is now, and islands then which now  
Have disappeared. No doubt for dramatic effect  
Some things exaggerated were, but license more  
Is permitted the comedian than th' historian.  
Th' author of th' Odyssey had in earlier days  
Woven an historic scene in dramatic form,

Which for centuries was fiction deem'd, until  
In these latter days the hoe and shovel have  
Shown where Trojans fought with Greeks. The landmarks of  
Th' Dardan realm by archæologists are pointed  
Out, and many fragments found which tell us now  
That the life then lived is depicted clearly  
In the Iliad, greatest of all tragic poems.<sup>13</sup>

Not an empty name but a living soul  
Homer is, the world's supremest genius.  
His geography from ours may differ.  
Not exactly a chronicle of facts  
May his history be, for poets write  
Upon whatever canvas fate has given  
Them. How gloriously Homer painted  
On that background of old Troy, in lines  
True and faithful drew those heroes as  
They were, yet paint'd th' gods in colors bright  
Enough to let us see their faults and follies!  
Well he knew the use of satire's sharp  
Blade. It is the string on which his boldest  
Songs are strung. He with this weapon would  
Destroy the pantheistic creed of his  
Day, the polytheistic belief of that  
Generation. Very frail are his  
Olympians; very human are those gods  
He made for Greece. Ever Fate than Zeus  
Is stronger, th' thread of life she spins, which even  
Th' mighty cloud compeller cannot lengthen.  
This great father of gods and men his wife  
Blames whenever anything goes wrong.

She is constantly deceiving him.  
Hera, also Pallas, hates Troy, and not  
For any righteous reason, only that  
Paris had declared Aphrodite  
The most beautiful goddess; yet even this  
Baneful disease of jealousy does not prevent  
Hera flying fast as thought. We see  
How Homer veils, yet tells, the truth that thought  
Travels. Thetis knew when griev'd her son  
While Achilles betimes presag'd ill.  
Animals as well as men were given  
Foreknowledge. Rivers as well as horses speak,  
Th' elements join the fight in such a way  
We feel the poet's cognizance of nature's  
Laws. Apollo, healing god, is sunlight  
In the physical world. Athene, th' air  
Queen, to aid those who on her are calling  
Works in various ways; she demonstrates  
To Achilles the restraining power of a deep  
Breath; in Menelaus' arms and knees  
Pallas stirs new vigor, plainly telling  
What fresh air will do to calm the nerves.  
In the sacred river, fainting heroes  
Bathe their wounds. So water, fire, and air  
Give much strength to those who use them rightly.  
Homer often shows that God's will  
With the human working, betters all  
Conditions. Glaucos prays; he knows his prayer  
Is answer'd; glad he is and straightway pain  
Ceases. Hector, sorely wounded, not

Even able to pray yet ever reverent,  
Hearing Apollo's voice receives great strength,  
Yet begins to revive the moment Zeus  
Wills it. This is a well-defined statement  
Of the truth of so-called absent treatment.  
Th' poet seldom knows how much of light,  
How many godlike thoughts, his page enfolds,  
While he fearlessly writes what God puts in  
His heart. In after days the multitude  
Praises him who in his lifetime was  
Derided. Now we weep recalling Homer's  
Keen privations: going without bread  
To pay for parchment; going without sleep  
To write what came in visions of the night,  
Immortal verses singing far beyond  
Th' mind of men those days, whose nearest friends  
Thought him mad; great loneliness of spirit  
Suff'ring; knowing not his future praise,  
Though long delay'd, proportion'd to his anguish  
Of heart and mind would be.  
An earnest study of the poet teaches  
Us that he who suffers most will, when  
Time is ripe, bear richest fruit. There are  
Bulbs that grow in water; flowers that  
Too quickly spring, and die as quickly; but  
Th' great strong trees come only when the frost  
Has crack'd their nuts, while they best root'd are  
Which must split the cold hard rocks themselves.  
There are vines that climb, but bloom not 'til  
They reach great height, their chalice holding open

To the sky all night, not seen by man.  
Like to these white, heavenly scented glories  
Of the night, great Homer art thou spreading  
Thy vine, not only on the dwellings of  
Th' learned to-day, but over many humble  
Homes, rare sweetness shedding o'er every one  
Who cares to come your way.

Not until Lycurgus went to Crete to study  
Minos' laws,<sup>14</sup> did Homer's poems find their way  
To Greece as we know Greece, the land of Helen; where  
At Sparta they were sav'd though not rever'd as  
Good Lycurgus wish'd, who knew their worth, because  
An impressionist himself, receiving laws  
Divine as roses dew receive.  
Solon a Codifier of far different type  
Than Sparta's great lawgiver, called wise indeed  
Because he knew what others understood or thought  
They knew, from Egypt, Syria and the islands gleaning —  
This noble man of Salamis to Athens gave  
A code of laws for that day perfect.  
In Solon's day were many men of wisdom. Thales  
Taught that Homer dream'd that water is the source  
Of life terrestrial. Poets ever bear the torch,  
Light the path for minds material.  
Corinthian Periander helped Arion take  
Music rare to other courts than his. The tyrant  
Pittacus, to whom Alcæus war songs sang,  
For whom the cup was filled by Sappho's brother, is  
Immortalized, because upon her lyre the tenth  
Muse a sympathetic note did strike while he

O'er Lesbos reign'd. Of Love's sad pain to Aphrodite  
Sappho did complain, the hearts of many touching  
In her day and in after days.

As 'tis said, the head of Orpheus floated o'er  
Th' sea, and landed on the Lesbian isle; so Sappho's  
Flowers of verse, dyed so red by broken heart,  
Wafted were by gentle zephyrs to Æolian  
Thebes, where in Corinna's soul they found an echo,  
Whose sweet singing taught great Pindar how to spread  
His eagle wings. A deeper mine of philosophic  
Truth in Æschylus' majestic lines we find;  
This man of Marathon gives speech to mountains, makes  
Th' sea waves weep, and shows in true dramatic form  
How man's rebellion to the will divine still holds  
Him chained upon the rocks of Time.<sup>15</sup>  
O'er many men of pow'r that day Aspasia  
Like a goddess spread her saffron robe; her willing  
Slave was Pericles, who Athens ruled as  
Zeus had erstwhile rul'd th' sky. By his persuasive  
Arts this earthborn god made men his bidding do.  
So, soon, upon the ruins the Persians left, arose  
Buildings fairer than had been. Not only bloom'd  
Th' great Acropolis with temples, statues, trees  
And gardens fair; but halls and palaces most rare  
All of glist'ning marble from Pentelicon  
Builded were on other hills: the hall of government  
Upon the Pnyx; near by Aspasia's palace faced  
Th' sea; while on the hillside opposite a little  
Hut, where Kallicrates fram'd th' plans, with clear  
Vision, of Athene's perfect temple. Others

Help'd th' sacred fane to fashion for their loved  
Virgin goddess; skillful, willing, unpaid hands  
Rais'd th' fluted pillars, on which Time's  
Hand has laid the amber tints, as if the sun-god's  
Sisters yet were weeping that such beauty could  
E'er crumble. Still they stand, those perfect columns, of  
Mother art the sentinels, though earthquakes, flood,  
Fire, barbaric hands and bombs have hammer'd them.  
As we climb the steps or tread the floor of this  
Stately Parthenon, we honor all who worshipp'd  
Wisdom in a woman's form. Here Socrates  
Came to pray. If, while the priest intent upon  
Th' lamb for sacrifice his knife uprais'd, th' people's  
Head bent low, the great sad eyes of the philosopher  
Search'd th' sky for hidden truth, we still must say  
Socrates came here to pray.  
Golden precepts from the great truth-seeker's loom  
Gleam in shining threads upon the page of Bacchus'  
Youngest Child,<sup>10</sup> who in the temple of the god  
Of wine libations rich pour'd forth in sweetest verse,  
Singing strains of love or paeans of pain to show  
Th' merits of self sacrifice to suff'ring man.  
Euripides the same fire felt that Socrates  
Sustain'd, when through his human frame the hemlock sent  
Death's chill, while round him stood his lov'd disciples  
Thinking of the "Good" their teacher had proclaimed.  
One there was who wrote what Socrates had said  
As nearly as he could, and many sought the shrine  
At Delphi where Apollo's temple rested on  
Th' rock beside Castalia's spring. 'Twas here the great

Philosopher heard th' oracular voice. It bade him listen  
To the inner voice divine (which few can hear),  
And never disobey its leadings.  
Of all the Pythias that ever sat upon  
Th' tripod to interpret Phœbus' words, not one  
Surpass'd th' Delphic priestess of this day. Not all  
Who tried could play Apollo's lyre; not all could catch  
Th' music of the sun-god's voice, which never has  
Been mute.<sup>17</sup> His sacred fane from times remote was call'd  
Th' centre of the earth; and far and wide the fame  
Of every Delphic priestess spread.

## CANTO VIII

### *Rome*

*When Æneas left the burning walls of Troy, his father on his shoulder, leading his young son, by faithful band  
Follow'd, to Greece he sail'd, ascended to the shrine of Troy's lov'd god, that he might learn where to go to rear an altar  
For his household gods that he might give to less enlighten'd lands the culture and religion of the Dardan realm.*

Little did Æneas dream of all the perils  
And the toil he would endure before he reach'd  
Th' spot long destin'd the traditions of his people  
To preserve. So earnestly he desir'd to find  
Th' place Apollo bade him seek, that Macedon's  
Vast lands nor Sicily's fruitful fields detain'd him long;  
And had he not been shipwrecked on the Carthaginian  
Shore, he ne'er had dream'd of Dido, fair Phœnician  
Princess, who with winning ways enslav'd him for  
A year. While mending were the much betatter'd sails,  
Her generous aid and lavish hospitality readily  
Th' Dardan did accept. Yet naught availed her  
Wail of woe Æneas to detain, when ready  
To depart. By duty and ambition ruled  
He sail'd away, while passionate and uncontroll'd  
Dido stabb'd herself upon the funeral pile.  
Little thought Æneas of the life that he  
Had wrecked. Love's voice now fail'd to reach his ear.  
Pride of conquest, for discovery keen desire,

Led him where destiny had design'd that he should dwell.  
At Cumæ landing, fairest city on the famed  
Hesperian shore, built nobly, filled with richest store  
Of rare Etrurian art,<sup>1</sup> with harbor grand and mountains  
Warding off the inland foes; a spot to be  
Desir'd Æneas thought, and forthwith made alliance  
With the Latin king, who fear'd th' Trojan arms;  
Therefore gave his daughter to Anchises' son  
In marriage, who a city built and call'd in honor  
Of his wife Lavinium.  
In this and much else that Æneas undertook  
Th' sage advice his father gave he follow'd, when  
Midst the sulphurous fumes in her mysterious grotto  
Th' wise Cumæan Sibyl brought Anchises from  
Th' Shades to hold communion with his pious son.  
Yet not all the admonitions of his father,  
Nor the worldly counsel of the Sibyl to whom  
Much gold he'd given, from the enmity of Turnus,  
Betrothed of Lavinia, kept Æneas. Fierce  
And many were the battles ere this foe was vanquish'd.  
But of this and how the Trojans ever gained  
More and more, did Vergil amply sing, and tell  
Of the goodly kingdom left Ascanius,  
When to th' Shades Æneas passed.  
Th' long-fam'd Alba Longa by Æneas' son  
Was builded, who made alliance here and there with scatter'd  
Tribes of old Etruria's once great stock, a people  
Part from Egypt, part from Persia, who along  
Italia's shore had built, before Calabria from  
Th' sea came forth to lure the pleasure-loving, wand'ring

Greek. An island in Æneas' time, Hesperia  
Had been desir'd by all who heard of its fair clime,  
Its orange and its lemon groves, its cornfields and  
Vineyards rare. Its city proudly faced th' western  
Sea, secure in Nature's bulwarks.

Little did Cumæans dream that they and all  
Their palaces would some day buried be beneath  
Hot rocks and streams of molten lava, when the mighty  
Avernus his work should do, and mount be lost  
Save in name of placid acrid lake; and river  
Fam'd its course would change, and later change its name;<sup>2</sup>  
While the greatness of Etruria's state in days  
To come be but a schoolboy's tale.  
Not in Ascanius' day, nor in that of his  
Most noted descendants came these changes vast; yet north-  
ward

Press'd th' Trojans and their Latin allies, peoples  
Of the valleys fighting, nor the mount e'er yielding  
Where Alba Longa stood, where king after king held sway  
From Dardan Æneas claiming descent.  
But wicked men arose, and brothers fought. The daughter  
Of the king was forc'd to be a Vestal Virgin,  
However brought forth twins, by Mars, she said. Fain would  
Th' usurper slay these babes; but otherwise the gods  
Had will'd, and sent to save them from a watery grave  
A shepherd kind, whose wife was Lupa call'd because  
Of her free life; a woman kind of heart to these  
Starved boys gave suck. So Roman art and history  
Preserve her memory, wee Romulus and Remus  
Picturing nursed by a wolf.

When to manhood grown not shepherd's staff but huntsman's  
Sports appear'd to Rhea Silvia's sons; their natural  
Bent their foster father nurtur'd; and soon a band  
Of lawless youths surround'd them, who built a town,  
For Romulus their leader named. Near the foot  
Of the Palatine hill it lay, while other towns  
From other hills look'd down, by fear and envy stirred.  
Upon the throne of Rome, in turn, sat seven kings;  
Each was by a woman ruled.  
Sabine Hersilia bade her Romulus desist  
From battling, when her people came their daughters to  
Reclaim, who stolen were by youths of Rome, so peace  
Was made between these alien states.  
Egeria, lovely nymph, with divination gifted,  
Taught the pious Numia what the gods desired  
Most, while he obedient to his sibyl wife  
At Rome establish'd rites religious.  
Etrurian Tanaquil, so full of base intrigue,  
Her Greek-born husband on the throne of Romulus  
Did place; then slave within her palace born exalted  
To the highest station, Servius, th' boy  
Whose head 'twas said oft blaz'd with light in sleep. A  
peaceful  
King and loved was he, yet ne'er secure; for Tullia  
Th' restless temper of the younger Tarquin stirred  
To murder Tarquin Primus; then her chariot drove  
Over his dead body in the market place;  
And put the crown so deeply dyed in family blood  
Upon her husband's head, whose many sanguinary  
Victories soon gain'd for him the name Superbus.

Desiring for the Tarquin name a monument, Jove's  
Temple, by his father started, the king would now  
Finish; but, a frightful prodigy occurring  
Which Etrurian sages failed to interpret,  
Superbus sent his sons the oracle at Delphi  
To consult. The serpent might portend the god's  
Displeasure that no temple in his honor had  
Been built since Alba Longa was destroyed. With  
Th' Tarquins went their cousin Lucius Junius Brutus,  
Thought a witless lad, for fearing much the king  
He had dissembled; yet was bright enough, for when  
Pythia declar'd that he who first should kiss  
His mother Rome would rule, while lots the Tarquins cast  
To see on which should fall this honor, Brutus stumbling  
Kiss'd the earth, rememb'ring Rhea is the mother  
Of mankind. And he it was who ruled th' state  
After he had stirr'd the indignation of  
Th' people by his eloquent recital o'er  
Th' body of Lucretia, whose death untimely  
Hasten'd the end of regal government at Rome.  
Yet the form of rule chang'd not the hearts of men;  
Consuls now instead of kings, more liberty, more  
Ferment; wars abroad, at home dissension; no  
Stability, no loyalty; to-day a man  
Prime favorite is; to-morrow exiled.  
Coriolanus brave, much scarred, from attacking  
Th' imperial city deterred by the rebuke  
Of his aged mother and Volumnia's tears,  
Died in exile; while to those who pray'd for peace  
As a reward, the citizens built a temple to female

Fortune. Yet not tears nor temple stayed th' fearful  
March of war, nor quell'd internal strife, until  
Patricians shar'd th' spoils of government with those  
Whose bone and sinew held the state.

Step by step the army steadily fought its way  
Towards a democratic commonwealth. The Volscians  
Ceas'd to be. Th' Æquians finally were defeated,  
When peace-loving Cincinnatus, call'd to be  
Dictator, left his plow, and on to victory led  
Th' Romans. Last of all th' Italian peoples engulfed  
By Rome were th' Etrurians. Then was she by th' Greeks  
At sea defeated. Attacked by the Gauls on th' north,  
Veii was at length destroyed. Thus forever  
Broken was the power of Rome's strongest enemy.

Quelling Etruria but open'd th' gate to th' Gauls;  
So these strange peoples of the North now found their way  
To th' Eternal City, which they pillaged and  
Burn'd, all save the capitol; this seven months  
They besieged unsuccessfully.

Th' Gauls withdrew; rebuilt was Rome, and soon for more  
Warfare ready; now against the nations south

Waged three long wars. Then one by one the Greek  
Cities of the coast submitt'd to Rome's supremacy.

Th' Tarentines for liberty fought bravely, aided  
By Pyrrhus' army and his elephants at first  
Repell'd th' Roman arms, yet Samnites fell at length.  
Th' fruitful isle of Sicily, coveted long, became  
Next the seat of war. The Punic colonies strove  
Constantly with th' Greeks. The Romans from the isle  
Drove the Carthaginians, and rule upheld

Of Hiero of Syracuse, descendant of  
Gelon of Gela, brother of that Hiero  
In whose time Ætna vomit'd fire,<sup>3</sup> and sent forth giant  
Lava streams destructive for the time, for after  
Days enriching plains of Sicily.<sup>4</sup> This was that  
Hiero whose affluent halls were graced by poets  
And philosophers. Here Æschylus and Pindar  
Honor'd were. The Pythian and Olympian bays  
Still are green in those immortal odes where e'en  
Th' king's victorious horse has found a lasting name.<sup>5</sup>  
Wars nor wealth can give such length of days to men  
Of mortal mould as can the poet's page, in whose  
Power it lies e'en kingly hospitality to  
Well repay. Would Hiero be known to-day  
Had the Theban bard not feasted at his board?  
Of the lesser one we ne'er had heard, but that  
In lovely lyric lays Theocritus his patron's  
Praise did sing; while he, protected by the Roman  
Power in southern Sicily, mildly rul'd th' lazy  
Pleasure-loving Greek. Not rul'd so easily were  
Th' Samnite Carthaginians. When quieted in  
Sicily degradations then began in Spain.  
Ere the fleet arriv'd from Italy, Roman strongholds  
On the coast attacked were; and led by bold,  
Cruel and relentless Hannibal they crossed  
Th' Alps, and nearly crush'd th' Roman state at Cannæ.  
For years they devastated southern Italy, while  
Strategic, murderous Marcellus Syracuse  
Besieged, and the treasures of its temples brought  
To Rome; then turn'd his army 'gainst the Punic leader,

Met his death, and buried was by Hannibal.  
Th' fate of Rome in balance hung when Scipio—  
Young in years but old in vision, placing his  
Dependence on the gods, who show'd their will and his  
Destiny in dreams, and made him brave to do,  
E'en when contrary to the Senate's voice, their bidding—  
Asked for troops to lead to Africa, which was refus'd;  
But so famous for victories in Spain became  
That in goodly numbers volunteers to his side  
Flock'd. With fleet and army formidable he sailed  
To Afric's shore where on the field of Zama great  
Hannibal he overcame. So glorious was  
This victory, that in triumph home returning th' surname  
Africanus Scipio received. Th' people  
Then desir'd to make him consul and dictator;  
But as in Spain he had declin'd th' title king,  
Then preferring that of general, so he now  
Prudently put aside these proffer'd honors, for  
Th' Senate's jealousy well he knew.  
War with Macedon came shortly after peace  
With Carthage. Philip having further'd Hannibal  
Incens'd th' Romans. Scipio in humbleness  
Of spirit asked leave to follow his brother who  
Led the troops. The power of Macedon in Greece  
By Titus Quinctius Flaminius was broken;  
Th' news that Greece was free proclaim'd at th' Nemean  
Games by heralds scarcely was believ'd; yet almost  
Overpower'd was Quinctius by gratitude  
Expressed by th' assembled Achæans.  
After this was Rome involved in war with Eastern

Powers. Egypt, Carthage, Macedon, each proffer'd  
Help. The gold and coin from Africa proudly was  
Refus'd but Philip's aid in driving Antiochus  
Out of Greece accepted gladly. Th' allied forces  
At Thermopylae defeated th' Asiatics,  
Where in early days the brave Leonidas  
With three hundred Spartans held the pass against  
Th' Persian host. The Romans conquer'd Antiochus  
Later at sea, and drove him back to Asia Minor,  
There depriving him of most of his dominion.  
Now the Asiatic luxuries and customs  
Became the vogue at Rome. Against these tastes and gauds  
Newly acquired Cato harangu'd, when opposing  
Th' repeal of th' Oppian law.  
Conspicuous for his austere frugality, Cato  
Fear'd that avarice and luxurious living would  
Into captivity bring the state; for these  
He knew had ruined all great empires.  
Despite the strenuous opposition of the censor,  
Law the dress of women limiting was repealed;  
For Valerius, plebeian Tribune, all  
Cato's fears most eloquently silenc'd, showing  
By examples from remotest times to his  
Day it was not new for women to appear  
In public when the interest of the commonwealth  
Demanded it. "The matron's gold it was that ransom'd  
Rome when Gauls besieged. The widows' fund supplied,  
During a later war, the treasury. When to these  
Shores new gods were invited to relieve our distress,  
Did not the matrons in a body go to th' coast

Th' Idæan mother to receive?"  
These and other instances Valerius  
Cited. As to the repeal of laws in general,  
Th' Tribune agreed with Cato, but this law was not  
Coeval with the city, nor was it written by  
Decemvirs on the tables twelve, but only passed  
When necessitated by the state's distress,  
Reminding Roman men that power the greater any  
One possesses, th' more moderate should he be  
In exercising it; the Tribune Valerius  
Closed his justly famed speech.<sup>6</sup>  
Cato lived to ripe old age, preserving strength  
Of mind and body. "Carthage must destroyed be,"  
Were his words, no matter what the subject of  
Senatorial debate. As constant drippings  
Wear the hardest rocks away, so Cato's oft  
Repeated speech the Senate mov'd, who found excuse  
Their rival city to besiege. The namesake of  
Hannibal's defeator Carthage's destroyer  
Was. This Scipio like th' elder one was taught  
By dreams. One night in Massinissa's palace sleeping  
He was visit'd by the Shade of Africanus  
Who predicted for him many honors. Also  
In this same dream his father, Paulus, spoke to him  
Of the Life Hereafter, of the bliss eternal  
Which awaited him, and of his duty to  
Preserve the wonderful union of the soul and body  
Until from earthly fetters God should will him loosed.  
Africanus spoke again of things not known  
To seers regarding planet Rhea, sun and stars;

And urg'd his namesake not to think of worldly fame,  
But his heart to set on things above and know  
He was a god; for one who feels, and recollects,  
And controls his body, as the Ruler Supreme  
Governs th' world, must be a god.

Much else Scipio the Elder spake, and all  
Predictions of this dream came true.<sup>7</sup>

About this time Achaia conquer'd was by Quintus  
Metellus. Corinth was demolish'd, Thebes and Chalcis  
Were laid low. Numidia Metellus ravag'd  
Later, and defeat'd Jugurtha. But it was  
Marius by Sulla aid'd who took the Numidian  
In chains to Rome. This Marius was th' first to enter  
Th' Senate in triumphal habit. Son of th' soil,  
He valu'd costly apparel more than do the noble  
Born. Because success attend'd his raids against  
Th' Teutons and the Cimbri he became the popular  
Hero of the day, yet far too ignorant was  
To govern. Soon his blood-stain'd rule was ended by  
Th' wily Sulla, first to turn his arms against  
His country. Marius then fled. Victorious Sulla  
Led his army into Greece, in campaign ruthless  
Athens stormed, slaying most of her inhabitants;  
Returning then to Italy terroriz'd th' people  
By massacre more merciless than Marius  
E'er perpetrat'd; to suit himself the laws refashion'd,  
Dictatorial office abdicated then,  
And return'd to private life.  
Yet systems he establish'd did not save the state;  
For after Sulla's death no one arose with power

Enough to seize the government 'til Julius First,  
Greatest of the Cæsars, law and order brought  
Out of anarchy, when he had conquer'd Pompey  
Call'd th' Great, who with success the Seleucidæ  
Overthrew, the rulers of the Asiatic  
Realm since Alexander's day.

Advancing to Judea, Pompey after a long  
Siege the temple at Jerusalem took, his way  
Forcing into the holy place where only high  
Priest might lawfully enter; Palestine annex'd  
To Syria, and home return'd th' hero of  
Th' hour. Ambitious, yet without ability his  
Hopes to realize, from Cæsar, favorite now  
Of the democratic party, gladly he  
Accepted help. With Pompey's prestige, Crassus' wealth  
And his own genius, Cæsar form'd th' first triumvirate.  
Of short duration this, for Crassus in the east  
Defeat'd and killed, Pompey curried favor with  
Th' people and soon sole consul was at Rome; while Cæsar  
Many victories won in Germany, Gaul and Britain,  
Having made the ocean and the Rhine the boundaries  
Of Rome, yet order'd was by jealous Senate to  
Disband his army. Friends now ask'd th' Consulship  
For him. Not granted this; so Cæsar peace desiring  
Demanded Pompey should disband his legions; this  
Refused, notwithstanding th' apparition which  
Spoke of bloodshed, Cæsar cross'd th' Rubicon,  
And soon th' imperial city occupied, Pompey  
Having fled. The food supply securing and  
Th' opposing forces conquering in Hispania,

Cæsar was proclaim'd Dictator. Th' government was  
Reorganized; then with troops well disciplined  
Little difficulty he had in overpowering  
Pompey. Bloody yet decisive was Pharsalia.<sup>8</sup>  
Now to Egypt came the rivals; here receiving  
Pompey's head, great Cæsar wept, as Alexandria's  
Founder wept when no more worlds he found to conquer.  
With family feuds was Egypt rife. The young king no  
Resemblance bore to those great Ptolemies whose name  
Alone he had inherited. First of these new-made  
Egyptian kings by Alexander's will who sat  
Upon the throne was Soter called. Philadelphus,  
His son, patron was of learning, and justly famed  
For his large library, while the other Ptolemies  
For warlike attributes were known, until degenerate  
Grew the race, in too much luxury swath'd. The last  
Flower on this dying stem was Cleopatra.  
Cæsar by her charms entrall'd at her side  
Linger'd; when affairs at home requir'd his presence,  
Th' beautiful princess placed upon the throne of Egypt  
Jointly to rule with her young brother.  
Cæsar soon became sole master of the Roman  
World; created Imperator, with consummate  
Judgment gave attention to the empire. Showing  
No resentment nor revenge, his enemies  
He forgave; yet of his popularity some  
Partisans of his were jealous, for the people  
Gladly him accepted; but powerless were to shield  
Their god when he o'erconfident refus'd to note  
Th' auspices, the warnings fail'd to read, nor listen'd

To his wife Calpurnia, whose dreams forshadow'd  
Harm to him, but came upon the Ides of March  
As usual to the Senate quite unarmed; there  
Was stabb'd by men he had call'd friends  
Who, while they aim'd their cruel blows to lay him low,  
Gave undying fame to this imperial leader,  
A crown more lasting than the one he thrice refus'd  
Upon the Lupercal. His blood was spilt by those  
To whom his friendship only gave distinction; they  
Envied his invincible genius; his mind  
They never understood, nor fathom'd his great heart;  
So like Dodona's giant oak in sacred forest  
Cleft by Cæsar's sword, then fell'd by his command,  
Rome's Imperator fell; with whom began  
Th' greatest empire earth has known.  
As the swollen sea in turbulent waves is tossed  
After a storm, now Roman rival parties strove  
Each with greedy hands to seize the reins of power.  
Three in sanguinary rule united. All  
Th' old-time friends of Cæsar they proscribed. Even  
One, "The Father of his Country" called, who  
Wrote and spoke his native tongue as none had done  
Before, was foully murdered, while his head and hands  
Were nailed where his eloquence had often flowed.  
Like a calm between two storms, as sea-foam white  
Because all else is black, thy fame, O Cicero,  
Lasting is. The sea of trouble still rolled on.  
After fated Phillipi ran Cassius  
And Brutus on their swords. Her aid now Cleopatra  
Lent to Anthony, who his wife and children left

For this voluptuous queen. No match was this perfidious  
Pair for him who soon in Rome was styled Augustus  
When he had won the world at Actium. To Egypt  
Then the foolish lovers fled, and took their lives.  
Octavius now sole master of the empire was,  
Which for a space was quiet as ocean is, when swollen  
Flood, subsiding after strenuous storm, the sea  
Clear and blue without a ripple leaves, while on  
The horizon spreading their white sails in glistening  
Sunlight, scarcely seen to move, a line of barques.  
So in a nation after agitation great  
Comes a time of peace and much prosperity, when  
Many men arise and soar on wings of golden  
Opportunity, leaving for the generations  
Yet to come undying words.  
Not by one great man are made the world's great  
Ages, but by many illumin'd souls whose genius  
Is permitted to unfold amid congenial  
Surroundings. Horace had not written as he did  
But for Mæcenas' lavish hand and sympathetic  
Voice, whose gifts the poet well repaid by praise  
Of his munificence. Those gentle satires, gracious  
Letters, odes like pearly dew upon the lawn,  
Are with us still; the Villa and the gold are gone.  
To his dear friend Vergilius, who led him to  
Th' friend at court, did Horace hold affection. Both  
These poets learn'd in Grecian lore sought Athens, home  
Of every classic song, whose very dust is brain.  
Vergil's soul was clad in fragile clay, which wrap  
Too soon was worn away; yet even so, he stands

First of Roman bards. His pastorals<sup>9</sup> claim our praise,  
Though to Theocritus this form of lay came first.  
Vergil much surpass'd th' Syracusan singer  
In refinement of this style of verse. In his  
Heroic poem this bard took Homer for a guide.  
Little new the work contains yet full of legend  
And of lore; is firm in teaching that we live  
Again and work in other spheres; for Vergil knew  
That he was part of that bright flame in each intelligence  
Glowing, felt his soul was nourished by a light  
That kindled once, shines on forever.<sup>10</sup>  
Poets were not rare in Rome these days. Catullus'  
And Tibullus' Sapphic strains were oftener read  
Than Cinna's geographic page, whose Smyrna now  
Forgotten lies. To passionate men and women, little  
Learned, Ovid then, as now, appeal'd. Among  
These meteoric men, for poets ever strange  
Paths tread, there lived a man of calm and quiet temper  
Who with rich yet simple diction penned th' history  
Of Rome in faultless style. As stately forest tree,  
Its head above the vines and blossoms rears, so Livy  
Of Patavium, that town in northern Italy  
Which Antenor of Troy did build, stood lonely in  
His height amid the writers of his age. His talents  
Won for him the friendship of the Senate's prince,  
So that far and wide his fame was spread, while yet  
On earth he liv'd—and still lives on.  
Not one of all those high-born geniuses  
Of Rome who shone at august Cæsar's court,  
As stars do circling shine about the sun,

To his royal table coming as  
The gods on Mount Olympus hasten when  
To banquet hall of Zeus by Hebe bidden,  
To the world would give the wisdom, light  
And truth that came from Galilee, from lips  
Of Man whose name Augustus ne'er had heard.  
He to Cæsar tribute paid, yet taught  
A higher fealty belonged to God. But who  
Could live in all the splendor of the empire  
Days, and not be buried 'neath its gauds,  
As surely as Tarpeia was in early  
Times, by Sabine shields and bracelets covered?  
Nor dreamed these men of Rome what marvellous things  
Were happening in far off Palestine,  
Nor would believe if told that Gabriel, angel  
Bright, from highest heaven a visit paid  
A maid in Nazareth, and hailed her chosen  
Of the Lord, Messiah's mother she  
To be. This message modest Mary doubting,  
The angel did declare with God all things  
Possible are. Submissive then to wish  
Most High, this Holy Virgin, child of Anne  
And Joachim,<sup>11</sup> to Zacharias' house  
Did hasten there to tell the wondrous news,  
Yet ere the salutation passed was hailed  
As Mother of the Lord. Then Mary sang  
A hymn of praise and prophecy that all  
Should ever call her blessed.<sup>12</sup>  
To Joseph, who like many of his race  
Was versed in dreams, it was reveal'd that his

Was Aaron's rod. So when the priest bade all  
Unmarried men of David's line their rod  
Into the Temple bring, to see if sign  
From heaven be given, on Joseph's rod a dove  
Did perch,<sup>18</sup> fulfilling prophecy. Then the priest  
To Joseph's care the blessed maid confided.  
While they in David's town sojourned, a son  
Was born, and shepherds hearing angel chorus  
Came to cave where lay the babe by glistening  
Light surrounded; while seers from Egypt, Greece  
And India came with gifts of frankincense,  
Of gold, and myrrh, to worship Him, the King  
New-born, whose brilliant star they'd seen afar.  
His parents, true to Jewish law, the Child  
Did bring to temple at Jerusalem where  
Aged priest rejoiced to see the Lord's  
Salvation. Holy Simeon spirit-guided  
Saw the sword that Mary's heart would pierce,  
When she should stand beside the cross whereon  
Her bright and beauteous Son was crucified,  
Should stand and see Him suffer so, the sinless  
One whom wicked men derided, crowned  
With thorns, and spat upon, nailed His hands  
And feet upon the cross of Calvary. When  
At last His spirit freed itself with a loud  
Voice He cried. Then sword was thrust in His  
Fair side 'til blood and water flowed therefrom,  
And Mary's heart was pierced as Simeon said.  
Gentle, loving mother, than whom no earthly  
Woman suffer'd more, thy son of promise

Died a malefactor's death, by cruel  
Crowd surround'd and no one there to help.  
Holy Mary, Mother mild, thy faith  
Helps us in life's dark hours. No night of ours  
So black as this that thou didst spend upon  
Thy knees while Jesus' body in the tomb  
So silent lay, while He was preaching help  
To tortur'd spirits in the world of Shades.  
When on the third morn other Marys precious  
Spices taking to His grave, the stone  
Found rolled away, thou didst not need to see  
Th' empty tomb; already had thine eyes  
Beheld the risen Lord, Victorious One,  
Who next appeared to Mary Magdalene,  
At whose marriage feast He made the water  
Wine, as He had turned her life from earthly  
Ways to things divine. Her Lord she loved  
So well, her eyes were opened when her name  
He called; then she beheld His changed estate,  
And knew her Saviour's body glorified,  
The radiant mien which Peter, James and John  
Had seen when Jesus on the Mount with Moses  
And Elias talked.<sup>14</sup> The risen body  
Different, yet like the one of clay,  
Many saw; yet those who could not see  
Believed not, e'en though through closèd doors  
He passed, showed His nail prints, let them touch  
His wounded side. For forty days on earth  
He stayed, appearing many times to one  
Or more, in body of the resurrection.

Then, O wondrous light! He grew more bright,  
More luminous, and floated upward out  
Of sight; while angels, who with men were watching  
Spoke to Jesus' sad disciples, telling  
Them their Lord had gone to heaven, a place  
To prepare as He had promised them,  
That where He was they too should be when they  
Had put on immortality.

While the Son of Righteousness with midday splendour  
In Syria conquer'd, very low the clouds hung over  
Rome, for love was chain'd, and lust was loos'd. No more  
Cornelia's noble race, so proud in consciousness  
Of motherhood; no more Calpurnias who with visions  
Clear might warn their lords, but women full of evil  
Machinations. Murderous to the core were those  
In highest places. Could the son of Livia be  
Other than he was? We needs must pity one  
With such an heritage, reared in lap of lust and school'd  
In fratricide, with exile self-imposed, his wreck  
Of manhood hid on Capri's rocky shore; there ruled  
By crafty Sejanus, who caus'd th' death of many  
Innocent ones ere his ignominious death  
He met. He poison'd stately Agrippina's mind,  
When with the Emperor she dined, augmenting the  
Dislike Tiberias bore Augustus' grandchild. So  
Her request for marriage honorable he refused.  
Soon in exile this exotic feminine flower  
Of Rome was starved to death; yet happier thus than living  
To see her daughter slain by son's command, the cruel  
Nero, third to sit upon the throne, by madness

Driven desperate deeds to do. This madness was  
A form of that disease which flows for generations  
In the blood of those from sinful men descended,  
And comes into the brains of kings when women of  
Th' foremost rank lead lives lascivious; for from  
Mother does the man his mental tendencies  
Inherit. Rais'd to power imperial while a boy,  
Cruelty with mother's milk imbibing, passions  
Unrestrained, for monstrosity Nero in name  
Stands in limelight of the past.  
That sect among the Jews, nam'd Christians, with insatiate  
Cruelty, for the amusement of a degraded populace,  
Were horribly tortur'd. Peter, th' great Apostle, finding  
Himself unable to shield his little flock, to their  
Entreaties yield'd to save himself. While fleeing along  
Th' Appian way, he saw impress'd upon the soft  
Volcanic granite, footprints turn'd towards Rome.  
He stoop'd and kiss'd th' mystic marks, and bless'd th'  
Lord  
For pointing out the way; then slowly his steps retrac'd  
Soon to meet a martyr's death.  
Now o'er Peter's tomb a great dome rises where countless  
Devotees the toe of his stone image kiss;  
While footsteps of the Master, harden'd into rock  
As altar-piece in far-off San Sebastian are,  
Gazed upon by skeptic tourists, or beheld  
By pilgrims lovingly who for signs like these are longing,  
Yet the doors dare not unbar which th' Church has lock'd  
With keys that Christ to Peter gave as sign—the gates,  
Which priests of other cults so long had barr'd, now

Should be opened to let His sheep within the pasture.  
Not with footmarks on the sand, but light upon  
Th' path, and voice like thunder from the sky, did Jesus  
Come to Paul, who then with mighty eloquence  
Th' story of the resurrection told in Syria,  
Greece, and Macedon. When held in unjust bonds  
For preaching Christ, to Cæsar he appeal'd, and was  
By Festus sent to Rome along with Luke and Silas,  
His co-workers. There in prison burning words  
He wrote which still are heard the wide earth o'er, and  
will

Ring on when Rome is known no more.  
Yet by cruel king's command, this first Apostle  
To the gentiles was behead'd. As citizen  
Of Rome he might not suffer death within the gates;  
So far out on the Ostian road the fountains three  
We find that do attest the place where Paul's head fell,  
Bound 'round by fair Plautilla's veil.  
As oft in darkest night shines Sirius with more  
Than planet light, so Seneca shone at Rome with light  
That lighteneth every man when clear his mental mirror.  
On his page of precepts truth we see beyond  
Th' stoics. Deeply had he dug in that rich mine  
Open'd by Euripides, whose dramas he  
Transcribed for the Latin world. When by his heartless  
Pupil self-inflicted death was decreed, as one  
Who knows there is a Life Hereafter he met the signal.  
Soon his kinsman, gifted Lucan, suffered like  
Fate, for verses so superior to his own  
Nero could not brook. This noble soul in dying

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Lines from his sublime Pharsalia recited  
(Imputed to another),<sup>15</sup> showing firm belief  
In God's omnipresence and that a virtuous mind  
Is His noblest throne on earth.  
Why was Martial spar'd whose epigrams were most rare,  
The emperor's brutal taste well pleased, praising  
Th' Colosseum's horrid scenes, yet hiding th' designer's  
Name, Gaudentius, who met a martyr's death?  
Juvenal, Martial's nearest friend, with satire's swift  
Sharp sword did veil his fierce invectives, not extravagant  
We know, for from historic page of Tacitus  
We learn what Roman license and luxury were those  
days.

By decree of soldiers, Nero's mad career  
Ended was by self-inflicted death. Then rulers  
Raised or deposed were in quick succession  
By military despotism.

Pliny in later days description graphic gives  
Of scenes terrific which he witnessed as a lad.  
Vesuvius had groan'd, shaken th' country 'round  
About for many months to tell the men who lived  
Upon her slopes to leave. But then, as now, they little  
Heeded nature's warnings. When at last fierce flames  
Burst from mountain top, and cloud of smoke the sky  
Obscured, some preferr'd th' sea to earth in such  
Distress. But tidal waves, which ever in the wake  
Of heavy quake will follow, engulfed their tiny crafts,  
While hot lava swiftly down the mountain flowed,  
Covering cities at its base. The naturalist,  
Th' Elder Pliny, perished watching this phenomenon.

His nephew's letters tell the tale, and also give  
Us most delightful scenes from country life enjoy'd  
By men and women of fine taste and culture, who  
Were guests at his Liburnian and his Tuscan villas—  
Life quite unlike that which Juvenal decries.

We learn from Pliny's page of Trajan's clemency,  
Foreign ruler, first of Rome, who greatest limits  
Gave the empire; in whose reign and that of his  
Adopted son, the Spanish Hadrian, learning is  
Again encourag'd. Now the Greek philosopher  
Plutarch comes to Rome. Like Seneca, for men  
And women equal virtue he demand'd. Th' worship  
Of Isis he explained,<sup>16</sup> brought to Rome in Sulla's  
Day, the importance showing for the reverence  
Of motherhood. The heavenly host that mediate,  
Spirits freed from bodily bondage that do God's  
Service, Plutarch saw, and oracles explained.

Through his influence Delphi was restor'd though Pythia's  
Voice was silent, for Hadrian found a peasant girl  
Upon the tripod when this shrine he visited. Much  
Attracted by the eastern occultism, he spent  
Little time at Rome, yet hither sent rare treasures  
For his Tivoli villa from Egypt, Greece and Syria,  
Which to us still speak of his great taste for art.

Hadrian chose for his successor Antoninus,  
Pius call'd because of his benevolent, peaceful  
Reign; who show'd his greatest wisdom in adopting  
Verus and Domitia's son Aurelius,

The consummate flower of Roman manhood,  
Who from his mother mental poise and moral

Strength partook. From her he learn'd that evil  
Thought pernicious is as evil deed.  
From father and grandfather he inherited  
Modesty, perseverance, manliness,  
Temper mild and lack of all vainglory.  
Among the many men of character who  
Helped to form the judgment of this prince,  
Th' stoic Rusticus stands first. He taught  
Simplicity in all the acts of life;  
Benevolence without display; to offenders  
Easy reconciliation; never to be  
Satisfied with any superficial  
Understanding of a book. For his  
Good teachers and good kinsman Aurelius  
Thanked th' gods, but specially did praise  
Them that he was able his virginity  
To keep. Like Paul he knew the value of  
Deferring proof of his virility,<sup>17</sup> gathering  
Strength by not parading manhood. Also  
He thanked th' gods for temperate keeping him  
In mind as well as body, giving him  
Desire to aid and leisure right to do.  
By admonitory dreams he oft  
Instructed was, and felt the providence  
Of God, which Plutarch says is minist'ring angels.<sup>18</sup>  
Aurelius did fully feel that all  
Members of one body are, as said  
Xenophon in th' Memorabilia.  
Therefore warfare contrary to his nature  
Was. In camp he still preserv'd his peaceful

Mien, and daily wrote his meditations  
Beautiful on life and death. His soul  
Was so awaken'd that he knew what men  
Call death is but the walking from one house  
To another, the putting off the clay  
For the robe of light.

Th' character of this most noble man  
More lustre gives to Rome than all the temples,  
Towers, and palaces upon her seven  
Hills: The Palatine where Romulus  
Built his infant walls, the Capitoline,  
Th' Quirinal by Sabine kings annexed,  
Th' Aventine by Marcius once claimed,  
Th' Celian, th' Esquiline so long Etruscans  
Held, at length the city set beside  
Th' Tiber joined, last Janiculum  
Included in the circuit of her walls  
By Antonius Marcus Aurelius.

There now the pious pilgrim goes to kneel  
At Peter's shrine or stops to note the nameless  
Stone o'er Beatrice Cenci's grave;<sup>19</sup>  
Then when the sun is setting, gazes on  
Th' ruins of what was once the capital of  
Th' world, and with Aurelius perceives  
That matter is in flux, so why regard  
Th' dissolution of the elements or  
Be apprehensive? Nothing can be wholly  
Evil that is natural. Man possesses  
That which th' world phenomenal transcends.  
If he but cultivates within his breast

Th' spark divine; he can, when driven forth  
From one body, life renew.

Just as Constantine transferr'd th' Roman power  
To Byzantium, a man can in another  
Tabernacle preserve his life, his loves, his light.

## CANTO IX

### *Spain*

*Had not Africanus lived many times before he came to Rome,  
the gods would not have chosen him when only*

*Twenty-four years old to lead their country's forces into Spain.  
That Scipio was old in spirit, though in earth*

*Years young, is attested by his power of interpreting dreams and  
hearing th' inner voice. Thus led, an easy task was th'  
taking*

Of Saguntum. Carthaginia's power o'erthrown,  
Th' towns along the coast secure, the Romans pushed  
Their way into th' interior of th' Iberian  
Peninsula; built roads and walls and amphitheatres;  
Roman laws and customs introduced; and  
Conciliated th' people who were a strange conglomerate,  
Turanians from Persia, dwelling here from time  
Remote, Iberians of Greek descent who gave  
To the land their name before the Roman rule,  
Of that cultured, wicked race th' Atlantides<sup>1</sup>  
A few who had escap'd that fearful tempest which  
Swept the land from 'neath their feet.  
Scipio's policy was gentle and humane;  
He gained the esteem of those he conquer'd; and had he  
So willed, King of Spain he easily might have been.  
Different quite the warfare was in Cæsar's day,  
Hunting Pompey's legions, the Iberians  
He devastated, making slaves of those opposing

Him. As Roman province, called Hispania now,  
She in importance grew, and yield'd not only great  
Stores of silver from her mines, but poets and  
Philosophers from her people. Moral Seneca  
And Lucan both were Spanish born, and three of Rome's  
Emperors<sup>2</sup> came from this rich soil.  
When the western world Rome ceas'd to rule, the Goths  
Swept destruction on this land as hurricane  
Tears the tassell'd corn; yet on these ruins a kingdom  
Built, with many temples fair and castles strong,  
And put their nerve and sinew into what was fast  
Becoming a degenerate race.  
No one disputed th' Goths' right to rule Hispania  
For full three centuries. Then came from Afric's shore  
Tarik with his Moors. For seven days the battle  
Rag'd, and Roderick was slain. Then onward marched  
Th' Moors, Toledo, beautiful city of th' Gothic  
Kingdom, taking. Soon the southern towns were all  
Theirs, while Goths and Romans fled to th' mountains of  
Asturia or into Galicia. Now Spain  
Became a province of the Saracen empire, ruled  
By the Caliph at Damascus, 'til an Arab  
Leader,<sup>3</sup> strong enough to form a Caliphate,  
At Cordova arose; which was in time a centre  
Of culture and civilization as Athens had  
Been of old. As palms and tropical plants in sunny  
Andalusia thriv'd, brought hither to adorn  
Th' Caliph's garden, so did oriental learning  
Flourish in this Moorish kingdom.  
Th' Spaniards grew more hardy in their northern homes,

And could easily have expelled the more luxurious  
Arab had they been united. But with one  
Another Leon, Castile, Aragon, and Navarre  
Warred, when united by marriage were disrupted  
Again by wars or divided by the death of kings,  
Whose realm portion'd was between their sons and daughters;  
Thus petty kingdoms took the place of central power.  
One Sancho of Castile was by assassins stabbed.

This deed was witnessed from afar by one  
Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, who said  
In war all fair must be; his sovereign fallen  
Through perfidy, Le Mio Cid ere he  
Would serve Alphonso demanded that the King  
Swear he had no part in this base act.  
His Highness angered banished from Castile  
The champion of Bivar, the Bearded One,  
Who swore by saints and dreamed of them and made  
A bishopric for Jerome, when by much patient  
Toil and stratagem Valencia he  
Had taken. Though an exile, royal gifts  
Of Saracenic spoils the Campeador  
Sent Alphonso: horses richly laden,  
Scimitars tied to their sides, which from  
Th' Moors he'd taken, whom he killed by  
Th' dozen with his blade, the wonderful Tizon;  
For with Herculean strength and courage rare  
Th' good brave Cid brought terror to his foes,  
But succor to his friends.  
His lovely wife Ximena, happy only  
When her lord was near, two charming daughters,

Phrenia and Cordena, bore to him  
Who first were married to th' Infantas of Carrion  
And were by them most basely treated, but  
Afterwards were wedded to the princes  
Of Navarre and Aragon, becoming  
Thus the mothers of Kings.  
With royal splendor the brave Campeador  
At Burgos was interred.  
Of all the heroes since the days of Troy  
No one of such gigantic mould we see  
As Rodrigo the Cid, with Gothic strength,  
Roman bravery, Iberian grace  
And wit, Turanian intrigue combining,  
Charming both to men and women, called  
By all the Perfect One, concerning whose  
Life and deeds have many songs been sung;  
Yet this brave one's praise shall cease not while  
Tongues there are to speak or pens to write  
The lives of earth's great sons.

Though no more heroes of gigantic mould to Spain  
Came, yet new blood was infused, in that Eleanor  
Of Albion<sup>4</sup> bride of Alphonso of Castile became.  
Their great grand-daughter was that Eleanor of saintly  
Memory who married Edward First of England.  
Fernando, called the Saint, who was of Anglo-Spanish  
Blood, to Moorish conquest much devoted was,  
Carrying to Cordova and Seville the banner  
Of the Cross, Granada only leaving as  
A centre of the Moslem power.  
Portugal with England was allied when his

Eldest daughter John of Gaunt, ever astute,  
Married to the King; while of Castile his daughter  
Catherine queen became and grandmother of the famous  
Isabel,<sup>5</sup> whose blonde hair and blue eyes bespoke  
Her Plantagenet blood; while other strains ancestral  
Gave that disposition which the title of  
The Catholic won for her. For with all Isabel's  
Royal good sense, warmth of heart and firmness, her  
Devotion to the Church led her to lend her power  
To many dark and cruel deeds.  
Priest and Bishops persuaded the Queen it was the will  
Of Heaven to renew the hateful Inquisition.  
Isabel's religion came first, and after that  
Her country. The cruel expulsion of the Jews she sanction'd.  
Unselfish and courageous, a devoted mother  
And wife, her chosen spouse Fernando was in no  
Way worthy of her. They together vowed perpetual  
Warfare on the Moslems. In the beautiful palace  
Of the Alhambra, they succeeded in placing th' standard  
Of the cross of Christ, the power of Granada  
Forever breaking. This to them the greatest was  
Of their achievements; but to th' world what marks their  
reign,  
Lenient making us regarding Isabel's  
Fanatical mistakes, is that she aided one  
Willing to brave the dangers of the sea to find  
A western way to India's shore.  
God's instruments are manifold, and when  
A child of His who comes here for a purpose listens  
For the guiding voice,<sup>6</sup> and lets no gauds of earth

Nor inclinations interfere with what he knows  
Is his work, clear will be th' way.  
Discovery was to be the child of Spain, upon  
Th' palace doorstep placed by that keen navigator  
Who, as Æneas, shipwreck and privation faced,  
Seeking the Hesperian isles where the golden  
Apples grew, yet quenched not the desire for sailing  
Unknown seas and searching for new shores, so came  
Again to earth; ambition's fire more ardently burn'd  
Than of yore. Not Delphic oracle, but his own  
Angel guide<sup>7</sup> now told Columbus where to go  
And what to find, so that he braved th' waves, and stood  
Th' taunts and threats of disaffected sailors, sure  
Victory would be his at last.  
Discouraged by the treachery of Portugal,  
Disheartened by th' indifference of England's King,  
Delayed by doctors who infeasible declared  
His plans, Columbus southward sailed to Guinea first,  
Then northward bent his way to Iceland. When at length  
Time was ripe, Mendoza Isabel encouraged  
Help to lend, while Santangel the Jew advanced  
Money to equip three ships.  
Th' new land found, in triumph to the Spanish court  
Th' great discoverer came with treasure laden for  
Th' Queen, his friend and helper. Th' monarchs rise to greet  
Him, and bid him seated be.  
Again he sails, with Marco Polo's teachings filled,  
And thinks that Cuba is the land of Kublai Khan.<sup>8</sup>  
Not until his voyage third did great Columbus  
Look upon the mainland of America.

Not successful he as Viceroy—for gold  
Demanded was with only slaves available—  
His fortunes now began to wane; disaster with  
Jealousy and misunderstanding was united,  
So the day-star of this great explorer's soul  
Set in dark and heavy clouds.

In spirit of conquest next to Columbus was Gonsalvo,  
Spain's great captain, who secured for Fernando  
Th' crown of the two Sicilies. The Spanish arms  
So firmly planted on Italian soil that not  
Until the advent of the valiant Garibaldi,  
That Americo-Spanish chief, were Italy and  
Sicily freed from foreign rule.

It was Isabel's grandson, Charles th' Emperor,  
Inheriting Holland from his father, Maximilian's  
Son,<sup>9</sup> with Spain and Italy from his poor, weak, much  
Misunderstood queen Mother, Joan, call'd Th' Mad,  
Imprisoned for long years because against th' religious  
Violence of her day rebelling,—that left his  
Kingdom to a son, fanatical, weak, and cruel;  
In whose reign the Netherlands were bathed in blood  
Because to Luther's teachings the Dutch had given ear.  
Roused to help her innocent, persecuted neighbors,  
England her own skill upon the sea augmented,  
While Holland suffered and grew strong through hardship and  
Warfare. Not without a shudder can we think  
Of the thousands on thousands of human sacrifices  
By blood and fire sown in the soil of Spain; yet mid  
These scenes of horror like wild grass that starts up brighter  
And thicker after burning, art and literature

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Thrived. At the number rather than th' quality  
Of the writings of this age are we amazed.  
Lope de Vega, soldier-poet, father of  
Th' Spanish drama, alone left over a thousand plays,  
And was honor'd in his day.  
Murillo painted a marvellous amount, so full  
Of fervor and of beauty, if not as mystical  
Or complex as those from the master Velasquez' hand.  
Saint Theresa, full of visions yet with practical  
Good sense, wrote rapturously of the profit of  
Poverty and the grace of humility; while her pupil  
Juan de Cruz left much religious amatory verse.  
Everything in this day was in numbers large;  
Five wives had the King; his third bride was th' beautiful  
Brilliant daughter of Catherine de Medici,  
Who reluctantly did her mother's bidding. Much  
Beloved was this sweet young Isabel of the Peace.  
She left no heir, and Philip sought alliance with  
Austria by marriage with his niece who bore  
To him a sickly son. Though sanction'd by the Popes  
At Rome, this incest of the kings gave imbeciles  
And lunatics to sit upon the throne of Spain.

## CANTO X

### *England*

*'Twas not indignation consequent upon the death of Mary,  
Queen of Scots, nor just resentment for the treatment  
Of Catherine of Aragon, that fired Philip with such zeal to fight  
the English, but pique that Elizabeth  
Refused to marry him. With ships top-heavy like the monarch's  
head, th' Invincible Armada gave sport to English sailors,*

Who aided by a storm dispersed the Spanish ships,  
Which sail'd from Lisbon under patronage of saints  
With Papal benediction. After this the English  
Ne'er by Spanish were molested.

These efforts on the seas, these naval victories,  
Though so easily won, did stir the pulses of  
Th' nation towards a greater goal; her scatter'd forces  
Helped to unite; and made of Englishmen  
One in love of home and liberty.

Later than Italy or France to come out of  
Th' dark night of the Middle Ages, when she did  
Awake, her sun resplendently shone. But, as at sunrise  
Snaky clouds the horizon oft surround, so when  
Albion's light was first increasing, reign'd a monarch  
Who at will divorced or beheaded wives,  
Cajoled th' people whom convince he could not; used  
Th' inordinate ambition of a man<sup>1</sup>  
Aspiring to the Papal crown to further his  
Selfish ends; then cast him as a garment worn

Aside, and raised to highest ministerial power  
Conscientious Thomas More, who soon his head  
Lost because he would not sanction all the king's  
Evil doings. Though a selfish, bestial monarch,  
Henry was an instrument in the hand of Time,  
Whose crimes his country helped free.

Three of Henry's children sat upon the throne:  
Edward, in whose reign emerged Protestantism  
From out the thraldom of Rome;<sup>2</sup> sweet, meek, misguided  
Mary<sup>3</sup>

Rul'd by Spanish fanatics, and Elizabeth, daughter  
Of Anne Boleyn, whose reign was not less bloody than that  
Of Catherine's daughter. Yet she stands upon a pedestal  
Created for her by priests and poets of her day.

The Fairy Queen of Spenser's fadeless epic, firm  
Defender of the faith of many martyrs, with  
Diplomacy overflowing, hedged by courtiers willingly  
Swayed by the gentle hand of woman, this  
Queen has given her name to Albion's brightest day.  
There was Sidney, brave and beautiful, grandson of  
That Northumberland who vainly strove to place  
Ill-fated Jane upon the throne;  
There was Herrick, whose sweet melodies are still  
Heard the wide world o'er; and Bacon, prophet of  
Th' new philosophy. Yet neither sonnets, lyrics,  
Nor inductive science gave the glory to this  
Age, but th' drama, which a portrait gives of these  
Stirring times drawn in imperishable colors.

The dramatists were neither priests, who must give moral  
Or scriptural scenes, nor politicians afraid to paint

Men's faults, nor courtiers bound by rules laid down  
By kings. The English dramatists were men of middle  
Class, to think and act quite free as suited them;  
Or if of high estate they wrote in strict seclusion.  
No longer were tragedian and playwright always one;  
Bacon and Raleigh work'd indeed, but never trod  
Th' boards; while Decker, Drummond, Beaumont, Fletcher,  
Jonson

And many more wrote plays, who found a Garrick or  
In after days a Siddons to act th' parts they had  
Conceived. Shakespeare alone the talent of writer and  
Protagonist as of old combined.

O mighty heart that felt the throb of myriad  
Pulses less than thine, that held within  
Its chamber walls the loves and fears and hopes  
Of many men and maids both high and low!  
Thy brain did weave the web of various lives,  
Whose destinies were fraught with liveliest interest.  
On thy pictur'd page we see all passions,  
Heroic deeds and crimes that human flesh  
Inherits. Whence came this great soul of thine,  
Able so much to comprehend of all  
That's rarest, all that's intimate in life?  
Why should thy unletter'd muse to zenith  
Float in multicolor'd robes, while Hours  
Th' gate of heaven open to thy gaze,  
As of old they swung to Hera's chariot;  
While with diadem the Fates thee crown'd?  
O bard of Avon! say how camest thou?  
Not claiming god-descent, of virgin priestess

Nor of princess born, yet godlike, priestlike,  
Kinglike in thy powerful wielding of  
Th' tragic rod, which turn'd to trident in  
Thy hand. Melpomene, Thalia, Clio,  
Unfold to us the secret of thy magic  
Power. Many lives of pain and many  
Penalties for lives of gain misused  
Must thou have had ere conscious life develop'd  
Scope, so by thy will alone thou could'st  
Incarnate where the brain quite adequate  
Was found. So passing from one form, without  
The need of heaven or hell, thou camest from  
Italy to England, found a village  
Lad with healthful body, born of sturdy  
Undegenerate stock, with spirit hence  
In sleep departing, thou this house of clay  
Didst enter and the past forgot, that in  
Th' present thou mightest work. Then tragic seed  
Th' mighty Æschylus did sow in that  
Fertile brain, while Livy lent his vast  
Historic wealth, and Kalidassa brought  
Gifts of rare romantic pastoral verse<sup>4</sup>  
Such as Marlowe had but sipped, which  
With natural wit thou seasoned'st, so that even  
Rare Ben Jonson found no fault withal,  
While many poets strove thy matchless style  
To steal, who erst in other age had shone.  
Thou knew'st why the mother's tear so moved  
Brave Coriolanus, why Miranda  
Slept that Prospero by Paracelsus'

Art might call the spirits to his aid,  
And mystify the uninitiate.  
Thou Othello's jealous madness, which  
All too late brought agony of soul,  
Did'st paint with carmine dye. The anguish keen  
Of thankless offspring, knew'st with Albion's king  
Who gave his all, then felt the pelting storm  
As beggars feel it through their rags, and rage  
That heaven is not just, resigning their  
Inheritance as Lear his land to vassals.  
Like the Polar star, great father of  
So many suns from regions far beyond  
Our ken, thou art fed and fix'd in firmament  
A constant torch to lighten minds made ready  
For thy word as long as earth shall last.

Th' next great light in poetry's world was Milton. Coming  
In a moral volcanic age, he saw the dangers  
Incident to such religious fire, saw what  
Puritanic zeal was leading to, yet dared  
Not openly declare his views, so set them forth  
In fine satiric strain.<sup>5</sup> Heroic verse immortal  
Holds in vivid colors those crude doctrines which  
Seem'd to him absurd. He dreamed not in his  
Inimitable imagination that the world  
Would be so long in seeing that his great didactic  
Epic was satirical. He little thought  
That *Paradise Lost* would almost be a Bible to  
Several succeeding ages.  
Milton mourn'd that he was born an age too late,  
Yet never poet had such prince to honor him

As Milton had in Cromwell, great soul, in whose veins  
Cours'd the blood of that indigenous race so strong,  
Tall and dark, which side by side develop'd with  
A smaller, darker race. These two primæval peoples  
For a time possess'd th' fair isle, named Albion  
In early day for Alba, famous king who govern'd  
Both these races of the soil before the Finns  
Found their way from Norway across the Northern Sea,  
And drove the peaceful Albions west and north, while they  
In turn were conquer'd by strong Keltic tribes who crossed  
From Brittany, settling first far south but gradually pressing  
Into the interior, driving th' Albions to Wales  
And the Finns still further west to th' island called,  
After one of their important tribes, Iberia;  
From thence some of these Iberians pass'd to Iceland;  
There undisturb'd evolv'd, and left in simple lays  
A record of their hopes and beliefs.  
On Dover's white cliffs landing, Cæsar found the same  
Keltic people he in Gaul had conquered. They  
So wholly by this time the island did possess,  
Th' Romans thought them the original people of  
This land, and call'd their land Britain after good  
Brit, the greatest of their tribal leaders. Ere  
Th' Romans came, these Britons were a stock much mixed;  
For while each successive contest wiped out  
Or made slaves of most of th' men, the conquerors then,  
As in Roman days, the wives and daughters of  
Th' conquer'd married. So although the Cæsar called  
Them Britons, they who now their blood with Romans mixed  
Were Keltic, Finnish, Albion. This last name we use

For lack of better to denote those early races  
Who evolved side by side ere the Phoenician  
Pass'd th' pillars of Herakles, or Fortinbras  
With his Finns from Norway sailed, which was long  
Before the Kelts the channel crossed.  
After a bloody but unequal contest waged  
In Wales and Anglessey, where priest and people were  
Sacrificed upon their altars, Roman generals  
A terrific outburst met of patriotic rage  
From th' Iceni, whose King Prosutag th' kingdom  
Had bequeathed to the Romans. But the Queen  
And her daughters, outrag'd by the Roman officers,  
Appealed to their people; Amazonian Queen  
Boadicea drove her chariot midst the troops,  
Who slaughter'd seventy thousand Romans.  
Later these brave Britons fell in tragic numbers  
Before the better disciplin'd Roman cohorts. Now  
For several centuries Romans rul'd in Britain as  
Easily as in any province.  
Agricola, great and good, as Prefect of the Isle  
In famous battle drove the Caledonians north.  
Severus later tried to exterminate them,  
But died ere he had conquer'd. The land by Scots and  
Painted  
Scots, or Picts, was nearly devastated when  
Th' Spanish general Theodosius, father of  
Th' Roman Emperor of that name, with strong hand drove  
Th' cruel and relentless Caledonians northward,  
Confining them beyond the Grampian hills. These triumphs  
Were renewed by Stilicho. This was the last

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Struggle made by Rome to resist th' barbarians in Britain. Now their arms were busy fighting Gothic Alaric, or the formidable Huns who under Attila were the scourge of God.

Landing in the ancient territory of the Regni, Ella and three sons the Britons defeat'd with great Slaughter. Hearing of his victories, other Saxons Sail'd to Albion. Cerdic with son Cymric came To Hampshire, where the Avon still holds its Keltic name. By Cymric's men brave Geraint, Ella's son, was slain; Knight of th' "Table Round" he gain'd the hand of Yniol's Gentle daughter whom the people called Enid The Good. Her faded silk the queen did change for bridal Robe like unto th' sun when Geraint rode with her Into Damnonia; where Arthur, son of Uther And Ygerne, at Camelot dwelt (in castle builded by Th' wizard Merlin ere his power Vivien stole, Whose great, white towers were oft in clouds encircled while Lightnings played upon them, yet, when clear the sky, Towering heavenwards they stood like ghosts, their glittering Turrets seen afar), surrounded by brave knights Who help'd him thrust the heathen from the Roman walls, Kill the giants, aid the weak and right the wrong, And for good deeds the strong make stronger.

The highest enterprise the knights essayed was To see the Holy Grail. Though many suffer'd in This quest, but three the chalice saw, and felt the flame Which rises when the life is pure and soul aspires: Sir Galahad, Sir Bors — he 'twas saw seven stars — And Perceval, strong and brave, who ever virgin was.

To one the cup appear'd but veiled; for, despite  
Great strength and zeal, his heart unlawful love enfolding,  
He might not see the light of grail.  
Gareth in disguise, tall son of Lot and Bellicent,  
Serv'd the king as kitchen knave that he might see  
Th' jousts. Here Tristram, imitative and inventive,  
Of ready wit, who loved Isolde, died by sword,  
Thrust through by Mark, her Cornish lord.  
Here was Gawain with prodigious memory, brave  
In war; the fair but false Ettare he loved, and was  
To Pelleas untrue, who suffering learned th' truth.  
He saw the living fire within the grass, and knew  
Lust from Love, and that a harlot's house did less  
Harm than sin in places high. The sullyng of  
The Queen such bad example set throughout the land;  
Because a warrior bold and brave, it more unseemly  
Was that Launcelot should live a lie. Had he  
But lov'd th' lily Maid of Astolat she had  
Not died of broken heart; nor had King Arthur's wife  
In fit of jealousy cast the wondrous jewels which  
He had won into the flood before the barge  
That bore the body of Elaine; nor Guinevere  
Been wounded by the prattling maid, nor scorn'd by Arthur  
And left to die as Abbess of Almesbury, while  
To the end her lord was true to her, and died  
Fighting for the right, his great Excalibur giving  
To Belvidere at last to cast into the lake.  
Many legends 'round him grew, and some would have  
It he had mystic birth and death, and would return  
In days to come and Britain rule again. His spirit

Lives in Wessex yet, the third of those great Saxon  
Kingdoms out of which so many rulers came  
Who all the blood of Cerdic claim.  
Sussex's greatness lasted not beyond the days  
Of the first Bretwalda Saxon Ella. Soon  
Th' middle kingdom merg'd in Mercia, while the greatest  
Of the Angle kingdoms, Northumberland, by King  
Ida found'd, extended northward from the Humber,  
And included Edinboro. Egbert Atheling,  
Of the blood of Cerdic, brought all the Angle kingdoms  
Under his power, and Rex Anglorum styled himself.  
Th' petty kings assembled each his own wise men,  
And ruled his state, but all to Egbert vassals were.  
Yet midst this glory evil threaten'd, for the Danes  
Came again and again; and only the valiant  
Alfred the Great, hero, law-giver, scholar, saint,  
Together with his wise advisor Asser of Wales,  
Kept them for a time at bay.  
By this time great numbers of Danes had settl'd in England.  
Olaus Magnus, Norwegian-Finnish leader, lent  
Aid to th' people who bravely fought, deposing a king  
Who would buy their good will, or when failing to hire  
Peace would order wholesale murder. Th' Princess Gunhilde,  
Sister of the Danish King, was kill'd in massacre  
Of St. Bride. Her brother then to conquer England  
Vowed or perish in the struggle, whose son Cnut  
Annex'd the island to his Scandinavian Empire,  
Four earls appointing as officials of the highest  
Class to rule in England. More than birth fidelity  
Counted. These great earldoms of Cnut's reign

Were a near approach to th' feudal system, affecting  
Th' history of the next half-century.  
Th' Danish conquest soon was followed by the Norman.  
William, with the sanction of the Papal See,  
With relic ring and consecrated banner, supported  
By the strategic Hildebrand, Archdeacon of  
Th' Church at Rome, made men the worse cause think the  
better.

With a band of bribed bold adventurers at Hastings  
And at Stamford Bridge he Harold overthrew,  
Whom the English Witenagemot had chosen king,  
Thus became the famous conqueror.  
Two sons succeeded William, then the son of his  
Daughter Adela, Stephen of Blois, whose miserable reign  
Pav'd th' way for Henry, son of Matilda, who  
Had more hereditary right; though th' English crown  
Was still elective, th' centralizing and restraining  
Power used by Henry welcome was. This first  
Angevin King, Plantagenet called from his father's  
Habit of wearing blue broom blossoms, married Eleanor  
Of Aquitaine, extending thus his empire to  
Th' Pyrenees. Defining the relation between  
Church and State, his courtier Becket he appointed  
To the chair of Augustine; but he, refusing  
To promise that the Church should to the State submit,  
Was murdered by four royal knights at Canterbury,  
Who unwittingly made of him a saint and martyr.  
Richard ruled and retained his father's realm.  
Th' weakling John his foreign inheritance mostly lost,  
Yet became the unwilling benefactor of

Th' nation by signing Magna Charta.  
Edward First, the English Justinian, scarcely less  
Religious was than Cnut's son-in-law, th' Confessor,  
For whom he was named, happy in having a subject  
Who a true son was of his adopted country,  
Though an alien born. In leading th' barons' war  
Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, yielded his  
Castles before requiring others to give up theirs.  
With Montfort's idea of representative government  
Th' King was in accord, and summon'd burghers along  
With bishops, knights and abbots to levy taxes to fill  
Th' purse, made empty by the crusade in aid of Knights  
Templars, which was th' last of those fanatical  
Religious wars by European princes waged  
Against the Turks in Palestine.  
Later Edward fought the fierce Llywelyn, Wales  
Subjugating. Scotland to enthrall he failed;  
Although on an English scaffold Wallace perished, Bruce  
After Bannockburn the Scottish throne secured.  
Edward Third it was whose brilliant victories  
At Crécy and Calais made France for a time a province  
Of England. He it was who instituted the great  
Order of the Garter, giving a feast at Windsor  
To the Knights. Then for a time the arts of peace  
Took the place of th' arts of warfare; and the English  
Tongue, a mixture of the German, Latin, French  
And Keltic, first took form on th' page of poet Chaucer;  
While the Hebrew Scriptures were put into the language  
Of the people by Wyckliffe, which th' genius of  
Caxton, a century later, made available for

Th' poor and the unlearned man.  
Not yet had England assimilated her various races;  
So when not fighting abroad, at home was ferment. Now  
Two of Edward's three grandsons, Long John of Gaunt,  
And son of th' beloved Black Prince, claim'd th' throne.  
With them began the War of th' Roses, which famous struggle  
Between the houses of York and Lancaster ended on  
Bosworth field, when fell the wicked Richard, who  
Had basely murder'd th' little princes in th' tower.  
Then Henry Tudor, illegitimately related  
To royalty on th' maternal side, the throne ascend'd.  
His queen was Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth  
Edward; thus were the roses white and red united.  
Their daughter Margaret to the ill-fated Marie Stuart  
Was grandmother, whose son wore both th' Scottish and  
The English crowns. But that of which he boasted most  
He had least of, kingcraft; and he held Plantagenet  
Superstition that birth confers some rights anterior  
To and unalterable by law.  
Had Charles' head been sever'd sooner, less honest blood  
Would have dyed the soil of England, on whose glorious  
Meadows sweet wild flowers every year to us  
Speak of nameless graves where many champions of  
Freedom lie. The dauntless Hampden all too soon  
Upon the field of battle died a hero's death,  
While Pym and Eliot with others fought on; strengthen'd by  
His example men of conscience cowed men  
Of meaner mould, and Nature's noblemen more majestic  
Proved than those born princes and prelates. Oliver  
Cromwell

Led his famous Ironsides from victory on  
To victory, fighting in the name of th' Lord of Hosts;  
Those who would not suffer themselves to be by law  
Govern'd were quelled by the sword; and he who brought  
Order out of chaos was recognized as  
Protector. Though without the hated name of king,  
Cromwell rul'd more absolutely than any prince  
Who ever sat upon the British throne, and dying  
Will'd the kingdom to his son.  
More like his illustrious father had Richard been,  
Th' nation to another Stuart rule had ne'er  
Submitted. Yet the utter worthlessness and bigotry  
Of Charles Second disenchanted those who fain  
Would make a martyr of his father. The son as ignoble  
Was as false the father. But, dreading rulers raised  
To power by fickle soldiers, th' people join'd th' Scottish  
Troops, when Monk to London marched.  
More honest than his father or his brother, James,  
Duke of York, surround'd by harlots, none as pretty,  
Bright or saucy as Nell Gwynne, so tried th' protestant  
Spirit of the time that it exceeded loyalty  
To the throne, and produc'd a second revolution  
Which end'd arbitrary monarchy.  
The new administration was establish'd without  
Bloodshed, save in Ireland where 'round James the Second  
Th' Catholics rallied, but defeated were at Boyne  
And Londonderry by that William, wise, heroic  
Prince of Orange who had helped the Dutch resist  
Louis Quartorze before he was invited to rule  
Jointly with the Princess Mary.

One more Stuart by an act of settlement wore  
Th' English crown, grand-daughter of the Earl of Oxford,  
Th' famous Clarendon; daughter of James and Mary's  
sister;

Anne, in whose reign were united Saint George's and  
Saint Andrew's crosses on the British flag, whose very  
Weakness was her strength, has given her name to one  
Of the shining epochs in English literature.

Critical poetry and translation classical, which  
In the century previous with Dryden and Cowley  
Started, now found in Pope an able second, whose  
Felicity of phrase has given us many proverbs.

Prose attain'd its growth beneath the pen of Addison,  
Inimitable preacher, whose lightest playful fancy  
Makes him moralist rare. Among his famous friends  
Were Jonathan Swift, who with a fertile imagination  
Satire combined, and Samuel Johnson, practical novelist,  
With Mary Montague, writer of wisdom gained in  
Th' East. DeFoe begins the novel. Science takes  
A leap under Newton. Nor is th' Church, with Wesley and  
Atterbury, silent. Over the reign of th' last  
Of th' Stuarts was shed a suffused prosaic light.

Once again the blood of Cerdic, flowing in  
Foreign lands, with German and Italian stock  
Mingling, comes to th' British throne; Sophia's son  
Wore the crown while Robert Walpole ruled th' state  
And warr'd with Bolingbroke. Throughout the Georgian era  
Th' English princes rul'd, though kings from Hanover were.  
Th' Elder Pitt, intrepid, eloquent, honest, whom Tories  
Extoll'd and Whigs obey'd, conciliated George,

Domineer'd over the House, by th' people was  
Ador'd, and by all Europe admir'd.  
Hume and Gibbon brilliantly record the past.  
Berkeley and Locke into th' future peer. Th' Herschels  
Search the sky and find another planet.<sup>6</sup> Watts  
Builds his engine. Cowper and Goldsmith write, and wait  
For fame. McPherson unearths th' Finnish poet Ossian.  
The younger Pitt, the great reformer, learning from  
Adam Smith the principles of free trade, applies  
Them, and understanding the menace of Ireland unites  
Th' kingdoms three in a single representative system.  
After losing th' American colonies  
England the necessity of conciliation  
Learn'd, which Edmund Burke and Charles Fox, peace-  
loving  
Quaker, long had striven for.  
In successive generations th' New World had  
Been visit'd by Englishmen, since John and Sebastian Cabot,  
Aid'd by funds from Henry Seventh, had explored  
Th' coast of North America.  
Th' Quakers call'd their colony after William Penn.  
Though to the scenic Hudson the Dutch came first, the  
English  
Chang'd New Amsterdam to New York. The Puritans,  
though  
Residing last in Holland, gave their rocky shore  
Th' name New England. Often these staunch statesmen  
found  
Their way as steep and rough as tinker-preacher Bunyan's  
Imaginary Christian. Though they loved their

Mother country, fought for her against the Indians  
And the French, and long delayed to claim their rights,  
There came a day when, Justice balancing in the scales  
Against Injustice, strife arose, an internecine  
War, and Liberty was conceived.  
As in the individual life upon the loss  
Of power blessings wait, a nation from defeat  
Wisdom gains. New England now perforce relinquished,  
At home were greater efforts toward improvement made.  
To reform was William not opposed, while  
His niece, the good Victoria Guelph, desir'd it greatly.  
What a kaleidoscopic century is the one  
Just past, in whose morning hours the song of Keats,  
Shelley, Coleridge, Burns, Tom Moore and Byron, Lamb's  
Plaintive homely humor, Jeffery's nature note,  
Brougham's reviews, were mingled with the sound of guns  
And drums from th' battle of the Nile, or Nelson's dying  
Victory at Trafalgar, which th' lions Landseer  
Moulded' ever keep in memory.  
While the government under the rule of imperious Peel  
Reformed criminal law, effected Catholic  
Emancipation and just corn laws, Erastian Peel,  
Lacking prescience, was alike impervious  
To the bigotry of Protestantism or  
Th' leaven of th' Oxford movement; which despite  
His views widen'd into th' Anglican Revival  
Led by th' treble cord, poetic Keble, prudent  
Pusey and aggressive Newman.  
In the noonday-time Imperialism held sway  
Alternately with Paternalism. Vivacious, eloquent,

Self-sacrificing Gladstone, often misunderstood,  
Helped make a broader Catholic spirit in  
Th' land. His just reforms were all that Ireland needed.  
Parnell demanded more than England could concede,  
Hence by discord th' fruit was plucked, and still the Irish  
Discontent ferments. Th' astute, consummate strategy  
Of the Jew Disraeli placed the diadem  
Of empire on Victoria's brow, and heirs of Timour  
Bow their necks to Britain. She foxlike had  
Pursu'd her hunt, though Clive in arms and council able  
Had striven to keep th' stronger race from preying on  
Th' weaker; while Hastings, though impeached by jealous  
patriots,  
Fearlessly advanced his country's arms. Ambitious,  
Bold, at times unjust and cruel, especially in  
His unequal war upon the fair Rohillas,  
And the spoliation of the princesses of Ouhd,  
Yet the great prose writer<sup>8</sup> of the century, who  
Had been eye witness of much that had perplexed th' early  
English governors in India, says that Hastings  
Did not only extend th' empire with a polity  
Equal to a Richelieu, but patronized  
Learning with th' judicious liberality of  
A Cosimo. Who better than the brilliant son  
Of Selina Mills, the friend of Hannah More, could judge  
Th' conduct of men like Clive and Hastings.  
While in India and in Africa running riot  
Was the spirit of aggrandizement, able men  
And women at home to th' vision of th' people added.  
Darwin demonstrated what Spencer thought and taught.

Huxley, Tyndall and other torch-bearers threw their calcium  
Light upon the timely revelation that all  
Nature in a state of evolution is;  
While in th' world of pen and pencil painting Scott,  
Thackery, Dickens, Bulwer, Austen, Eliot, th' Proctors,  
Th' Bronte sisters, th' Carlyles and th' Brownings, Southey,  
Tennyson, th' Rossettis, Patmore, Pater, Blake,  
Jowett, Nettleship,<sup>9</sup> Dobson, Lang, Fitzgerald, Massey,  
Morris, Burne-Jones, each a note to th' chorus added  
Or a ray to th' multicolor'd canvas. Ruskin  
Increased our love of architecture, show'd us beauties  
In Reynolds, Turner, Gainsborough and a host of others,  
Teaching us to praise, not blame, that which we could  
Not understand. He ably wrote on economics,  
Seeing th' deep, deep shadows in the great life-picture.  
Th' lonely burial of Sir John Moore at Corunno;  
Th' war in the Crimea; th' wretched bombardment of  
Alexandria; the sad, sad sacrifice of brave,  
Brilliant, God-fearing Gordon at beleaguer'd Kartoum;  
Th' smouldering fire beneath the workman's servile manner;  
Th' unjust wage of disenfranchised woman; all  
Make the shadows darker than the artist wishes.  
Although a coalition Salisbury had effected  
Of conservative and liberal unionists,  
Chamberlain's new imperialism eventuated  
In the Boer War, which General Herbert Kitchener  
Ably helped to end. And now John Bull the peaceful  
Sequester'd Tibetans needlessly is disturbing, while  
Amid the sound of cannon and death-dealing shells  
From the Transvaal or the plateau of Thibet

---

We hear the drums and fifes of the Salvation Army,  
As they march and sing the hymns of Isaac Watts;  
While Booth, with Wesleyan spirit and the saintly Catherine<sup>10</sup>  
By his side, is earnestly striving to end this modern  
Hundred Years War, wherein England gained all  
Of India, and the better part of Africa, as  
Easily as in other days she quietly captur'd  
A corner of France, and was content.

## CANTO XI

### *France*

*Sold by th' Duke of Burgundy to the English at Rouen, the peasant girl of Domremy, who with unexampled courage Had led the troops of France from victory to victory until Orleans and Rheims were safe and only Paris remained To be taken, was abandon'd by those she had so faithfully serv'd and valiantly fought for. Then despite her tender years,*

Maiden grace, demeanor calm, and sweet face, was  
For witchcraft tried, burned by those mistaking saintship  
For sorcery. From this horrible fate th' ungrateful Charles  
No effort made to save her. Only in this twentieth  
Century has the march of truth made plain the visions  
And voices of this martyr'd maid,<sup>1</sup> now hailed as Saint.  
Jeanne d'Arc stands forth a brilliant figure on the page  
Of history, the one flower of the Hundred Years  
War which strife with hardy foes a homogeneous  
Power made of France, which before had been but petty  
Fiefs and kingdoms. Even th' kingdom of the Salian  
Franks had by the sons of Clovis quarter'd been,  
And all the land left pregnable until Martel  
Put the Moors to rout at Tours, whose son received  
His crown from Rome: then began that powerful fief in  
Central  
Gaul which was in time to be the kingdom of  
Th' western Franks. Yet even in the fourth Capetian

King's time but five towns under one rule were.  
Th' crown by purchase or by force acquir'd slowly  
More fiefs, th' strength of feudal aristocracy less'ning.  
Th' Keltic peoples in the north untrammel'd yet  
Wrote songs of heroes, and told tales of earlier times,  
While in the south th' troubadours lyric love-songs made  
For Provenç a lasting name; and this before  
Th' rise of schools, before the brilliant Abelard  
Incited men to learning, while Bernard strove  
Thought to crush, or fanatic Montfort led adventurous  
Bigots 'gainst the Albigenses.  
Philip Augustus, in whose reign the wasting fire  
And sword had crushed beautiful Provenç where Latin  
Civilization linger'd longest, accompanied  
Richard of th' Lion Heart and Barbarossa  
To the Holy Land. This war to liberate  
Th' Saviour's tomb did not his heart make soft, yet made  
Th' way for saintly Louis, who led the fourth Crusade.  
Calamitous in the extreme these Saracenic wars  
Were, yet Louis' reign remember'd still is for  
Its reconstruction of political power and justice.  
Dying in Moslem lands, no Moorish town allowed  
To receive the dust of one who fought their faith,  
This saintly King was buried in fair Sicilia,  
Whose rich soil the bones of many races covers.  
The grandson of this saintly king expell'd from France  
Th' Templars; then quarrel'd with Pope Boniface, and by  
Intrigue effected the removal of the Papal  
Residence from Rome to Avignon.<sup>2</sup> Now began  
That succession of rival popes and antipopes,

Against each other thund'ring anathemas. Three popes  
Arose, pretenders to supremacy. The council  
Of Constance named a fourth, and the schism of Peter's chair  
Was at an end; yet Rome had lost its spirituality  
While Avignon held sway. Though ruled for a brief  
Space by Rienzi, who the Good Estate establish'd,  
By perpetual strife it was so weakened that  
Th' monarchs of France, who made the popes their tool, the  
way

Found quite easy to invade and ravish beautiful  
Italy of her treasures. This was done by three  
Successive kings,<sup>3</sup> until there sat upon the throne  
Of France a queen of Italian birth who ruled for her  
Licentious husband and her weakling sons, and gave  
To politics, already rotten, a sinister bend.  
Catherine de Medici, a forceful woman,  
Whose reign meant death to all free thought in France,  
first with

And then against the base, unprincipled Dukes of Guise  
Working, thought to suppress by persecution the new  
Religious movement of that day. Ambition divorced  
From heart is always cruel. Catherine's desire  
To rule no moderation knew; yet opposition  
Came, and not from ignorant serfs alone. The blood  
Of ancient Gaul was rising, that heroic stuff  
So stern that Cæsar found it hard to bend. If not  
Like th' Cadmeans sprung from dragon's teeth, at least  
A portion of the Gallic race their origin had  
From the soil. The Kelts autochthonous surely were;  
And this inheritance it was that put such vim

Into the heart of good, brave Louis Condé de Bourbon,<sup>4</sup>  
And made Protestants of many nobles born  
And reared in the Catholic faith.  
Had not Calvin, after teaching man's right  
To liberty of thought, his flock left, and retired  
To Geneva, there for himself to make a lasting  
Name, the fighting of the few might have resulted  
Differently; but with their religious general  
In retreat, the army weaken'd. Princes and  
Captains bled for their new faith; yet their devotion  
And their lives the ruthless slaughter stayed not  
Which by selfish fanaticism had been brought on.  
There was no religious tolerance in France  
Until strategic Richelieu, no way to absolute  
Monarchy seeing without concessions, granted to  
Th' Huguenots the privilege of worship, while  
Taking their political freedom.  
Sagacious in all things, in nothing clement was  
This man, who at once was Pope and King of France  
During Louis Thirteenth's minority, whom ever  
We must remember for his purity of life,  
So different from that of his time or that of his  
Son, the self-indulgent Louis Quartorze, to whom  
Life presented but one side, th' supremacy of  
Monarchy. His wars were all for this result,  
And though the borders of France he widen'd, and his nephew  
Placed upon the throne of Spain despite his promises  
To relinquish all Maria's claims, he drained  
So persistently the treasury that France  
Was left much poorer for his reign.

Everything to centralization of power tended  
During the long life of this king; no thought was given  
To the provinces where peasants toiled to provide  
Tinsel for their rulers. In his heartless love  
Of display he absolutely nothing did  
To allay the suffering of his people.  
Yet unquestionably Beauty, their child, was now  
By this nation conceived. Louis' passion for  
Display, his almost insane desire for grand and costly  
Architectural effects, with furnishings rich and rare  
And splendid attire, was only second to his love  
For beautiful women. These were now produc'd in France  
In numbers great. Th' Mistress Montespan, Sevigné,  
Grignan, th' duchesses Bourgogne and LaFayette,  
Were none as beautiful as Madame Pompadour,  
Who rul'd th' weakling Louis Fifteenth a little later.  
Yet the women of the Empire made an exquisite  
Bouquet that day. The queen rose, beautiful in mind  
As well as face and form, was Maintenon,  
Who held Louis in the hollow of  
Her hand. When France was th' world, this wonderful  
Woman, sprung from lowly parents, married  
When a girl to th' crippled poet Scarron,  
When a widow glad to educate  
Th' daughters of the King, for thirty years.  
Rul'd entirely th' monarch, who in all  
Europe was a majestic figure, among  
Kings a king supreme.  
Maintenon was never mistress; she  
Wisely insist'd on marriage, though not able

To acknowledge it. Her prudery is  
Seen in her request that Racine should write  
Something for her charges more edifying  
Than Andromache, which under th' friendly  
Auspices of Molière had lately  
Been produced. The poet for Madame  
Composed Esther, which was played by  
Amateurs at St. Cyr; but Racine had no  
Adequate interpreter until  
Th' day of th' great Rachel.<sup>6</sup>

Fully as selfish and a degree more weak th' successor  
Of Louis Quartorze; while greater discontent was breeding  
In a reign so barren of achievements as  
Was that of Louis Fifteenth, whose beautiful Polish wife  
Marie Leczinsky was known chiefly as the mother  
Of numerous daughters. Now a few painters take the place  
Of th' rich galaxy of poets. No new Pleiad  
Arises who, like stars whose name they chose, were only  
Asteroids, yet bright and memorable ones; the leader  
Ronsard especially praiseworthy. No more pious  
Fenelons or Bossuets grace the court. A deist  
Takes their place, and pulpit oratory is naught  
Beside the greatest thinker of this age, Voltaire,  
Who th' corruption of th' Church was e'er denouncing,  
Always championing the oppress'd. From his retreat  
At fair Ferney near the widen'd Rhone, with view  
Of the giant, snow-rob'd mountain, where stern Calvin  
Preached and afterwards the sweet persuasive Saint  
Francis de Sales, the mighty Voltaire predicted the  
Revolution, which came like a tidal wave

After a great volcanic eruption; while it wash'd  
Th' shores, and carried much débris to sea, yet also  
Wrecked many innocent lives.

Th' Empress Maria Theresa's daughter, whom the French  
Had never loved more than they had understood  
Her progressive brother Joseph, suffer'd for  
No crime greater than her folly. Sweet but vain  
Marie Antoinette, th' frail pretence of a king  
Sinning less than sinned against, with many true  
Compatriots were guillotined; while the same  
Death was for that young heroic girl, grand-niece  
Of Corneille, from Caen decreed, who was so filled  
With patriotic passion she thought that she could curb  
Th' march of the uncontrolled mob by killing one  
Leader; so like Jael of old, with word and smiles  
Insinuating, Charlotte Corday the knife did drive  
Into th' heart of monster Murat. This wretched man  
Heads no longer could demand; but thirst for blood  
Is not allayed by one sacrifice, nor is  
Equality gained by guillotine.

As giants from the blood of Ouranos were born,  
So from the reign of terror came forth a military  
Genius. France in desperation threw herself  
Into the arms of th' giant general. First she made  
Napoleon consul with three others; as with that first  
Triumvirate at Rome the power was centered all  
In one. The mighty Corsican was later made  
Hereditary Consul for life, and finally was  
Created King, anointed by the Pope, and crowned  
By himself. Then after vicissitudes various

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And the conquest of Italy, he was proclaimed  
Emperor. And now a new régime began,  
Wherein plebians were made titled noblemen  
At the will of one who not so much the statesman  
Was as military despot.  
Yet even Napoleon's unparalleled success  
In the field of war deserted him, when from  
The gentle, loyal, winsome Josephine he rudely  
Parted, who to her dying hour Bonaparte  
Adored. Her son Beauharnais was appointed king  
Of Italy, while her grandson Louis Napoleon Third  
Liberator sublime became and "Emperor  
Evermore,"<sup>6</sup> the last of France. His court was graced  
By the beautiful Eugenie, Empress ever  
Dignified, to the end revered and loved,  
Even in her later secluded sorrowful life.  
But Bonaparte e'en though deposed, exiled, imprison'd  
And dead, still reigned in the hearts of his people; still  
To the world is and will ever be the great  
Napoleon, as Julius to Rome the great  
Cæsar ne'er will cease to be.

## CANTO XII

### *Germany*

*Not inferior in energy to either Cæsar or Napoleon was that  
Charles the Great, who made a nation*

*Of the eastern Franks, and with their help not only all of Gaul  
but nearly all of Europe conquer'd. Called a second*

*Romulus, yet as the Rhine, the centre of this nation, exceeds in  
volume and in length the Tiber, so Charlemagne*

Rome's first King outstripped in statue and in strength.

Like Cæsar he not only was inimical

In war, but anxious the conditions of his people

To improve. His zeal was great in founding schools,

Collecting manuscripts, gathering eminent men

Around him. Alcuin his chief advisor was;

His power th' rule of the ecclesiastics. Th' unity

Of the Empire was a reflection of the unity

Of the Church. The payment of tithes to the clergy was

By Charlemagne established, erecting on a firmer

Basis the connection between the Church and State.

Th' crown of the imperial Cæsars, bestow'd by

Th' viceregent of Jehovah on Pepin's greater son,

Whose grandfather, Charles Martel, defeated th' Moors

At Tours, was lost to Germany when the kingdom of Charle-  
magne

Was divided, and a nominal dignity only

Left th' abject heirs of an illustrious name.

Like India after Aurunzebe's day, the great

Kingdom of the Franks decayed.  
Otho, vigorous and able though not learn'd,  
Won again from Rome the symbol of th' Cæsars'  
Power, which Henry suffer'd penance for when standing  
Barefoot at Canossa's mountain castle, waiting  
For forgiveness. Yet nor prince nor pope was earnest.  
Barbarossa, who with lion-hearted Richard  
Fought the third Crusade, was excommunicated,  
While Richard languished at Durstein.  
Barbarossa's grandson, intellectually  
Above but morally much below his age, saw Germany  
Split in many petty principalities; while  
Th' golden crown was now by popes on Austrian kings  
Bestow'd, and ancient Vindabona on the beautiful  
Danube became the capitol of th' Teutonic empire.  
The Hapsburg brain, by th' blood of Castile narrow'd, made  
Th' weakling Charles, Maximilian's grandson, who  
Murder'd thousands in the Netherlands, and would  
Have stamped out Protestantism had not its force been  
stronger  
Than pope and emperor combined.  
What could stem the vehement eloquence of th' monk  
Of Wittenberg or confute the great Confession of  
Augsburg? Learn'd Erasmus could not e'en gainsay  
All that Luther and Melancthon taught; while puppet  
Monarchs were as powerless to quell the great  
Surging masses, claiming right to think and pray  
And live according to their consciences with God's  
Word for rule of conduct, as artillery is  
To stem a mountain torrent. Cannon may mow down

Men, and ruthless butchery prevail, when peasants  
Rise to arms; but blood cries out; and more and more  
Th' spirit of democracy grew among this race  
Mothered by the soil, for Goth and Gauls descended.  
Were from those far distant peoples we find buried  
With their various implements beneath the lakes.  
Vigorous men were these, who knew no master 'til  
Th' Romans came in Julius' time, yet were not wholly  
Conquer'd by Agricola, Germanicus  
Or Claudius. On these wild tribes the early Frankish  
Leaders forced baptism, while allegiance to  
Th' Pope was urg'd by Rome; but not 'til Martin Luther's  
Day were seeds of primitive Christianity sown  
In this land. The vision of the Crucified One  
Seeing, Luther his torch lighted from the light  
Of Bethlehem's star, and fearlessly flaunted it  
Before the princes and prelates, defying the power of Rome.  
But an idea as a weapon used loses  
Much of its power; so Luther failed to make his message  
Universal. Missing th' Gospel lesson of  
Non-resistance, he exhorted the princes to crush  
Th' rebellion; and no battles in all the annals of Rome  
Were more bloody than those between the German peasants  
And the lords of the Swabian League. Thousands met  
Their death by sword and water, while Copernicus  
Of Thorne in seclusion dying, clasped his book that Rhea's  
Revolutions demonstrated, knowing the world  
Was not ready for these truths which Kepler helped  
Later to elucidate.  
A century later th' brilliant Gustavus Adolphus, coming

To succor religious freedom, lost his life at Lutzen;  
His blood with that of murder'd peasants mingling cried  
Out for liberty of thought.

Like the Minotaur of old, German soil  
Devoured children sent from every European  
Country to swell the ranks of the destroyer, in  
That war which rag'd for thirty years to abrogate  
Th' sovereignty of Rome, until schismatics were  
Given full share in civil rights.

Germany but a federation now of states,  
Princes, emancipated from imperial control,  
Despots became in their own territories. Before  
Another century roll'd 'round, Frederick, grandson of  
Th' great Elector of Brandenburg, inherited so  
Goodly a principality and so savage an army  
That he aspir'd to be an emperor. A tyrant  
Without fear, or faith, or mercy, crafty, sagacious,  
Cynical and ruthless, from Austria stole Silesia;  
England aided Frederick, France sided with  
Maria Theresa, helping her to hold the Hapsburg  
Crown, which Marlborough wrested from the French at  
Blenheim.

Beside the Austrian empire now arose the compact  
Prussian state. In time of peace which follow'd th' Seven  
Years War, when Frederick tried to legislate the people  
Into righteousness, not knowing that from evil  
To good is slow growth, intellectual life awoke.  
In Prussia Immanuel Kant, Fichte, Leibnitz and  
Lessing no mean luminaries were; yet Frederick  
Th' literature of France affecting, made of Voltaire

Much, 'til of such a brilliant guest he jealous grew.  
Little of the poetic spirit had come to Germany  
Till now. The wand'ring minstrel Tannhäuser, Sachs, the  
cobbler

Poet and the Minnesingers were to th' poets  
Of Frederick's time what whippoorwills at night or songsters  
Before the daybreak are to th' chorus greeting sunrise:  
Schiller, with classic spirit and dramatic fire;  
Goethe, with serene insistently inquiring  
Mind, his grief to poems turning yet himself  
Holding aloof from love and strife, as th' Calvanistic  
God does from the world He made — this far-off God  
Of mediæval Protestantism, which kept Spinoza  
From embracing Christianity. Finding in  
Th' depths of his sublime self God, this spiritually  
Minded man shows us how finite individuals,  
Differentiated from the unity of  
Infinite substance, come at last to God as gods.

This was the crest of that great thought-wave by th' shoe-  
maker

Mystic Boehme begun; two centuries later than  
Th' Holland-Portuguese philosopher it brought  
To th' Swabian Highlands one who found within  
Th' silence of his soul thoughts richer than he found  
In books; the Infinite Spirit moving in all things Hegel  
Recognized, but especially he perceived  
It manifest in history; Hellenic to the core,  
He came when seeds of Grecian culture ripening were  
In Teutonic soil. Then, too, came Heine, singing  
Almost as lyrically as the Lesbian poets.

Now Ludwig gladly gave his son to rule the Greeks,  
While he bade his architects make for him an "Athens  
On the Iser," sheltering Dürer, Holbein, Rembrandt,  
Kaufman, Van Dyke, and many others.

But poets and painters stemmed not the tide of war,  
When a new Caesar stepped upon the scene. The wily  
Metternich sacrificed Louise Archduchess, and saved  
Austria's being blotted out by Bonaparte.

Though in political intrigue strong, th' Austrian minister  
A pygmy was beside the Prussian tiger Bismarck,  
Who thought it virtue monarchs to deceive; so blinded  
By his brilliant mind, to his designs they fell  
A prey; then kings and emperors unawares aid'd him  
To tear adjacent territories to suit the pattern  
Prussia wish'd, and make of the confederate states,  
When France was humbl'd, an empire strong enough to  
dictate

Terms to all of Europe. Now the cow may graze  
In green Lorraine, and wade in waters of the Rhine,  
For summer time it is in Germany. The spring  
As Goethe said to Mendelssohn, was when Theresa's  
Good, kind son the nobles' souls did harrow by  
Abolishing slavery and righting other wrongs, yet e'en  
Before this budding time was birth.

There came to this fair world of ours three souls  
One year — just six before that war when we  
Were freed from tyranny of English rule.  
In childhood's days they felt the waves of strife  
That swept with enmity from sea to sea.  
Their prime of life likewise was lived while scenes

Of carnage held full sway in Gallic lands.  
The one, who found on British isle his home,<sup>1</sup>  
A man than whom none other is more mild,  
His poems full of Nature's lore, beside the lakes  
Sweet fancies bred, that intimate no thought  
Of cruel warfare wag'd in other lands,  
But breathe soft zephyrs fraught with blossoms gay,  
Sweet violets, daffodils, and daisies dear,  
With sunlight intertwin'd and twilight hours.  
Th' woods, the stones, the meanest flowers that bloom  
In his hand take on radiant hues, and glow  
With that glad light which fades on land and sea  
Yet lingers long within the mind of man.  
He spoke to Peter Bell — he speaks to me  
In language plain, and yet withal his words  
Make meadows sing and brooks take rainbow tints.  
He taught the young to see, to think, to feel,  
And better yet, to know the power that feeds  
Our minds in passiveness. The Infinite  
He saw in all that lives and breathes; he felt  
The silent voice of Nature's anguish, and  
Realized th' note of joy in things  
Inanimate. He sympathized with lowliest  
Forms of life. He strove man's heart to move,  
His mind to widen and enlarge, his vision  
To exalt that he might shape from out  
Th' produce of the common clay a little  
Paradise. His gospel has a healing  
Power; it helps to fortify, to soothe,  
To reconcile. His strain didactic is,

Too strong, not veiled enough: too austere  
His self-control. Yet, fraught with peace and good,  
His message will not fail, e'en though his name  
Should from off the page of history be blotted.  
Th' one who came for birth on Danish soil,<sup>3</sup>  
More vigorous than the poet, chose his home  
Where war and wealth had not perverted hearts;  
A peasant's cot preferr'd to castle walls,  
As likelier there to find the food that feeds  
Th' genius; keen privation great men need;  
For harder knocks it takes to make a man  
Than chiseling stones for statues. Fiery sea-kings  
Were his progenitors; their wild blood lent  
Him strength. His mother gave the Christian grace  
We note in all his later works. At home  
In Rome, this Thorwald of the North first strove  
To carry sculpture back to classic days;  
Then added somewhat of the modern ways;  
So stands, like Bach in music, midway 'twixt  
Th' old and new,—the Spring of art. As some  
Dry leaves still cling to trees though Easter Day  
Has come, not Jason, Gutenberg nor Byron  
His best thought portrays, but Christ; with arms  
Outstretched, speaking of the all-embracing  
Love, this statue is that best defines  
Th' step this artist took o'er mediæval thought.  
To Germany, when o'er her breast the storms  
Of wrath and bitterness had broken, when  
Her lap with cannon had been plow'd, and for  
Existence bare her brave their blood had shed,

To warm her bosom one there came who was  
To suffer more than even she had done.  
By choir of lesser luminaries led,  
Each giving strings to lyres yet paling all  
As does Orion's nebula at moonlight  
Or Sirius when sunlight floods the world,  
When Melody's great master brought his light,  
His star that elsewhere had its setting, down  
Th' centuries coming, travelling, laboring, waiting,  
Submitting, suffering, ere with glory rose  
O'er Austria, lighted Neustria, shed its beams  
On British lands: now Apollo's self  
Th' world of music lightens and uplifts.  
For Beethoven, dear, loving soul, did give  
From out his earthly store not only gold  
And silver, but encouragement, advice,  
Himself, his sympathy; he never turn'd  
His face from any one in need, nor failed  
To praise his weaker brother's feeble efforts;  
Always he strove to see the good in men,  
And not the ill; in judgment merciful,  
In friendship constant, jealousy unknown,  
That demon which so often warps wise men.  
To Handel, Haydn, Mozart, praise he gave,  
And thanks for every hill they levell'd, all  
The vales that they exalted; while before  
Th' conqueror they rode to music's palace.  
Th' road made somewhat straight, their way he walked  
Nor wavered in the course, though weighted down  
With many weary burdens, till the key

Was forg'd with sacrifice and suffering keen  
Which op'd the door. Necessity compelling,  
Within he dwelt, in those divinely built  
Exclusive halls where purest harmonies  
Are heard. Th' chains of mediæval bondage,  
Which slavishly held tone to words, already  
Sebastian Bach had broken, as Luther loosed  
Th' bonds which bound the conscience in confession.  
So harmony and rhythm now stood like jars  
At wedding feast of old, where Mary knew  
They needed wine, and willing servants drew  
Th' water. But music's master, mother'd by  
A Magdalen, his royal father nothing,  
No servants by to fill the jars, did first  
Enlarge the mould; then mix'd with brain and heart  
A nectar given by the gods, and drew  
Such melody therefrom, that surging of  
Th' Rhine, the wildest forest notes, the storm,  
Th' gentlest breeze that blows, th' wailing woe,  
Th' cry of joy, were blended all in one  
In his immortal symphonies. His head  
Oft reel'd with overdose of melody;  
Its utter loneliness his spirit felt,  
While agonizing throes of childbirth left  
Him deaf to sounds of earth, that only might  
He hear th' heavenly song, and give to man  
In radiant garment clad th' maiden music  
So fair, so free, so full of feeling, speaking  
In universal language love to all.

Then as the Magi brought to Israel's royal babe

Gifts, so artists of this Teuton land would fain  
Th' brow of music's child with jewels deck. Then enter'd  
Schumann, Schubert, Franz the open palace door,  
And bow'd before their nation's child, while Brahms has  
given

A diadem to-day. Then one arose who said  
Th' maid must wed. The godman Poetry long had wait'd.  
With bonds of rare orchestral tone the two in holy  
Wedlock were united by the high priest, Wagner,  
Who with play at Oberammergau most deeply  
Was impressed—though he saw not Anton Lang,  
Greatest artist that e'er took th' part of Christus.<sup>3</sup>  
It is in Parsifal we see the blending of  
Hebraic and Hellenic myths. Th' spear more plainly  
Speaks than tusk of boar<sup>4</sup> or even brazen serpent<sup>5</sup>  
Of that wound which pleasure takes from king, and makes  
Him yield his state to forest-foster'd lad, whose mother  
Kept him innocent till old enough to battle  
With seductive vice, and hold the fount of feeling  
Till time was ripe for highest joy.<sup>6</sup> The Holy Grail  
He could partake of and be strong. Such man is greater  
Conqueror than he who won at Waterloo.

## CANTO XIII

### *Russia*

*It was the ice and snow which Nature as a robe of state to Russia  
gave that overcame the mighty Corsican, who  
Made the same mistake that Charles of Sweden made a century  
earlier, deeming he could bring the bear to bay by following  
Him, not dreaming of what cost of life would be where thousands  
saved from sword and fire by frost and cold and famine  
perished;*

While the Muscovites rebuilt their town and fresh  
Courage took, remembering how in Etzel's day  
Th' Knights of Gunther to a man were slaughter'd, that time  
When Kriemhild, who had taken Helca's chair would fain  
Avenge the wrong that Hagen did to her beloved  
Siegfried, and again obtain the Nibelung's gold.  
Gunther's men in Etzel's banquet hall fought bravely,  
Where the only wine was blood; and this before  
Julius Cæsar crossed the Alps, before the Romans  
Knew they had a foe beyond the fence of snow.  
Uta's daughter was but one of many German  
Princesses who mixed their blood with bold, brave Huns;  
Though it was long before the Tartars took on aught  
Of western ways, or showed towards European  
Culture any leaning, save in th' title Tzar.  
Not until the women ruled did the Slav  
Any outward mildness show.  
Ivan's daughter, Anne of Courland, guided by

German libertines, extended th' empire southward  
Conquering Turks and Scythian Tartars.  
Elizabeth like her father Peter, named "the Great,"  
Liv'd a licentious life; and yet advanc'd th' prosperity  
Of her country, carrying on the policy of Peter,  
Which showed th' weakness of the Scandinavians, from  
Whose borders centuries before came Danish Rurik  
To rule in Russia. He Novagard builded, and  
Helped to enlighten the uncultured Huns.  
To avenge her wrongs from Emperor Frederick's hands  
Elizabeth allied herself to Austria's Empress  
Maria Theresa, thereby stopping the advance  
On her domain of greedy Prussia.  
Mild indeed were all the other Russian queens  
Beside the German Catherine, whose domestic crimes  
Though dark grow dim compared to her dastardly conduct  
Toward crushed, crumbling Poland.  
Austria's Empress and Prussia's King each lent a hand  
Aiding the Tzarina in her deadly work,  
Which resulted in blotting Poland from the map;  
Yet her name still rings on th' page of history  
When we her men of might remember. Sobieski,  
Called by the Pope to save the Church and  
By Austria to deliver the State from impious hands  
Of infidel Turks, devoting body and soul to defend  
The honor and glory of the Polish name, delivering  
Beautiful beleaguer'd Vienna, driving the Moslem  
Forever out of Austria, so that great cathedral  
For St. Stephen named should not share the fate  
Of Saint Sophia's fane, will ever be a hero

Of the rarest, purest type.  
Nor should we forget King Stanislaus Leczinsky,  
By Sweden's monarch chosen to rule the Poles, the father  
Of the fair Maria who as Queen of France  
Bore daughters many to Louis Quinze.  
A god of such heroic build success is,  
That Catherine's subjects ready were to forget her foreign  
Birth and e'en her many crimes, remembering only  
Her reforms and dazzling victories. Her empire  
To the Caucasus was extended; the Tartars of  
The Crimea made independent of the Turks,  
Yet their home in less than a century was the scene  
Of bitter warfare between the allied powers of all  
Western Europe and the Russias.  
It was here that little Sardinia her first  
Laurels gained, whose brave king Emanuel,  
Duke of Savoy, aided by th' sagacious policy  
Of Cavour, was soon to free defenseless Italy.  
War in the Crimea was begun on pretext  
Of protecting holy places, but its end  
Was an open door to th' Black Sea, by the blows  
Of many valiant patriots cut.  
Catherine's children still rule Russia, who descent  
Claim from that brave exiled patriot Romanoff,  
Th' monk whose blood was mix'd with that of Danes and  
Russians;  
So this house of Romanoff is heir of all  
Of Scandinavian Rurik's kingdom, as well as of  
Th' land long held by th' Golden Horde, and is to-day  
Successor of the Greeks, the Huns, the Turks, the Arabs

And the Tartars in that land by th' Jaxartes water'd  
Where Venetian Timour once his capital made.  
Nicholas, grandson of that Alexander named  
"Liberator of the Serfs" whose clemency was  
Repaid by base assassination at the hands  
Of Nihilists, now at The Hague holds conference of peace,  
While poor Finland still is robbed of her rights,  
And men of China, Korea and Japan cheated.  
Yet relief to persecute Jews and tolerance  
Of unorthodox Christians, freedom of the Polish  
Press, and aid to students, show the reforming hand  
Of the Tzar, whose empire has become the centre  
Of anarchistic demands that nothing rational can  
Satisfy; for long repression of the Russian  
Mind has made it peculiarly susceptible to  
Th' unnatural heat of free thought, as 'tis call'd; and one  
There is who e'er augments this socialistic ferment.

Tolstoy nobly born yet scorning empires,  
Titles, wealth and ease, has learned that  
Not until the love of God be shed  
Abroad, as leaves in autumn when the trees  
Bare their boughs the soil to richen, will  
Men in high estate make laws that rob  
Robes of tinsel to clothe the naked and  
Feed the children of the husbandman,  
Who with horny hands the black earth plows  
To harvest wheat for children of the rich.  
As the Sun returning from the tropics  
Melts the snow in valleys first and later  
On the mountain peaks, so here the people

Laboring in the fields the prophet's voice  
Gladly hear, while those in places high  
Hear yet heed not all his burning words  
Springing from a heart surcharged—kindly  
But mistaken thought. This man of Russia  
Sees unwritten laws, as did Antigone,  
Brave and strong. Yet wiser Socrates  
Knew that breaking laws<sup>1</sup> however bad  
Never helps to mend the ill or aid the good.  
And so a prophet must arise who truly sees  
Th' teaching of the Nazarene; and also knows  
What Buddha knew, that action ceas'd from still is action,<sup>2</sup>  
While too much clemency reactionary is.  
These people, held in check so long, still need a rein.

## CANTO XIV

### *America*

*The idea of liberty concerning matters of conscience conceiving,  
men of British birth to Holland fled, thence came to these  
Stern shores to found a state on lines their narrowness dictated,  
persecuting all who disagreed with them regarding views  
Religious, failed signally in their efforts to limit liberty to th'  
Puritan mould; the reins too tightly held were snapt.*

Descendants of these stern but hardy men, who fought  
Th' Indians and the French for every foot of ground,  
Warred with the mother country for their rights.  
Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, are names fast woven  
Into the warp of Liberty's gown. In th' war with England  
Her more polished sons, who earlier settled in  
Virginia and Maryland, in thought and purpose  
With the Mayflower men became one; while the Dutch  
And Huguenots, who held Manhattan Isle and th' scenic  
Hudson, lent their strength; so when the revolution  
Ended, not a few small settlements envious each  
Of the other, but thirteen states united to form  
A government, with George Washington for their President,  
And their capital on th' Potomac nam'd for him.  
Sprung from th' sons of Puritan and Dutch Protestants,  
Found'd by men whose lives were given that liberty might  
Be born, we should expect a swift and easy birth.  
But another element in th' amalgamation  
Which made th' United States, was that refined, indolent

People who from England and Scotland came.  
Aristocrats for long ages, used to servants, they  
Welcom'd th' advent of the negroes who became  
A necessity, soon as they degenerated  
Through luxurious living. Th' black man could all day  
Labor in the fields and bear the sun; to him,  
Coming from the wilds of Africa, this country  
Was a paradise. Associated in closest  
Intimacy with his master, th' change from savage  
To domestic state was rapid. As wild fruits  
Become by cultivation larger, juicier, stronger  
And more abundant when not hybrid, so this wild  
Race of black-skinn'd men improv'd. Th' masters mixed  
Their blood from time to time with slaves, and did great  
wrong  
To both. The white blood made a slender, brown-skinn'd  
man,  
Rose in his brain, and told him he to his master was  
Kin. Then liberty he demanded.  
Th' sturdier Northerner who felt no need of slaves,  
Cried out against his brother in the South  
Who upon his human property leaned more  
And more, as on his crutch leans a cripple, seeing  
No way to walk without. Then long and bitter was  
Th' strife disrupting this new nation started by  
Religious men, on the idea of liberty founded.  
What the outcome of this burning hatred between  
Brothers, men whose ancestors fought so lately that  
This country might be free, who fram'd a constitution  
On th' equal rights of man?

Would not Patrick Henry speak from the tomb? Would  
not

Washington's bones arise, and all New England's fathers  
Leave their rest in Paradise an internecine  
Feud to arrest? And yet it came. On many fertile  
Fields their hot blood flowed. Thousands fell by sword  
And gun. Their cannon tore down ramparts, and destroyed  
Palatial homes. In prison hundreds languish'd, dying  
Of starvation and disease. At home the women  
Wept alone or hover'd over half-fed children;  
While men to hardship not inured slept on cold,  
Damp ground or walk'd all night as sentinels, their lives  
More freely giving than their sons give dollars now  
To feed the poor or educate the liberated  
Slave. On either side good men, brave, valiant soldiers,  
Able generals, gentlemen and people of  
Th' soil were linked arm in arm for Southern rights,  
Or for the Union struggling long.  
As dung when mix'd with earth produces fruits and flowers  
Th' finest, so these troublous times, when wicked deeds  
With human feelings mixed in the breasts of many  
Men, produced a man among men, hero great,  
Who gave birth to th' thought of Freedom.  
Always thought must things precede. Before material  
Manifestation possible is, th' idea comes.  
In man creative power, as in God, first thinks,  
Then wills, then does; and thoughts need longer periods of  
Gestation to be born than visible objects do.  
Thoughts must not only be conceived but must live  
Ere they in turn can reproduce and multiply,

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And deeds make possible. The birth of th' thought of freedom  
Was not freedom, nor e'en its conception. That  
Can only come when as a whole the nation thinks  
This thought, when all men work together to produce  
That which is fermenting now.  
Yet praise shall ever be to him who thought this thought;  
Iron willed, silver tongued, golden hearted,  
Crystal vision'd patriot he, our President;  
Who prudently and skillfully, with master hand  
And stout heart th' appalling situation faced;  
Yet yielded not a jot or tittle of authority  
Vested in his office, but held tight the reins  
Of the governmental horse, so that rebellious  
States the traces broke, and fired upon Fort Sumter.  
Then to arms his countrymen loudly Lincoln called,  
Disruption to avert from our blest fatherland.  
Fought by raw, undisciplined troops the first  
Battle lost was, by fault of one who through inertia  
His superior officer failed to obey.  
One vote saved Porter from a traitor's death;  
While McDowell, who was not a natural general,  
Suffer'd from this defeat throughout the war; yet Sherman  
Called him America's highest spirit  
Of gentlemanliness; for had he not refused  
Supreme command when by the President offered it,  
Rather than precedence take of General Scott, a senior  
Officer under whom McDowell had served in  
Th' Mexican War? But no such modest feeling deterred  
Ulysses Grant from mounting to first place who showed

Himself a born commander and true soldier, who  
 Rightly became the hero of the war, though Sherman  
 And Sheridan followed closely on his heels. From all  
 Three the war spirit brightly shone.  
 For eighteen moons the carnage reigned ere the freeing  
 Of the slaves, which proclamation from th' Executive  
 Was forced as means to end the fight. He knew the Black  
 Must be armed for the Union. Feeling rose  
 High, and many Federalists were dissatisfied;  
 While Confederates now fought to th' death with great  
 Odds, at all times having fewer men, but led  
 Throughout the strife by brave strategic souls, as Lee  
 And Stonewall Jackson, whose names live beside those on  
 Th' winning side. The hearts were stout and blood was warm  
 Of these southerners who deem'd their cause was just;  
 And honor them we must, regretting bitterness  
 That lasted long, e'en after their most noble leaders  
 In the dust were laid. Yes, lasted 'til three Presidents  
 Had fallen by assassins' hands. Beloved Lincoln  
 Just entering on his second presidential term;  
 Garfield, ere he'd shown what he could do, and peaceful,  
 Mild McKinley, after sailing the ship of state  
 Safely through the Spanish War, which rudely was  
 Upon him thrust. Like Rome's philosopher Emperor,  
 Only when forced he fought, and like Aurelius  
 Was most brave in facing death.  
 But one Democrat has filled th' presidential  
 Chair since the Rebellion, who with firm judicial  
 Mind, like Cato the Elder, civil service reforms  
 Established, and just as the censor called for

The destruction of Carthage, Cleveland insistently  
Demand'd improvement of the tariff. Bryan, born  
To rule, with monetary reform came forward now.  
Had he gained the executive office, war  
Between the classes which now threatens might have been  
Postpon'd though never entirely averted; for like mountains  
Humans must be rudely shaken ere they reach  
Their level. Rocks and fire upheaved are before  
Crystal fountains flow; so in this shaking of  
America's people we must expect hard knocks,  
Not only on political and economic  
Questions; but the fire of religious persecution  
Once again shall burn within the borders of  
This fair land where religious liberty was to dwell.  
Th' Puritan spirit th' breast shall swell of those maintaining  
That all men are equal. Protestant not only shall  
Scorn the Catholic, but shall loudly denounce and try  
To quench the rapidly spreading cult as "New Thought"  
known.  
But not having sufficient truth to set him free,  
Like Christ's disciples of old, he shall both fear  
And chastise those who do miracles in a way  
He does not understand; forgetting that the Master  
Said, All who are not against us are for us;  
Remembering not that Jesus said, Greater things  
Than these shall ye do; thinking not of Paul's teaching  
That the gifts of spirit divers are; not preaching,  
Teaching, prophesying, healing, only, for spirit  
Worketh as it wills. Interpreting tongues and  
Discerning spirits all are from the selfsame

Source. Yes, bitter indeed will be the feeling, stinging  
Th' words, and cruel and unjust the judgment of  
Those professing to follow th' Prince of Peace. The Rock  
Of Ages will be crucified afresh. And as  
Th' rocks are split and washed to pebbles, then are ground  
To sand ere they can be cemented by the clay  
And made one rock again, so Christ's Church will be  
Divided, subdivided, persecuted, parted,  
Until the Rock of Truth is all like grains of sand,  
Here a little, there a little, washed by seas  
Of doubt, left cover'd by the waves of strife, yet ever  
Shone on by the sun, until at length the troubled  
Waters all are dried up. Then intelligence  
Shall make clear the truth. The sand at th' bottom of  
Th' sea is safe as on the shore; so though submerged  
For a time, at last will every atom of  
Th' truth be manifest; for only can birth come  
Through strain and stress and storm. All light the offspring is  
Of dark; so this intolerant night in our dear land  
Will be the birth pains of a day of higher, clearer,  
Cleaner thought. The isms all are for a purpose.  
Many schisms grinding time but hasten, which  
Ever welding time precedes.  
Since the days of Luther no reform has taken  
Such a hold on Christians as that inaugurated  
By Phineas Quimby of Portland, Maine, and broadcast sown  
By his pupil, Mary Baker Eddy. She  
To the world this message gave, and thousands upon  
Thousands have been helped out of the pit and put  
Upon the track of apostolic teaching. Had

He who first this truth received lived longer  
It would probably have been given to the world  
With fuller light; for Quimby never had denied  
Th' source of this fresh inspiration.  
Th' number of her followers would have been far less  
But her cult more lasting had only Mary Eddy  
Been brave enough to tell the truth respecting her  
Revelation, and not take the credit all  
Herself.<sup>1</sup> The thought would then not have had abortive  
birth.  
Yet truth though buried long at length to th' surface rises.  
Th' scientist pebble will be sand, and many other  
Cults and isms be ground down. Then th' "Mother Church"  
Always th' past conserving, ever tending to grasp  
All that comes within her reach will open wide  
Her doors and take in many shipwrecked children who  
Struggling are with waves of doubt. So many will  
Come in she can no longer lock her doors but will  
Th' lesson learn that Christ intended when to Peter  
Keys He gave to unlock the gates.<sup>2</sup>  
Ere this comes to pass we needs must see a war  
Between the classes, wherein the mass ascendancy  
Will gain, and overthrow the plutocrats. This violent  
Uprising of the mob we could prevent if greed  
Were curb'd in time, and arrogance gave place to kindness,  
Sympathy took precedence of self-indulgence.  
Th' rich man does not think. Gold fills the chinks of all  
His palace walls; his bed, his carriage and his clothes  
So padded are he fails to hear the piteous cry  
Uprising from the slums where God's children starving,

Freezing are; his eyes are gloated with strong wine  
And vulgar scenes, so he sees not the brawny arms  
And iron hands of working men; because he's blind  
And deaf the reign of luxury will end in havoc.  
But more fearful still will be the bloodshed when  
Th' strong black man shall mount upon the steps now  
building

By degenerate whites. Not only will the black  
Man the white man fight; but religious fanaticism  
Which ever insists that all men equal<sup>3</sup> are in God's  
Sight, will brother incite against his brother over  
Th' cause of th' blacks. This gory war, by women led,  
Will result in a woman in the Presidential  
Chair (foreseen by Susan Anthony, an able man  
In female form),<sup>4</sup> which ushers in a greater change  
When a black shall hold that office grac'd by Lincoln,  
Who though foully murder'd by an insane Jew  
Happy was in that he lived not long enough  
To see the ballot given to the freedman. This  
Was th' beginning of conditions that will finally  
Lead to negro rulership in America.  
To free the slave was just and wise; to give him suffrage  
Was a foolish act. A new-born babe as well  
Might cast a ballot as when first emancipated  
Th' black. But now the fruit of unripe seed decaying  
On the ground breeds many a feud, and politics makes  
Impure, and hastens what was sure to come: dissension  
Between two races never meant to dwell within  
Th' same tents. Abel's blood was shed by Cain, and Cain's  
Descendants<sup>5</sup> will with cruel hand the blood of Japheth's

Sons outpour on this blest soil where many great  
Souls have given their lives in freedom's holy cause.  
After or during the period of the Civil War  
Those were born who now form Doctor Coulter's circle.  
He, the great Greek god of healing, then the Cid,  
Petrarch, Cosimo de Medici, and Voltaire,  
Had his last earth life in Indiana where  
For a few short years he was a country doctor.  
Through our dear clairaudient Pythia, whom we all  
Revere, we have acquired some facts respecting our  
Director: First, that we belong to him as subjects  
To a sovereign; for our guides have elected him  
Commander-in-chief of th' circle. All who talk with Doctor  
Coulter learn to love, revere and trust him. His  
Judgment in earth matters is remarkable as  
Is his counsel for our soul's advancement. Our  
Dear Doctor becomes to each of us a friend.  
Like earth sovereigns he has favorites at court,  
Pythia always first — and should she not be, with  
Psychic gifts transcending all we've ever heard  
Or read of? She was priestess of the Delphic shrine  
Who hailed Euripides wisest of his tribe. Before  
That she was Hygeia, in gift of healing second  
Only to her brother Æsculapius.  
Her last earth life cut short, as Charlotte Corday, she needs  
Must come again; and now her time and strength devotes  
To manifesting immortality.  
Not a medium she, for our Pythia never was  
“Controlled” nor entranced, which is hypnotism  
From the other world and not the best;<sup>4</sup> nor does

Our Pythia visions see, or dreams interpret, though  
She has much natural prescience. Her unique gift  
Is "the independent voice" whereby those who  
Understand the law may speak to, and the voices  
Hear of, loved ones gone before; may hold communion  
With their angel guides and learn to do and suffer  
Here more willingly, each fulfilling his especial  
Mission, yet quite happy at the thought of going  
Hence when earth-work is complete.

Our Pythia of a sweet and patient nature is,  
Kind and true; she strives to help each one to see  
That "all is right" as Hermes frequently asserts.  
Him who Doctor Coulter's trusted messenger is  
We call our Hermes. From him gladly we receive  
A word of cheer, as by the little walnut table  
In the upper room we sit, and offerings make  
Of fruit and flowers, love and prayers and sacrifice,  
For dear ones gone beyond the veil.

It was my good fortune to be first of th' chosen  
Few who form th' circle, next to Pythia's handsome  
Black-eyed boy. To th' work I brought one who had been  
Both Deborah and Maintenon; and could she but  
Have realized that the rod was still hers in  
Th' astral world, she would have been a greater power  
In the new world than in Israel or in France.  
But though she had fine judgment, heart and mental gifts,  
Her eye of faith was dimmed by excess of worldly  
Goods. Her daughter knowing she had been Isolde  
Married Mark, thereby redeeming one past life.  
Next he who preaches now, but was so lately Keats,

His brilliant comet and his rose of poesy bringing,  
Who still is seven and pale yellow.  
The combination of number and color with fruit and flower  
Betokens what work best is suited to our need.  
Th' third whom I induced to visit Pythia was  
My graceful, gracious friend, who had been Ariadne,  
Andromeda and Adrienne Lecouvrier.  
These names disclosed to us a law that always in  
Past lives we'd find three names with one initial letter.  
As Ariadne of old to Theseus gave the thread,  
So now she led him to the light whose lov'd earth-mate  
Had lately gone before; soon as convinced that he  
With her could talk, rare psychic powers developed  
Who writing "Coulter's Treatise" preaches and practices  
help.  
Ariadne's mother, who to me will always  
Iphigenia be, is green, with clematis white;  
Her number four much sadness gives in life. Another  
Green and fifteen, with narcissus white, a musical  
Patroness, is sister of La Farnarina.  
One from Venus, blue and eleven, uses her music  
For the pleasure of the poor. Hippolyta  
Has now rare gifts of sight and healing. Intellectual  
And fruitful in good works some are who fail in faith;<sup>7</sup>  
Purple obscures their light, hence they will come again.  
Jason is no longer bewitched by Medea,  
Nor in love with Glauke, though he knows them both;  
To Rhea Silvia he is married, who still is pink.  
Louis Condé, Huguenot leader, has yet a passion  
For reform. We must work to develop self,

Then work to aid others who are tugging at the rope;  
For all are linked and bound together, of the body  
Politic members, each as necessary to  
Th' whole as members of the individual's body  
Are to its welfare. Doctor Coulter ever  
Is insistent respecting this, and urges each  
To do his part regardless of the praise or blame  
Of men; commands allegiance to our guide appointed  
By our Heavenly Father to help us climb the mount;  
Forbids our looking down on any one below  
Us on the ladder, for we are only higher by  
Th' grace of God and aid from elder brothers gone  
Before. All now in Doctor Coulter's circle number  
Have and color,<sup>8</sup> yet ciphers were of yore, as those  
Who have not learn'd yet how to make the light shine through  
Their shrouds of clay. When color<sup>9</sup> comes, then number too  
Is given.<sup>10</sup> How count leaves before the stem has sprouted?  
Why wish leaves to fall ere they have done their work?  
Th' flowers pluck'd, th' fruits preserv'd, th' seed elsewhere  
Planted in new soil; opportunity is given  
Again and again the soul to redeem itself from crime,  
Mediocrity, squalor and hidden faults which harder  
Oft times are to cure than crime. Like apples rotting  
At the core, the cover'd sins of self-approval,  
Avarice, unForgiveness, anything that hinders  
Progress, pride, especially spiritual satisfaction,  
Spoil the seed for higher planting.  
Over and over again the self the heart of man  
Enters; until it builds a more ethereal body  
Th' house of clay it uses, weaving a wedding garment,

Covering, which in th' interstellar spaces serves  
Th' soul 'til strong enough the spiritual body grows  
To slip this cloudlike covering, as the house of clay  
It earlier forsook, and stand arrayed in light.  
Ere the soul may leave the earth forever to bask  
In light, and choose its work in worlds where loved ones  
dwell,  
Much it must subdue, and many attributes  
Perfect. Our metals, jewels, fruits and flowers may all  
Be chang'd for higher ones. If we are lead or iron  
At heart it will be hard indeed to turn to silver;  
But to steel we may attain by being true.  
Copper or aluminum may turn to gold  
By doing deeds of kindness, charity holding in  
Th' heart. To polish the jewels or gain better ones  
Requires but little effort; intellectual work  
Brings clear stones; pearls are tears. Of fruits the higher ones  
Have many seeds, thin skins and yellow color. Hard  
Work in any line, with right intent improves  
Th' fruit. No matter if the flower from lap of earth  
From shrub or tree doth spring, it must in time be white.  
Perfume sweet or centres golden tell a tale  
Of progress. Trees than shrubs are higher, vines than trees.  
Lastly our light must shine, our candles all be placed  
Within the candlestick.<sup>11</sup> That light may not be faint  
Or flicker, obstacles must be removed, th' mould  
And dust be wiped away; indifference, doubt, despair,  
Despondency, criticism or any shade obscuring  
Light, be rent. The blinds within now raised, th' spirit  
Looks without, has certitude, meets sorrow cheerfully

As joy, for both are messengers from the King of Kings.  
Learn to trust your guide, he has climb'd th' path before  
And knows its pitfalls. Place your hand in his, and hold  
Your soul upturn'd for inspiration. These are some  
Of the teachings that our dear Director gives,  
Whose circle Here and Over There five hundred and forty  
Numbers, some from every cycle,<sup>12</sup> of the flower  
Which crowns the second branch of th' Aryan candlestick.  
In America, in England, Germany and  
France our Pythia has formed circles of those  
Ready for the work. In India now and Japan  
She is finding friends who gladly hear the Voice,  
And counsel take from Doctor Coulter. First we thought  
Th' circle was exclusively for America  
Which we now know girdles th' globe.  
Several of our circle have the prison of Akka  
Visited, Abdul Baha to see, who knows that he  
Is "one of us," and also knows who belong to him.  
Devoted souls who make this pilgrimage bring word  
A great light they have seen. One learn'd in portraiture  
All resign'd to follow this manifestation  
Of the Word, but thinks not as some do that he  
Is Jesus come again, nor does this "Servant of God"  
As he styles himself, so teach. Indeed the Bahai  
Of reincarnation seldom speak—a doctrine  
Perhaps already too much accented in the East.  
Baha Ullah, conscious soul,<sup>13</sup> to Persia came  
With a worldwide message, proclaiming peace to all  
Mankind. His son Abdul Baha the message is  
Carrying now to all the nations.<sup>14</sup> He is the only

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Perfected soul<sup>15</sup> on earth to-day, and may sometime  
Be added to the "Prophets of the world," when with  
His rosy light, his white rose, pearls and serpent, he has  
Proceeded to the Mica candlestick. Then one,  
Green and nine and better understood by men,  
Will tell the life of this beloved man, whose luminous  
Face abides with me as spiritual father ever.

My mother, Geraldine, Euripides chose;  
Her color blue I took, my father's brain  
Inherited. Spiritual development and  
His own vibration th' individual brings;  
But an adequate instrument necessary  
Is to proper manifestation in  
Th' flesh. I thank my guide for giving me  
So fair a start, surroundings so congenial  
To my soul. Not too much gold and glitter;  
No sordidness; no stint of food for bodily  
Growth; and much of mental pabulum.  
My parents both had faith in God and man,  
And knew the best gift ever is a well  
Stor'd mind. While much of knowledge recollection  
Is, and hence must be educ'd, th' wise  
Admixture of the present truth with that  
Brought from th' past feeds best the brain, and aids  
In mental growth. I seldom went to school.  
My father kept my mind alert by frequent  
Drills in mathematics, and taught me what  
Was best in books; while tutors blest with classic  
Training help'd to mould my taste in study.  
My eldest brother, who was a sage of old,

Later Gorgias and Guercino, brought  
Such wisdom, eloquence and art with him  
It proves a law not only that a letter  
Is preserv'd in names, but all that is  
Worth while in any life will live, becoming  
Th' total of our good.  
My guide had hoped that I might be a playwright,  
But my dramatic talent insufficient  
Was, e'en when inspir'd by Bacchus' youngest  
Child. My plays were feeble efforts. I  
Lost heart and strength. Then humble growing sought  
Th' Fountain Head, and found by grace of God  
A guide who understood my need. Of how  
I long'd and prayed I've spoken in the prologue.  
When Homer came he made me well, and taught  
Me much to help Hereafter.  
Th' scroll is fast unrolling whereon my past  
Is written. Often I see myself in Egypt;  
Early as the Libyan Sibyl; later  
Asenath, daughter of the priest of On,  
And many times in Greece;  
Yet on Venus oftenest my home  
Has been, for when I see her light my heart  
With longing swells. I know and like my former  
Venus friends, though Mars attracts me strongly.  
Planetary attractions of the spirit  
Are, while color are the astral, metal  
Those of earth bodies. Countries claim us strongly  
Where we've passed happy lives; repel,  
When the life has been unhappy. Where

We have had no previous incarnation  
Th' earth is better studied.  
In Athens joyfully my footsteps turn  
To th' Acropolis; there I seem to dance  
For Pan; know there I have been born and buried.  
In Rome upon the Appian way I felt  
Th' clank of chains and weight of hidden crimes.  
Having no emotions of self's past  
Experiences in America,  
I gain from th' ground th' accumulated thought  
Of those who made this country what it is,  
And see the land as 'twas and is to be.  
When the Northmen skirted th' eastern shores of this  
Land, they found a barrier in the mountains high  
That everywhere the seacoast faced. But these giant  
Volcanoes had their work done ere Vespuccius sighted  
This continent; and when Hudson first the Palisades  
And rocky Manhattan viewed, little did he realize  
That all this land had come forth from the bowels of  
Th' earth; for where the mighty furnace once had been  
Now a peaceful river flowed.  
Likewise in New England, once a rockbound coast,  
Now lakes and hills and fertile fields, which in the fullness  
Of time the white man came to take possession of,  
Rooting out the redskins who America's  
Autochthonous race were. As other races of  
Like kind, coming in the pleistocene age, they  
Were southward swept by glaciers; venturing north again  
And again in interglacial periods, have  
Left traces of their genius throughout our land.

The degenerate descendants of this great  
People built the mounds we find in various places,  
And were the cave dwellers of two thousand years ago.  
Th' remnant of this red race, conquer'd in the South  
And West by Spaniards, in the North and East by English  
And French men, cruelly crush'd out by the white man, will  
Come again this land of theirs to inherit. When  
Names like Daniel Boone and Henry Clay or Franklin  
And Daniel Webster can no longer be conjur'd with;  
When inventions of John Fitch,<sup>16</sup> will useless be,  
For more easily, rapidly and safely will  
Th' air be navigated than the water, when  
Aviation ceases to be experimental;  
When Marconi's wireless will have driven out  
Th' poles and wires; when Edison, record preserving will  
Have perfected; when a part of th' vigorous North  
Polar race, who think themselves the only race  
On earth to-day, have come to us; and also th' primitive,  
Diminutive Antarctic peoples have been found;<sup>17</sup>  
When the Japanese come here as to their own,  
Which will not be until the blacks have conquer'd th'  
whites;  
When th' Samoan and th' Nippon isles begin  
To rise; then comes so vast a cataclasm it will  
Rend this continent in twain.  
All now west of the Father of Waters will be thrown  
Off to form a second moon, wherein the great  
Rockies, which their work have not yet finished, will  
Be given another chance; for mountains even as  
Individuals needs must do their work. Then th' wild

Prairies, oldest of all our country,<sup>18</sup> will sink peacefully  
To rest. Then all the land east of the Mississippi  
Will that continent join which now is rising, whose  
Submarine volcanoes make that current warm  
In the South Atlantic, which we call th' Gulf Stream  
For lack of knowledge as to planetary life.  
It may be several centuries ere this continental  
Split shall come, but already our old moon  
Has changed its course, as if for th' new to make a place.  
Also Juno is now rapidly nearing th' spheres,  
Though she still obscures a part of Mars, a red  
Hue o'er his more brilliant light is casting. When  
This red spot moves off we'll plainly see the real  
Mars, then planet Juno will discover'd be.<sup>19</sup>  
Our own planet shall at this time feel a quake  
In every quarter, which will tell us Rhea is  
Usher'd into th' second astral sphere of light.

## CANTO XV

### *The Ideal*

*Now upon her little end the dear earth rocks, which agitation  
makes within, and the unrest augments which is  
Apparent among her children. Not 'til Rhea sends her little  
end to view the Polar Star will that upheaval come  
Which makes the land and seas unite to form one continent  
where the people of this globe shall all together dwell in  
amity.*

Ere we reach the ideal state, the nation that  
Shall for emblem choose the dove, on Rhea's breast  
Many changes will take place before she safely  
Lands upon her side, which to her varied motions  
Equilibrium gives. Less friction felt, the mother  
Quiet and calm, the children will be peaceable.  
As nearer to the sun the planet rides, more brightness  
There will be by day and night and more real light,  
For of th' intelligence Apollo still is god.  
Then on every mount, in any clime, shall muses  
Dwell, and all the children of the earth by them  
Be fed. No longer here and there a seer; to all  
Th' then and now and future will be clear; then all  
Shall prophesy.<sup>1</sup> Their instruments of war all piled  
Upon the grave of Mars, the men of earth no more  
An arrow or a sword, a cannon ball or musket  
Use, but grasp each other's hands in friendship;  
All one nation then, and rul'd by just two laws,

Love of God and love of man; no courts of justice,  
No crimes and no complaints; each man will love his neighbor  
As himself, and hence delight to honor him;  
Neither surgeons, hospitals nor medicine,  
Every child then born without disease will grow  
Strong, by love and wisdom foster'd; no old age,  
No decrepitude, for where there is no strife,  
Emulation, ill will, greed or bitterness,  
Poverty, anxiety or hardship to sap  
The strength, there will be much to foster it. When all  
Rhea's children sail the seas or navigate  
Th' air for recreation, their commodities  
Exchanging with no thought of precedence or loss;  
When each quarter of the globe shall vie with every  
Other its best gifts as to an honor'd guest  
Bringing; when all shall be captains in the army  
Of the Prince of Light, all marshall'd under one  
Flag, saluting all one standard; then indeed  
Peace shall reign. The song the angels sang on Judah's  
Plain so long ago was meant for all mankind;<sup>2</sup>  
Stronger with the years its echo grows; in every  
Land it is repeated as a good wish once  
A year. The echo shall not die; it must come clearer;  
Come not only Christmas day, but every day,  
Until it takes such hold on man that with the angels  
He shall sing, On earth be Peace.  
Then the day will dawn which is to last a thousand  
Years;<sup>3</sup> The Son of Man be seen by all whose eyes  
Clear are made by faith, a glorious vision in  
Th' clouds; a power descending, helping tardy climbers;

A glory coming, quickening hearts of men and thrilling  
Them with altruistic love. The dead indeed  
Shall to life be warm'd by nearness of the sun,  
By the vision glorious electrified.

Now the Son of Righteousness is born in every  
Believer's heart; their ways by Him are guided; yea,  
He shall rule all hearts; His law shall reign a thousand  
Years. In that day every man shall Christ's brother  
Be, each woman be His mother. Said He not,  
They that know the will of God and do it, these  
Are My mother and My brethren?<sup>4</sup> When the people  
Know the will of God Most High, and do it, then  
And not till then, will be born the Child of Freedom.  
For the nations must work together, together  
Labor and each other love before they can  
E'en conceive their child. Then all must have the same  
Ideal ere they can produce an ideal child.<sup>5</sup>  
Not to-day the history of the human race  
May be known. In time the fragments we shall piece  
Together. Much will still be buried when we have pass'd  
Away. We can but know in part, but see in part  
Th' history of our own dear Mother Earth, while between  
Man and man such difference lies. The vast hordes must  
Come within the temple gates.  
That the multitude may after truth become  
Seekers, teachers must arise! One man five thousand  
Fed, to bread stones turning.<sup>6</sup> Still the multitude  
Must be fed by one man or one woman; for  
Babes are yet the mass of men, and into infant  
Minds we must not put too many truths or thoughts

Too strong for them to grasp. An esoteric circle  
Needs yet be, to husband that which would be wasted,  
Broadcast sown. In parables did Jesus speak  
Fearing the multitude would understand. The higher  
Wisdom twelve were taught,<sup>7</sup> but only three were on  
The Mount where He with Moses and Elias talked.  
O! blest Peter, James and John!  
Golden truth by infant races learn'd often  
Lies for centuries hidden; Mother Earth herself  
Buries some and keeps it screened. Till the children  
All are ready for a share the harvest will  
Not be; as queen Rhea for her offspring jealous  
Is, and most desirous that one day they all  
Shall be poets, priests and seers,  
Though less than those now deem'd the prophets of the world.

He, whose life was threatened from his birth,  
Who liv'd despite the verdict of the king  
That all male babes of Hebrew mothers die,  
Was by Seti's daughter spied when bathing  
By th' sacred stream of Nile, in ark of rushes;  
Home to th' palace she brought the child, and begged  
To keep the babe whose tears her pity stirred.  
She nam'd him Moses, from the water drawn,  
His sister watch'd, his mother nurs'd th' boy.  
He, rear'd in palace as the princess' son,  
By Egypt's seers was taught the mystic lore;  
So will'd th' Lord, that he might be prepared  
When time was ripe to lead his people forth  
To serve their Lord and God. From bondage freed,  
Across the sea made dry by Aaron's rod

Directed e'er by fire from Sinai's mount,  
Th' chosen children safely trod their way  
Where desert sand nor food nor water yields.  
Hence all their wants must needs be met by him  
Whom God had call'd, to lead them on and teach  
Their stubborn, untamed wills dependence firm  
On justice, mercy, beauty, right and truth,  
On Abram's, Jacob's, Isaac's Lord and God.  
For fourscore years Jehovah train'd the hand  
And mind of him who held the rod of power,  
That through this mighty leader Israel's host  
Should standard-bearers be for all the world.  
Grown strong through suffering much, and waiting long,  
They conquer'd far and near with God's own might,  
Nor e'er forgot to onward bear their ark,  
Their covenant with light and righteousness.  
But Moses oft was sorely tried by much  
Of superstition brought from Pharaoh's land.  
Far harder was the task to free their minds,  
And bring their souls to knowledge of the light,  
Than e'en to break the will of Egypt's king,  
And make free men of those so long born serfs.  
Often would he sit from morn 'til eve  
Hearing plaints, and judging right from wrong,  
Teaching those unlettered men the statutes  
Of the Lord, a law that all must learn.  
Zipporah's father gave him sage advice;  
Th' aged priest saw Moses' strength would fail  
If he decided all disputes; so heeding  
Jethro's voice, that able men be placed

O'er tens, o'er fifties, hundreds and o'er thousands,  
To judge in matters small at every season,  
While he their leader bring the cases hard  
To God, thus Moses Jethro's council taking  
Gained time and strength to study nature's  
Laws. To Sinai's temple of the moon  
He oft repair'd to hear the voice of God's  
Own angel, who was guiding him and helping  
Him to find that inner shrine where God  
Instructs each child who makes his tabernacle  
Like that pattern seen upon the mount.  
Moses saw and heard beyond what men  
Oft see, and strove to teach his people laws:  
Of health, that make the body strong and pure;  
Of justice, that make keener, firmer minds;  
Of beauty, that enlarge the soul forever;  
And taught them reverence for law, and knowledge  
Of God their Father, Ruler, Maker, Friend.

He dreamed not of the one predicted by Isaiah,  
Giant prophet! Boldest bard of Hebrew  
Race; who upward soar'd past ether blue,  
And found the light which was and is and is  
To be; who felt the pulse of God that throbs  
In every sun and star, yet loudest beats  
Within the heart of man; who knew the worlds,  
That circle true and those that wander far;  
Whose soul responded e'er to waves of light  
That few can feel; who saw so much of hidden  
Truth, and felt sincerely man's mistakes;  
Who strove to show the better way; who spoke

Out bravely, chiding all idolaters,  
Pointing plainly where the darkness lay,  
Telling that 'tis sin which hides the face  
Of God from man. Isaiah, blest with vision,  
Much thou urgest th' Israelite to rise  
And shine; to see the value true of trees  
And stones but worship only God, who giveth  
Health, who bringeth all to noonday light  
That follow truth, that feed the hungry, or  
Cheer his heavy-laden children sore  
Afflicted, through their sins gone far astray.  
Thou seer of seers who saw the Holy One  
Before his day, in vision clear thou sawest  
Him who came with garments stain'd from Edom;  
Thou knewest Him the One who came to save,  
And strove to make Him known to sinful man.  
Thy pen did paint a portrait fair and true;  
His gentle spirit shines in all thou sayest  
Of Him, the Bright and Morning Star, the Sun  
Of Righteousness who came with healing wings,  
On whom the spirit of our Father rests.  
No veil restrain'd thy sight, no fear of ill  
Befalling thee e'er kept the truth from light.  
Revealing what was told to thee to future  
Races, thou hast ever comfort brought,  
Hast given joy and peace to many weary  
Hearts, relieving sadness, killing doubt,  
Bringing faith, refreshment, hope to life —  
A link in that great chain which binds us all to God.  
One there was among the seers of old

Who sleeping or awake great visions had.  
A man mysterious he saw in fairest  
Linen clothed, with either hand upstretch'd.  
He saw his angel guide, and felt his touch,  
While on the ground with face cast down he lay.  
Th' magic touch reviving him, he heard  
Th' angel speak, and record bear of that  
To come, e'en though not understood by him.  
Daniel wrote what Gabriel said, and left  
A page whereon the wise may read a wholesome  
Lesson, when by faith their sight is cleared.  
Many dreams for mighty kings he erst  
Foretold, presaging troublous times; yet fear  
Ne'er still'd his voice declaring truth. In writing  
On the wall he plainly read dire portents.  
When wicked men would him destroy, in firm  
Reliance plac'd on God he pray'd, nor swerved  
From faith, though lions' den awaited him.  
When his deliverance Darius saw,  
Th' king rejoicing worshipp'd Israel's God,  
Th' Almighty, who to other lands also sent seers.  
O! thou great prophet! contemplative mind,  
Siddartha, noble born, with princely mien  
And mood, the Buddha called, rightly named,  
For knowledge came as easily as came the breath!  
Freed from superstition, truthful, pure,  
Hurting nothing, firm in self-control,  
Watchful ever, with highest thought aspiring,  
Often lost in wonder, pondering nature's  
Laws, thou sought'st and found'st that realm within,

Whence a channel upward leads to light.  
In meditation lost, as placid lake  
Set deep amid green hills reflects the sun  
By noon, the moon and stars by night, and gives  
Th' color back of every cloud at dawn,  
Or eve, so sees this soul the varied light.  
How came this lake so still, so mirror like  
Whose waters cool much slime and ooze conceal?  
Once with fearful storm and stress the rocks  
Flew forth, now hidden where tall cypress grow  
'Mid moss and lichen rare. The fire long quenched  
Had burned for ages, ere the rocks and lava  
Rich were driven forth from crater vast,  
To form this fair protective outer wall,  
Of green, which keeps the lake in shade secluded.  
So the Buddha after suff'ring long,  
Much resigned, emptied much from head  
And heart that barr'd th' way to radiant life!  
Then built a shell around his soul for shelter;  
Lived within his temple, where the fires  
Burnt low with richest glow, both warm'd his heart  
And lent a brilliant light unto his eyes  
Which told that all within was glorified.  
Th' king upon his throne did rule his realm,  
And knew the way to God's vast kingdom;  
Knew while earthly shroud encas'd his soul  
The joy of union with the Three in One;  
Lov'd that pasture green where rich refreshment  
Never fails; understood the going  
"In and out" which is the true Nirvana.<sup>8</sup>

Though call'd by other name this path was known to thee,  
O great Hellenic bard, thou child of rosy  
Dawn, who taught'st the sisters nine to sing;  
Who gave'st to Greece her gods; who told'st of men  
A race heroic past belief, made strong  
By prayer, brave by faith in gods who hear  
And help all those who humbly ask their aid!  
O Homer, greatest poet earth has known!  
Come once again, and sing or whisper low  
Th' secret, hidden long from muse and man,  
Of power to see beyond the veil, to presage  
Good or ill to come, to hide in loftiest  
Verse rare gems of thought, which come to light  
When sought by earnest man, yet lie concealed  
'Til time is ripe for truths so bright to burn.  
Great Ionian prophet, thou with satire  
Sure, disclos'dst wherein the weakness lay  
Of polytheistic creeds; thou sawest in all  
Above, below, the threefold life; didst teach  
Not only trinity of heaven, but earth,  
That man within him holds a light divine,  
By which he knows he is the son of God,  
Which tells him there's a Highest Good: as taught by one  
Of Kalandri, sweet village of the Attic  
Plain, whose name remains as birthplace of  
One good and great, who chose an humble walk  
In life, yet rose a star of magnitude  
So vast we fail to class him, whom we love  
And venerate so greatly. Teacher of  
Truths sublime, thou didst unlock new doors

Of thought to all the sages of thy day,  
And led the youth of Athens partly on  
The road to those high summits, where the laws  
Of love and life unfold as flowers unfold  
In sunlight. When thine eyes, so full of sacred  
Flame, the heavens searched for fuller truth,  
Thou sawest that same pattern on the mount  
Which had of old led wise men on, and still  
Will lead. Thou to Apollo's far-famed shrine  
Didst oft repair, where voice oracular thee  
Declar'd wisest far of mortals deemed  
Great and wise. Thy pupils were the orators,  
Poets and philosophers of Athens,  
Who shone by borrow'd light; while thou, their sun,  
Went'st meekly through the streets, so poorly clad  
Thy tatter'd garments oft made sport for youths,  
Who needed rich adornment, having naught  
Within themselves whereby to mark them men.  
Feeling no resentment, these and others  
Thou didst ply with playful questions, then  
Mildly laughing when their answers clearly  
Showed grave ignorance, with patient pains  
Thou would'st explain, with further questioning draw  
Out whate'er of knowledge each might have,  
Helping one and all, who came to thee,  
To learn that knowledge oft is recollection.  
Led by voice of woman, gone before,  
Once of Manteneia, Diotima  
Call'd, her faintest whisper in thine ear  
Was more to thee than all the clamor of

Th' crowd — yea, more than minstrel song or solemn  
Chant of choir. Poetic dialogue  
Nor disputation philosophic held  
Such charm as e'er to cause thee to neglect  
Th' admonitions of thy daemon, sweet  
Spirit guide, thy other half perchance,  
At least the strongest force in all thy life  
This voice, which guided and sustainèd thee  
'Mid distraction dire and much perplexity.  
Ever thou a seeker after truth,  
Ever helper, counsellor and friend  
To those in need of consolation or  
Of light! Thou gavest freely of thy best;  
Far greater was thy gift than silver, gold  
Or costly jewels, for of these we oft  
Are robbed, while at death they surely go;  
But wisdom flowing from thy tongue homes  
Found in many weary hearts, and still  
Flows on through poets' pictured scene and Plato's  
Page, where those who will may find great pearls  
Still wet with tears that thousands, yea ten thousands,  
Wept at thy sublime heroic end!  
For more have needful lessons learn'd o'er thy  
Last cold slumber couch, than from thy most  
Burning words! In life a seeker after  
Truth; in death a truth revealer thou!  
Thy thought in ether halls fell earthward on a seer  
Who many days and nights entrancèd lay,  
His spirit bath'd in that same vivid light  
Which blinded Saul. His ears attunèd caught

Faintest strains of perfect harmonies.  
The angel choirs were very near to him,  
They fed his rapturous soul with heav'nly meat.  
Sustaining him in manner marvellous  
To simple folk, who fain would wake their seer  
From dreams celestial, earthly fare to give  
Him, not knowing that imperishable  
Meat and drink which oft sustain'd th' gentle  
Nazarene, and which He bade us seek.  
But Swedenborg had learn'd to "enter in";  
He knew the way to pastures green where living  
Waters flow; he sought and found the way  
To portals fair where truth is kept for those  
Who would be free. The door is open wide,  
The veil is very thin that parts the worlds  
Called Here and Over There. The light  
We fail to see so blinded by our tears,  
And downward look where clay is lain in grave,  
Thus losing chance to peer beyond the mortal  
Bar; where only those with vision cleared  
May see in happy days the face and form  
Though familiar, glorified, may touch  
Th' vanish'd hand; with breath controll'd and passion  
Held in check, may spirit voices hear  
And learn, when time is ripe, great lessons taught  
By seers in other worlds, to help make better  
This. For God sends forth His ministers  
As flames of fire,<sup>9</sup> to warm the hearts and light  
Th' minds of men, when they, with patient toil  
And anguish oft, have hewn the trees, have hoed

Th' tares that clog the path to sunlit heights.  
Th' rain descends, but only harrow'd ground  
Can hold a heavy shower; where hard the earth  
Th' water runs away, the sun but harder  
Makes the ground. Thus 'tis with man, so taught  
Th' seer of Sweden nam'd Emanuel.

And though these latter days the mystic rarer grows,  
To British isles, where queens oft rul'd, there came  
In good Victoria's day a poet-prophet.  
Vers'd in classic lore, in modern thought  
And mediæval mysticism, with Christian  
Grace endued and understanding of  
Th' Word wherewith God light'neth feeble man.  
He saw the temple of the living God  
Wide as walls of world, its priests all men  
And women who together work for good.  
He chose a woman for his fireside mate,  
Whose genius was so rare, both brain and heart  
Upon her tender breast might rest secure,  
For she his soul had seen in verse ere she  
Beheld his face, nor failed to fan the fire  
Of thought in him she loved; while he, unlike  
Those artist souls who turn one face to wives  
And still a fairer keep for other love,  
Was sent to show the world howe'er so great  
Th' genius is; he needs but one to share  
His life. So Robert Browning fram'd for his  
Ideal of womanhood a double halo,

As one in Germany years before had striven to do.  
Luther, fearless soul, who delv'd for truth

Harder than his father dug for ore,  
Found at length the light that comes to every  
Earnest seeker; saw the truth that freedom  
Yields; then with Herculean strength and Pauline  
Courage to Germany gave his burning message;  
Th' hearts of princes and dull peasants stirring,  
As the lightning which had killed his friend  
In youth, first prick'd th' conscience of th' man,  
Made him seek monastic life, where python  
Upon python vex'd his fervent soul  
Driving him to light. At Rome his full  
Awak'ning—he seeing canker at the core  
Home return'd, and fain would heal the wounds,  
Nor the body Catholic dismember.  
Yet as surgeon skilled life to save  
Does not hesitate to burn and sever,  
So this brave physician of the spirit  
Cut the habit cord and burn'd th' papal  
Bull; nor deem'd there was such rottenness  
Beneath the cloak of seeming saintliness.  
Openly now he work'd and plainly spoke;  
Naught abash'd to pope or king or scholar  
Wrote, as knowing whence his high commission  
Came: to make the common people realize  
Gospel word, that all their doubts and burdens  
They should bring to Him their heav'nly King.  
Luther fram'd a liturgy in German  
Tongue, thereby enriching language and  
Helping to democratize salvation:  
Hell was very real to him: God's

Mercy larger! Faith the one redeeming Factor. Luther lov'd to preach in language Plain, that unlearn'd men might know their Saviour, Ever urging peace and good will, praying Princes not to slaughter, begging peasants Patiently bear burdens 'til a better Day should dawn, when all obey the Master Who to Peter said, Put up thy sword; Which precept now is urged by modern prophet's voice. As Habakkuk of old to Israel's God Did cry, lamenting violence in the land, Predicting woe to those who builded towns With blood, whose people labor in the fire To 'stablish by iniquity their kings, So Tolstoy, standing now on watch, does write Of crimes in Christian lands. In trenchant words He pleads with men to lay down arms, and live In peace, believing non-resistance is The way the Master taught; whose words undying Life and spirit are;<sup>10</sup> who said no jot Of law should pass until it be fulfill'd. One step past Luther, Tolstoy stands; yet he Resists th' laws his country makes, and teaches Evil comes of patriotism, not seeing Fearful consequences following doctrines That unbind the ties of tribal love. Again the mountains tremble, while the sea On high lifts up her hand; yet powerless is Man's prophetic voice to still the waves, While ignorance and doubt obscure the light.

Some still say it thunders when an angel speaks!  
Of dispensation new art thou the fullest  
Teacher, who the light saw, heard the voice  
Of one, the greatest of the sons of men,  
When He had risen from earth-life to spheres  
Where souls, whose work is done, are bathed in light  
Celestial. From on high thou heardest His  
Dear voice. O! blest the ears that hear, the eyes  
That see; but far more blessed those that give;  
And thou, O Paul, hast freely given thy  
Vision rare to all who read the sacred  
Page; hast record borne of all thou heard'st.  
Thou a Jew, well vers'd in Moses' law,  
A Roman, free-born, learn'd in classic lore,  
A vessel fit for highest use, with ardor  
And with vim thou sought'st to root out wrong.  
Believing superstitious error wrapt  
In teaching of the Nazarene, thou worked'st  
With all thy might to persecute the men  
Who preach'd His word, disciples of the Lord,  
Until the light which blinded thee thy spirit  
Flooded; while the voice so fill'd thy soul  
That truth was seen, and henceforth thou becamest  
A follower of the Lamb. Apostle great,  
Who preach'd th' Christ, who lifted veil on veil  
That hid the ark from man, vast debt we owe  
To thee, great Saul of Tarsus, that thou feared'st  
Not to break the warp and woof of old-time  
Prejudice, and plainly set the lamp  
Of life before all nations. The light of Him

Who walks in midst of golden candlestick <sup>11</sup>  
No longer is for Jew alone, nor Greek,  
Nor Roman, but for all the world. Blest John  
So said. But thou removest veils of fear,  
Telling us of soul and spirit bodies  
That live beyond the grave, when man has put  
On immortality; conquering thus the sting,  
Thou makest us see that death is e'en a victory!  
Though souls like stars in brightness differ ever,  
From glory unto glory shall we go,  
Until the vision all behold as did St. John,  
Belov'd disciple of the meek and lowly  
One. He saw the dove descending, heard  
Th' voice, and knew the Word had come to dwell  
On earth in fleshly habit veiled; come  
To bring the light in fuller force, to fallen  
Man. Great truths didst thou behold, blest John,  
Well call'd Divine; for thou didst see in every  
Son the potencies of God, though clad  
In clay so long. That we should be as gods  
Thou dared'st proclaim! Dear prophet thou of hidden  
Truths, so deep God's children scarcely yet  
Believe that all are incarnations bright  
Of one great Light. Some feebly shine, 'tis true,  
Some still are sunk so deep in mire no pure  
Bright ether fans the spark divine to flame.  
But thou the Word Incarnate saw; then knew  
Each child of God must hold within some part  
Of perfect substance, knit with cords unseen  
Except by Love, our Father, whose breath we are;

Who sent the Pattern Man, our Elder Brother;  
Receiving whom, we all like Him shall be,  
When we have left our mortal shrouds for robes of light.

O! Thou Eternal Word of God, Most Holy  
One! Before all worlds thou wast, and knew  
The reason man had stray'd so far from heaven  
And chosest to come in human form, to lead  
Thy wayward brothers home again. Not past  
Belief this act of thine, in lowly sphere  
To dwell on earth awhile, to teach mankind  
How best to conquer sin, and climb to better  
Worlds. Thy coming was predicted many  
Times! Thy birth and life and death foretold  
By prophets manifold, who knew the need  
Of fuller light for races held in darkness long.  
By faith they saw thy star arising,  
Before it shed its light o'er Bethlehem.

When thou in human form wast born of Mary  
Angels sang rejoicing, heralding  
The long-expected King to farthest Sun  
And star. Thou cam'st fulfilling, not destroying,  
Law; who knewst the order, strength and force  
Of God's most holy laws; who addedst grace,  
Mercy, truth and love to all the seers  
Had taught in bygone days; who livedst a life  
Of temperance, of meekness, full of faith  
And goodness manifest; the gentlest man  
In action, judgment, speech, long-suff'ring thou,  
With fruits of spirit filled. Thou didst feed  
The hungry, heal the halt and lame and blind,

Anointing those with oil made ready for  
Thy word; that they might hand the precious balm  
To other souls, when time had mould'd them.  
Thy wisdom flow'd in streams so full and pure  
That all may drink, and strength imbibe, from that  
Great fountain, which to those who freely take  
Gives life and light and immortality. Jesus,  
Perfect Man-God, thou to show the way  
Didst come. And shall thy coming be in vain  
Because old Adam lures his seed the same  
To-day as in times past, to taste the fruit  
Forbidden? Then in death's firm clutches held,  
His children cry aloud for help, yet fail  
To walk the way that thou hast shown, a path  
All pav'd with sacrifice and suff'ring. This  
Thou didst tread; thy tender feet were pierced;  
Thy fair white hands did bleed; from out thy side  
Flowed forth the precious blood, and thorns  
Thy brow adorn'd — all this, and more, to show  
To erring man the way thou suffered'st.  
To learn vast truths God's children struggle on;  
Yet, fighting on earth's pleasure ground, they fail  
And fall, to rise and fight again. So bruis'd,  
So blind, they seldom see the narrow gate<sup>12</sup>  
That leads to heights and vantage ground, which gain'd,  
Thy promised light beheld, they travel swiftly  
Towards the truth, and know the way eternal  
Life is given. Though steep the path, and hard  
To climb, yet light grows brighter step by step,  
While here and there a thorn from out thy crown

Still tells thy faithful followers thou hast gone  
Before! So precious truth, so blessed life,  
Why hesitate when shown the only way.  
All hail! Thou greatest prophet of God's grace,  
So full of truth and life thou wast and art,  
Our priest and king, blest Saviour of mankind,  
Who the perfect fruit of chosen people art.  
Not without deep meaning was one couple placed  
'Midst scenes peculiarly adapted to their needs,  
That through them God might make a special race.  
Th' people from this pair descended, who in Eden  
Found their covering coats of skin prepar'd by God,  
Th' poet said, were called chosen naturally  
Enough; for over and over again we see some part  
Of this rare race miraculously saved, then  
Separated and educated for particular  
Careers, consciously or unconsciously directed  
By God's minist'ring spirits,<sup>13</sup> led in all their ways —  
Though the leading sometimes is mysterious,  
Often strange, the goal is something much desired.  
Individuals singled out the bidding of  
Th' Lord to do are always men of faith. Had Abram  
E'en a little deviated from directions  
Given him when told to sacrifice his son,  
He would not have found the magic rod for centuries  
Hidden in Moriah's land, whose power, like  
That of many another mystic force, increased  
By wisely exercising it.  
After Daniel's time, for full five hundred years,  
No one arose who understood its use. Awaiting

Then the day of Aaron's reappearing, 'twas  
In the temple at Jerusalem preserved,<sup>14</sup>  
There by Joseph found and with him buried. The chosen  
People guided by their Lord, through leaders who  
The rod did wield, their mission had fulfill'd on earth.  
Separated from the races barbarous,  
In the fullness of time this people produced a woman  
Fit to be the mother of th' Messiah; so  
Israel's Child was born on earth.  
After many settings here and elsewhere, on  
Rhea's breast, the Sun of Righteousness arose!  
A second Adam, prophet, priest and king, He came,  
Not as Adam did to Eden, but in lonely  
Cave; was of a Virgin born, a woman pure  
Enough a hero to produce. By His desire  
An obscure life He led; but was in all things tempted  
Like as we are; willingly did suffer death,  
That the prophecies concerning him fulfill'd  
Might be. He descended into hell and the third,  
Day He rose again, first fruits of them that sleep.  
Having given to earth this Pattern Man, the mission  
Of the chosen people is fulfilled. Scattered  
Hither and thither among the less progressive peoples  
Of the earth, the remnant of this race, the seed  
Plant of Righteousness. Their tree its fruit has borne.  
Nations that an ideal have must lend a helping  
Hand to weaker and less favor'd sister nations,  
As our blest country ministers now to feebler powers.  
For America has conceiv'd a child, a goddess,  
Liberty named. She has not yet been born, nor can

Be 'til liberty realized is. She is the greatest  
Child that any nation will produce; greater  
Than Athene born from Zeus' head; yes, greater  
Than Saint George who kill'd th' dragon; greater than  
Saint Patrick or the mighty Thor, yet she is not  
Great enough. The Child of th' Nations must combine  
Knowledge, wisdom, loyalty, beauty, all the best  
Thoughts conceiv'd by each alone; the union of  
Strength in peace, the sum of virtues when they love.  
Th' Child that shall be born on Rhea's breast, when good  
will

Reigns on earth, is Freedom. Only one is greater  
Than this God of Freedom, which will be the Cosmic  
Child, and not on Rhea born; while dream'd of on  
Every sphere, and longed for by many, it can  
Only realized be when souls from dross are all  
Freed and married as Eros and Psyche were in heaven.  
Planets likewise mates are seeking, craving union,  
So through many changes go and disciplines  
Stern, not always singing as they shine, but sometimes  
Wailing, sometimes crying loud with agony keen,  
Going through experiences that at last will quite  
Wear out their frames. A very short-lived sphere is Rhea.  
After the thousand years of peace mankind forever  
Will this planet leave. Her work for others done,  
Low will burn her fires and gradually die.  
Then her mountains, hills and plains, will all sink down  
Towards her great heart. The seas will once again  
Cover all the land. When every spark of fire  
Has been extinguish'd, and the earth has fold'd her arms

Closely, th' waters will come up and cover her  
Worn-out body, like a winding-sheet for burial.  
As the individual's body, when the fire  
Is gone, returns to earth, the ashes to ashes and  
Th' dust to dust; the planets each in turn, when their  
Fire, which is their life, dies out, return to the sun,  
Earth to earth and water to water.

Only a few more thousand years, and Rhea called  
Home will be, her work at end. We, who perchance  
Have many times enjoyed life here, will not mourn  
For her, while from a higher planet or the spheres  
We watch her flight through interstellar space, and see  
Her drop into the sun. Her day is done; her night  
Now cometh. She will be one to hear the words "Well  
done"

In the glad morn; for so many wayward, prodigal,  
Sons of God our Father have liv'd and loved, pillow'd  
On her bosom, and produc'd through her the great  
Child, the God of Freedom; Child of all the Nations  
Of the earth, which to the greatest child of all,  
Love, the Cosmic Child, is kin.

After birth of freedom love is then first seen.  
Not on any planet, nor on any sun,  
Not until the days of earth are done, can this  
Child of Love be born. When all have reach'd th' last  
Terrestrial sphere, where spirits answer each to each,  
There uniting go into the purging fire,  
Th' second death, which hurts none who has overcome<sup>15</sup>—  
Only now of love the meaning can the soul  
Comprehend. From that great tree of life, whose leaves

Healing give to nations, the fruit they pluck, which when  
Partaken of makes one those whom before all worlds  
God has destin'd each for each. These souls united  
Know the sum of those experiences each  
Upon the way has gain'd. They give to one another  
All the best, desiring each to see the other  
First, to feel the other blest. At last the soul  
Sees its other self, and that so often longed  
For is realized, which cannot be possessed  
Until the soul is whole. United now they rise  
To spheres celestial, and know that God is good.  
Love of father, mother, brother, friend or child,  
Love of earth-mates here or mates in other spheres —  
All are rounds upon the ladder stretched from  
Earth to heaven, aids in climbing steep ascents,  
Help for those who grasp the rounds together; whether  
Joy or sorrow be their portion, love is still  
Stamping its indelible mark upon their hearts,  
Slowly moulding souls; for love is part of God.  
As a single ray of light, that through the casement  
Blinds comes peeping, on which the motes of dust are dancing,  
Is the same as that which beams upon the clearest  
Lake: so love is one, though just a slender thread  
Often mix'd with clay, and never fully felt,  
'Til the ladders all are left behind, the mountains  
Gained whose rocky sides by pilgrims best are climbed  
Who unburden'd walk with naught of earth attire.  
Just before the topmost peaks are reach'd, the last  
Great giant rocks are scaled, refreshment meets th' aspiring  
Soul; for through the gap is seen a dazzling vision.

Space is naught in these celestial spheres; no distance  
Baffles sight. Though separated by a vast  
Sea of glist'ning light so white it almost blinds  
One unus'd to actual light, when spiritual  
Sight is ours we may behold across this shining  
Sea (which none can pass before the second death)  
The city of our Father and our God, outlined  
In light, but little builded. Amaz'd we ask the reason  
Why, and read the answer in our guide's kind eyes.  
For souls redeem'd is that fair land, for God's dear children  
An everlasting habitation when their wand'rings  
All are over. To it each child must bring a stone,  
A metal, fruit and flower, gather'd on the way.  
Some, not all, bring trees and lights and jewels bright.  
Many children still are loit'ring in the valleys;  
Only a few have cross'd th' shimm'ring sea, and fewer  
Have gone home to stay. Th' faithful ones of that  
Chosen race now light the golden candlestick,  
Which in centre of the four-square city stands,  
Fashion'd like the one upon the mount, which Moses  
Saw, and pattern'd for the ark. Twelve others, in  
Shape and size alike though each of different metal,  
Will light the city's stately gates, when you and I  
Shall, with others yet unborn, our places take  
On flowers that now for fruits are waiting that we are work-  
ing  
To produce. The base that holds the branches up  
Is three steps high; each centre is a lamp with seven  
Flames; beside the lamp two trees do grow,<sup>16</sup> for golden  
Candlestick the olive, cypress for the copper.

By various metals other trees attracted are,  
Whose topmost leaves the lamps o'erlap; they speak of  
those

Anointed ones, on whom the holy oil descends  
And burns them into one. The lamps on either side  
Are deck'd with branches three, each crown'd with seven-  
petal'd

Flowers which have for centre candles three by myriad  
Color'd lights surround'd. Some are stars, some meteors,  
Comets, diamonds, squares and leaves or bars of varied  
Brilliance; worn on forehead of each one who a crown  
Has gain'd, won on battlefields of earth where dragons  
Dwell, and carried it to dizzy heights. Each flower  
By thousands of such lights illumined is, while two  
Flowers o'er each pearly gate their lights do shed.  
Copper and aluminum, with Aryan or Teutons  
Fill'd, join hands. The silver for Caucasian with  
Teuton intertwines. In groups of three the corners  
Of the four-square town are build'd. Pelasgic lead,  
Saracen of steel and Cyclopean iron,  
Races past and gone; Turanian creto, Etrurian  
Sterile, Gallic radium undevelop'd here;  
Slavic bronze, Mongolian brass, Malaysian zozo,  
Metals much resembling one another. These  
Races twelve on their respective candlesticks  
Keep the gates of New Jerusalem; while Semitic,  
Separated from the other peoples of  
Th' earth, their golden candlestick upon the golden  
Street with crystal river flowing underneath,  
Have Orion, noble fighter, with belt and sword

Undimmed — though among zodiacal signs no longer  
He holds his true position first upon the Spiral  
Stairs; for from the centre candlestick two spiral  
Flights of iridescent mica steps to nine  
Branched mica candlestick ascend, where three  
Laurel trees about its nine-flam'd lamp do stand.  
The lyre its constellation is, with Vega bright.  
From its centre glist'ning epho stairs go upwards  
In three spiral flights to epho candlestick,  
Like in pattern to the mica, and with flowers  
Petall'd nine, and trees of Greek pink myrtle, with  
Ursa Minor and the Polar Star, great Saä!  
Epho and mica lighter, brighter are than gold.  
Yet far more radiant metals are, whose names on earth  
Will not be known, which form three candlesticks with  
branches

Twelve and flowers petall'd twelve. No lamp have these,  
Constellation none; but vines with pure white flowers  
Cluster around the Triune throne, where three great flowers  
Unite: the Dion, Sion, Lion, Source of Light!  
These no mortal eye may see.

Beyond our comprehension nine dimensions, three  
We know, and dimly apprehend the space between  
Th' atoms; but the note has not been blown which shall  
Break the walls that hold us down to seven tones.  
Slower sound precedes the swifter light; then blow,  
Bugle, lead us on to sight.  
Wave on wave of shimm'ring light must beat upon  
Th' shore, the rocks to sand be ground, and welded into  
Stones again and o'er again in ceaseless round,

Ere the children of our God be gather'd all  
There to see a spectacle sublime, which will  
Only come when planets, moons, and suns have finish'd  
Work; when all the worlds in arms of Saä rest;  
When Fedrus stars their atoms all have burnt of metal,  
Wood and earth. When fire and water reunite,  
Making great electric lights, and not till then,  
Comes the crack of doom! Then having finish'd giving  
Birth to stellar systems, on its little end  
Th' cosmic egg will stand. The larger end, the great  
Dome that forms the canopy of sky, will then  
Break! The shell will roll away, consum'd by real  
White light, which is heat and light and love combined.  
All we call material here, the universe  
Visible to earth eyes, will forever pass.  
We no more shall miss it than the butterfly misses  
Its cocoon, than chestnuts miss their burrs, than bodies  
Miss their worn-out clothes, than spirits miss their shrouds  
Of clay. The visible universe is but the garment  
Of the Most High God, the shell of the cosmic egg;  
Its purpose will have serv'd when all created souls  
To bear white light are strong enough. Its use has been  
God's weak creatures to conceal and shelter, as  
Tiniest shell the smallest protoplasm doth protect  
'Til consum'd to serve upon a higher plane.  
Here below all but reflection is of that  
Above; nothing is manifest without a cause,  
Every wee flame threefold is: The inner red,  
Then yellow light; from red and yellow which combined  
Make the orange, blue proceeds. The first division

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Then of light will ever give these three prime colors,  
The source of heav'nly fire a triune force. The centre  
Which sends forth and ever feeds the flame, the great  
Heart, the Core, the Maker of the Chords, is red;  
Yellow, the Light Begetter, Holy One, Eternal  
Logos! World Creator, Son upon the Throne;  
While the Host, the Holy Ghost, proceeding from  
Father and from Son, who with the Father and  
Th' Son together will be glorified, is blue,  
Th' base of light's triangle. These are not three gods  
But One, dependent each upon the other. For  
Th' Most High God cannot be Father 'til the Son  
Comes forth. Unless His creatures live, no true Creator  
Is the Son. The Holy Ghost can ne'er be holy  
Until it is entire. This negative, feminine portion  
Of the Godhead is dispersed now throughout  
The whole creation. By it all things are conceived,  
Spirit of the Living God, which animates  
All of Nature, holds the dust, and forms it into  
Myriad shapes and hues until the dust by light  
Is transformed. Each atom of the flame must glow,  
Cling close each to each, and show its color true.  
When time is ripe, when seed and stem and bud and flower  
Give to fruit the place, this spirit which of God's  
Nostrils is the Breath, is Man!  
Much divided now this spirit is; a few  
Only have forever shed their shells. These are  
Nam'd th' heavenly host. But one has gone to highest  
Place, our Leader, Lucifer, The First Begotten  
Of the Father, Fallen One; who rising with

Healing in his wings became Redeemer and  
Lover of earth-man. The Alpha and Omega  
Now in centre of the golden candlestick  
Walking, carries in his hand the lamp with seven  
Flames, and bears in his immortal body wounds,  
With whitest light transfigur'd, which he bore for us.<sup>17</sup>  
Others still are fighting in dark caverns of  
Planetary spheres; they fight and fall and rise,  
Fall again and battle on and on, until  
Light within them overcomes the dark; until  
Th' ember flames and rises, fann'd with breezes which  
From on high will surely come to each aspiring  
Soul. To will the right, to shun the wrong will always  
Conquer. Though the night be long the day will dawn.  
Some there be who sin against the Holy Ghost,  
The god within; through self-will from th' vine they're  
sever'd;  
Souls cut off from God are blotted out. Each child  
Is free to choose; but every one who goes astray,  
Every one who loiters on the way, retards  
Th' upward march of all the host. The note of triumph  
Which the leaders long to hear, cannot be sounded  
'Til the children all accord. As yet but few  
There, and fewer Here, the thought of universal  
Love possess; when born, on all the earth shall reign  
Peace and good will. When all think love, not till then,  
By all Humanity can the Child conceived be.  
All that holds the Three in One is Love, the One  
In Three, the Child which is to be.



## NOTES

### PROLOGUE

**1. knocked:**

St. Matthew vii. 7, 8.

**2. enter in:**

St. Matthew vii. 13.

**3. has produced:**

Israel.

**4. Semele:**

Semele, daughter of Cadmus, King of Thebes, asking Zeus to appear in all his glory, was killed by lightning. Read Schiller's drama Semele.

"For Semele once to vengeance given  
Now waves her flowery locks in heaven."

—Pindar's First Olympic Ode, II strophe.

**5. Daphne:**

Nothing remains of Daphne's epic of 11,000 lines. A hill north of Athens still bears her name. Near by, on the sacred road to Eleusis, is the convent of Daphne, built over an ancient temple to Apollo.

**6. deemed mad:**

"And in proportion prophecy is more perfect and august than augury, both in name and fact; in the same proportion, as the ancients testify, is madness superior to a sane mind, for the one is only human, but the other of divine origin."—Socrates, in the Phædrus. 244.

"The third kind is the madness of those who are possessed by the Muses; which taking hold of a delicate and virgin soul, and there inspiring frenzy, awakens lyrical and all other numbers, with these adorning the myriad actions of ancient heroes for the instruction of posterity. But he who has no touch of the Muses' madness in his soul, comes to the door and thinks that he will get into the temple by the help of art — he, I say, and his poetry are not admitted."—Plato's Phædrus. 245. Jowett's translation.

**CANTO I**

1. **The Creator:**  
Colossians i. 15. 16.
2. **before created worlds:**  
Psalms xc. 2.
3. **to be like Him:**  
Genesis i. 26. 27. I John iii. 2.
3. **attracted water:**  
The mother star of our Sun is the center of the Southern Cross.
5. **not all are suns called:**  
The Pleiades are asteroids, Aldebaran is a planet!
6. **electric lights:**  
Vega in Lyra is one of these.
7. **oft repeated lives:**  
Thought for Help, by William C. Comstock, 1913, page 67:  
Eleanora.  
"Each of our terrestrial existences is but an episode of our immortal life."—Here and Hereafter, page 133, Leon Denis.  
Translated by George G. Fleurot. Brentano, 1909.
8. **lower lives had lived:**  
That is, on other planets.
9. **Noë, whose ramparts were the sea:**  
Nahum iii. 8.
10. **before they are unrolled:**  
The record of our deeds in all our lives is on a scroll which we sometimes call the subconscious mind. This we may unroll when the way we have learned.
11. **Born in Skien:**  
Ibsen.
12. **in spirit belongs to Germany:**  
Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor. See Canto XII.

**13. their town's late tribute:**

On the 500th anniversary of the birth of Petrarch the citizens of Padova unveiled a statue of the poet.

**14. in Antenor's town:**

Padova was founded by Antenor, a brother of Priam, shortly after the Trojan War.

In the Chapel of Santa Maria del Arena, Giotto has painted Dante as one of the Saints going to heaven. (This at the time of Dante's exile from Florence.)

## CANTO II

**1. O great negative mother!**

Not Rhea, the earth mother, but that primeval stuff which enters into the being of each one of us.

"And the great Mother, full of divinity, who comes forth through life, standing hid in secret, who was born through creatures."—From the Upanishads, "In the House of Death." Part II. Translated by Charles Johnston.

The poet of Genesis undoubtedly thought that God was male and female. Genesis i. 26. 27.

**2. twin lights:**

Phœbus Apollo and Artemis.

**3. Rhea:**

The name of this planet on which we now live.

**4. Pleistocene:**

Post-tertiary age. "Pre-Indian Inhabitants of North America."—N. Horace Winchell.

**5. still upright:**

Genesis iii. 14.

**6. one with wisdom:**

Sap—sapient.

**7. in Greece:**

"Many great and wonderful deeds were recorded of your state in our histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valour. For these histories tell of a mighty power which unprovoked made an expedition against the whole of Europe and Asia and to which your city put an end."—Plato's *Timaeus*. 25.

**8. second on our planet:**

Canto I. 120-24; also 155-58.

"There have been, and will be again, many destructions of mankind arising out of many causes; the greatest have been brought about by the agencies of fire and water and other lesser ones by innumerable other causes . . . in the first place, you remember a single deluge only."—Plato's *Timaeus*. 23.

**9. e'en serpents came:**

In the Acropolis museum at Athens is a gigantic serpent with three human heads, sculptured from Egyptian porous rock.

**10. cult was uppermost:**

"The Dawn of Astronomy." Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer. Macmillan, New York, 1894.

**11. three seasons to the year:**

This was so for a long time in Greece. The three Hours presided over the seasons as well as the day.

**12. in his native land:**

Numbers xiii. 23. 24.

**13. Hathor:**

A favorite name for Isis.

**14. many veils:**

Exodus xxvi. 33., xxxiv. 33-35. St. Matthew xxvii. 51.

**15. the sign of life:**

Usually of bronze, containing a number of loose hooks. Seen to-day in many museums. A large number in the Thermae of Diocletian at Rome.

**16. sacred serpent:**

The Uræus.

**17. mighty Menes:**

Larned, in "Seventy Centuries," calls this king Mena. See National Geographical Magazine, September, 1913, page 1041.

**18. Ptah-hotep:**

"The primitive archetype of all gentlemen."—A Multitude of Counsellors.—J. N. Larned, 1901.  
Instruction of Ptah-hotep, translated from the Egyptian by Battiscombe G. Gunn.—E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.  
Records of the Past, new series, London, 1890.

**19. great obelisks:**

One was afterwards sent to London, and one to New York.

**20. its history telling:**

A careful reading of the Old Testament with knowledge of the Kabbalistic signs in it will give the history of Adam's rod.  
Introduction to the Kabbalah. Christian D. Ginsburg.  
London.

**21. to divide the waters:**

Exodus xiv. 21–28. Joshua iii. 16.  
Egyptian Tales of the Magicians from the Westcar papyrus.  
In Baufra's Tale we read of a man who by magic speech divided the waters of a lake.

### CANTO III

**1. to life on Rhea:**

The Malaysians, like all other autochthonous races, had lives elsewhere before coming here. See Canto I. 85–92.

**2. the earliest:**

Persia, Egypt, and Greece. See Canto I. 145–48.

**3. the Upanishads:**

The dramatic element in the Upanishads.—Monist, April, 1910.

## 4. e'en though unrecognized:

From the Upanishads, translated by Charles Johnston.  
Mosher, 1897.

## 5. Vyasa's bouquet of verses:

Translator's Epilogue. The Maha-bharata condensed into English verse by Romesh Dutt, C. I. E. Dent, 1898.

## 6. peace at last:

The Bhagavad Gita. Translated by Lionel D. Barnett.  
Dent, 1905.

## 7. migrated into India:

Canto III. Lines 19-24.

The Iranians began to settle in the Punjab about 1400 B. C.  
The literature of India, especially the Malaysian drama, was many centuries earlier than the English critics of to-day admit.

## 8. the cause of suffering:

Book Eighth, The Light of Asia, Sir Edwin Arnold.

## 9. the valor of a queen:

Chand Bibi, queen of Ahmadnagar, page 137, A Brief History of the Indian Peoples, Sir William Wilson Hunter, 1897.

## CANTO IV

## 1. Gave them light:

Laotse never claimed to have written the works on Taoism now frequently accredited to him.

## 2. cult of Shu:

Canto II, 90-97. Canto III, 1-9. The Shu-King, translated from the Chinese by James Legge. Sacred Books of the East, Vol. III.

## 3. ablest of the Mongol leaders.

Genghis Khan.

## CANTO V

1. Firdausi's poetic page:

The Shah Nameh, translated by James Atkinson, Esq.

2. robes resembling fish:

Layard's Nineveh. Colored plate of Temple of Nun.

3. Assyria:

Genesis x. 11.

4. Peleg's day:

Genesis xi. 16-19.

5. condemning to virginity:

Judges xi. 37-39.

The unsexing of maidens was thought by the Greeks to be pleasing to Artemis. Iphigenia in Aulis, Hecuba, Euripides. Pompeian frescoe, the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

6. Ephod:

Exodus xxviii. 4. 30. Judges xvii. 5. I Samuel xxx. 7. Ezra ii. 63. Nehemiah vii. 65.

7. the mantle which was Aaron's rod:

II Kings ii. 14, iv. 29.

William Blake's picture of Elijah's chariot where the *rod* is seen descending.

8. Judith:

Book of Judith, Apocryphal Old Testament.

9. to God present:

Book of Tobias, Apocryphal Old Testament.

Protevangelion, Apocryphal New Testament.

10. the measure of man:

Ezekiel x. 21., xli. 8-11. Revelation xiii. 11. 17. 18. The esoteric value of any number is the sum of its digits.

11. seven-flamed lamp:

Exodus xxv. 37. Numbers viii. 2. Zechariah iv. 2.

## CANTO VI

## 1. Hamaguchi:

This tale is related in *Unfamiliar Japan*, Lafcadio Hearn.

## 2. the blossoms might defile:

"If I pluck them the touch of my hand will defile; therefore standing in the meadows as they are I offer these wind-blown flowers to the Buddhas of the past, the present, and the future."  
—*Ideals of the East*, page 129. Kakasu Okukura.

## 3. Aaron's rod of old:

*Exodus vii. 10-12.*

## 4. or almond:

*Jeremiah i. 11.*

## 5. one body to another:

"As the Body's Tenant goes through childhood and manhood and old age in the body, so does it pass to other bodies."—  
Lesson the Second. *Bhagavad Gita*.

"Many times the soul returns to be each time reclothed in another mantle."—Thought for Help, page 65. William C. Comstock.

The Child of the Dawn. A. C. Benson.

## CANTO VII

## 1. Antyos:

A rock portrait of this Titan, in the Museum at Athens, marked 800 B. C., is evidently a replica of a much older statue.

## 2. Tethys:

A rock portrait in the Museum at Athens of the same age as Antyos is marked "Demeter (?)," a bad guess of the archaeologists.

## 3. Peleg was divided:

*Genesis x. 25.*

**4. first in lore historic:**

The Ante-Hellenic Pelasgians. Grote's History of Greece 10 Volumes, 1888. Vol. II, page 189.

"They are the earliest race which appear to have exercised a dominant power in Greece." Athens, Its Rise and Fall, Edward Lytton Bulwer. Page 5, Vol. I.

**5. his palace rose:**

When Cecrops' palace on the Acropolis of Athens was excavated it yielded many interesting Egyptian antiquities.

**6. Solemnized:**

Eleusinian Mysteries, Isaac Taylor.

"Thrice happy they who having seen these rites

Then pass to Hades; there to these alone

Is granted life! All others evil find." Sophocles, fragment.

"Blessed is he who having looked on them

Passes below the hollow earth, for he knows life's true end and  
Zeus-given sovereignty."—Pindar.

**7. to save her spouse:**

Alcestis, Euripides.

For dramatic effect the poet substitutes Herakles for Aesculapius as the deliverer of Alcestis.

**8. was drowned:**

The well is still shown at Corinth in which Glauke is said to have drowned.

**9. Amazon's son:**

Hippolytus Crowned, Euripides.

**10. left his Helen:**

Page 156. Vol. I. Grote's History of Greece.  
Life of Theseus, Plutarch.

**11. Electra said:**

Orestes, Euripides.

**12. Polyxena suffered:**

Canto V. Note 6. The sacrifice of Polyxena was supposed to appease the shade of Achilles. Hecuba, Euripides.

**13. tragic poems:**

The Iliad and Odyssey, first written in dramatic form, were acted in the streets of Miletus during the lifetime of their author, Homer, an Hellenic Greek born on the island of Chios. He wrote on parchment in ideograms, using the Akkadian language. What we call Homeric Greek is of the time of Pisistratus the tyrant of Athens, who was induced by Solon to have the Homeric poems transcribed. They were much mutilated, and at this time given epic form.

**14. Minos' laws:**

Since the finding of Minos' palace at Knossos in Crete (1907) he and his laws can no longer be called mythic.—The Sea Kings of Crete, by Rev. James Baikie, National Geographic Magazine, January, 1912, September, 1913.

**15. rocks of time:**

Prometheus Bound, *Æschylus*.

**16. Bacchus' Youngest Child.**

Euripides.

**17. never has been mute:**

On the Pythian Responses. Theosophical Essays, Plutarch.

**CANTO VIII****1. Etrurian art:**

The city of Cumæ, buried by an eruption of Mt. Avernus, 475 B. C., in the 19th century A. D. yielded rare art treasures now in the Museum at Naples.

**2. change its name:**

Now the Tiber called.

**3. Ætna vomiting fire:**

This eruption was witnessed by Pindar and *Æschylus*, who both allude to it: 1st Pythian Ode, II strophe, Pindar; Prometheus Bound, *Æschylus*.

**4. plains of Sicily:**

Greece and Sicily, 2 Vols. John Addington Symonds.

**5. A lasting name:**

1st Olympic Ode, I antistrophe. Pindar.

**6. famed speech:**

Book XXXIV. History of Rome, Livy.

**7. dream came true:**

Scipio's dream is given in full by Cicero, in his "de Divinatione."

**8. Pharsalus was:**

See epic poem by Lucan (*Pharsalia*), too little read.

**9. his pastorals:**

The Georgics.

**10. shines on forever:**

Book VI. *Aeneid*, Vergil.

**11. Anne and Joachim:**

The Protevangelion and Gospel of Mary. Apocryphal New Testament.

**12. ever call her blessed:**

St. Luke i. 28-48.

**13. dove did perch:**

Isaiah xi. 1.

Giotto's fresco in Santa Maria del Arena at Padova.

**14. with Moses and Elias talked:**

St. Matthew xvii. 3. St. Mark ix. 4. 5.

**15. imputed to another:**

"All thou seest doth with God abound. God is alike in all and always to be found."—Spoken by Cato in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Book IX.

16. worship of Isis he explained:  
Plutarch's Theosophical Essays.

17. virility:  
I Corinthians vii. 37.  
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. Book I. Sec. xiv.

18. ministering angels:  
Hebrews i. 7. 14. St. Luke xxii. 43.  
On the Cessation of Oracles X, Theosophical Essays, Plutarch.

19. Beatrice Cenci's grave.  
In the Church of St. Peter Martyr on the Janiculum at Rome—  
perhaps the oftener shown because unnamed.

## CANTO IX

1. Atlantides:  
(See Canto II. 121-149.)  
Plato's Timæus, 25. 26.

2. three of Rome's emperor's:  
Trajan, Hadrian, Theodosius.

3. Arab leader:  
Tarif.

4. Albion:  
The earliest name we know for England.

5. Isabel:  
A Queen of Queens and The Making of Spain. Christopher Hare.

6. guiding Voice:  
(See Canto VII. 893-95.)  
I Samuel iii. St. Luke ix. 35. St. John xii. 28. Acts ix. 4.  
Plato's Symposium.

**7. angel guide:**

Genesis xxii. 11-15, xxiv. 7. Psalms xci, xxxiv. 7. Exodus iii. 2, xiv. 19. Acts x. 3.

**8. Kublai Khan:**

(See Canto IV. 115-17.)

**9. Maximilian's son:**

Philip, son of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy; m. Joan, d. of Ferdinand and Isabella.

**CANTO X****1. ambition of a man:**

Cardinal Wolsey.

**2. thraldom of Rome:**

In the reign of Edward VI. the Book of Common Prayer was compiled, the Psalms translated.

**3. misguided Mary:**

"Mary Tudor" in Queens of Spain, Martin Hume.

**4. pastoral verse:**

When Sir William Jones sent home his translation of the Sakontala the English public refused to believe it was from the Sanskrit, it was so much like Shakespeare.

**5. satiric strain:**

Milton in trying to undermine Calvinism cloaked his weapon so cleverly that the satire was not recognized.

**6. another planet:**

Uranus, called at first "Herschel" after its discoverer.

**7. Landseer moulded:**

Nelson's monument, Trafalgar Square, London.

**8. the great prose writer:**

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

**9. Nettleship:**

No other English scholar has so well understood the spirit of Plato. Richard Lewis Nettleship, *Letters and Remains*, 2 Vols. London, 1897.

**10. saintly Catherine:**

*Life of Catherine Booth*, 2 Vols, F. de L. Booth-Tucker.

**CANTO XI****1. martyred maid:**

Jeanne d'Arc, Mark Twain.

**2. Avignon:**

The papal residence and large church in which a pope is buried are the chief attractions of this French village.

**3. three successive kings:**

Charles VIII., Louis XII., Francis I.

**4. Louis Condé de Bourbon:**

The great Huguenot leader, assassinated 1569.

**5. Rachel:**

Sketch of her life in *Comedie Française*. Arsène Houssaye.  
"And where she (Rachel) was it was impossible to care much  
for the presence of any other woman."—Letters of Charles  
Eliot Norton, 1913, Vol. I., page 311.

**6. Emperor evermore:**

Napoleon III. in Italy, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

**CANTO XII****1. on British isle his home:**

Wordsworth, born 1770, in spirit belongs to Germany, as Sebastian Bach was probably a greater incarnation for him.  
"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting." Stanza V., Ode on Immortality.

**2. Thorwaldsen:**

(See Canto I. 482-83.)

**3. part of Christus:**

Anton Lang, 1900 and 1910.

**4. Tusk of boar:**

The wound by tusk of boar signifies excess of passion.

**5. brazen serpent:**

By this symbol Moses taught the Israelites the value of self-control.

**6. highest joy:**

(See Canto X. 227-34).

### CANTO XIII

**1. breaking laws:**

"When law perishes lawlessness falls upon the whole stock. When lawlessness comes upon it, O Krishna, the women of the stock fall to sin."—Lesson the First, Bhagavad Gita, translated by Lionel D. Barnett.

"Do you think that a state can exist and not be overthrown in which the decisions of law are of no force, and are disregarded and set at naught by private individuals? . . . For a man who is a subverter of law may well be supposed to be a corrupter of the young and thoughtless."—Plato's Crito, translated by F. J. Church.

**2. still is action:**

"Without undertaking works no man may possess worklessness, nor can he come to adeptship by mere casting off of works."—Bhagavad Gita.

### CANTO XIV

**1. credit to herself:**

The life of Mary Baker Eddy, by Georgine Milmine, in Mc-

Clure's Magazine, February, March, May, 1907.

Letters by Julius Dresser, Boston Post, Feb. 24, 1883.

The Divine Law of Cure, Rev. Warren F. Evans, 1881.

**2. unlock the gates:**

(See Canto VIII. 598-601.)

**3. men equal are:**

The New Testament does not so teach. St. Matthew xiii. 11  
St. Luke viii. 10.

**4. in female form:**

Susan B. Anthony, George Eliot, George Sands, are some of the masculine spirits incarnating in a woman's body. There are many on earth to-day.

**5. and Cain's descendants:**

"And God cursed Cain." Genesis iv. 11. 15. This curse was that Cain's descendants should be black.

**6. and not the best:**

The Great Psychological Crime. T. K. The Indo-American Pub. Co., Chicago.

**7. who fail in faith:**

Hebrews xi. 6.

**8. number have and color:**

Number and color taken together show the quantity and quality of work required during the soul's progress.

**9. color:**

There are three prime colors: red, yellow, and blue. The prism divides these into seven. The black lines that show on the spectrum are produced by rays of "earth red"; mingling with the prime colors these produce the prismatic colors. The first admixture gives brown; this is usually the earliest color the unfolding soul shows. The earth red worked off, we have the pure flame red; this, mixing with yellow, gives the different shades of rose and pink. Where the earth red mixes with the yellow we have orange. Yellow and blue combined give green; where the earth red mixes with green it gives a dull, cloudy green; when with dark blue it produces indigo; or when more of the earth color touches the blue, purple is the result.

There are seven shades to each prismatic color except blue, which has fourteen shades. Where the earth red touches the

lightest shade of the first seven shades of blue it makes lilac. This is often mistaken for the highest color, as the seven light blues or "N" waves are not visible on the spectrum, the vibration becoming too rapid. When the earth color touches the "N" or lightest blue waves they turn black. Young souls who are brown do not mind coming to earth again and again. Even orange is comparatively easy to work off leaving yellow. Purple takes longer, often requiring a number of lowly lives to clear and leave the blue. Black must come to earth again and again as grey, and finally begins its upward path, coming into red when some great trial, some upheaval of the spirit, comes which fans the apparently dead embers into flame once more.

**10. then number too is given:**

While the seed is germinating, before the blade is above ground, the soul does not show color. During this period come our cipher lives. First three, then two, then one cipher, then numbers, as  $20\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $17\frac{1}{2}$  or  $39\frac{1}{2}$ . The first whole number given to us is 39, part of which is worked off in successive lives until such a number is attained as can be finished in one lifetime.

3, 7, 9, 11, 13, 17, 19, 21, 27, are all numbers of the first order. 3, 7, 9 are of the first class, first order; 11, 13, 17, second class first order; 19, 21, 27, third class, first order; 5, 10, 15, first class, second order; 4, 6, 8, first class, third order, and so on. Even a five with a good color may do a better work than a 7 or 9 with a poor color. Certain numbers are good only in connection with certain colors. Three is the highest number for a genius; 9 and 11 the next; 7 and 13 make the greatest psychics, and so on.

**11. candlestick:**

St. Luke xi. 33-36.

**12. every cycle:**

There are seven cycles or petals to each flower. Each flower has three candles and three inner circles; then the circle of 540, and lastly the outer circle of 5040.

**13. conscious souls:**

When souls have received number and color they are said to be budding or unfolding. When they have gone as high as the seventh sphere they are called developed souls. All threes, most blue and yellow sevens, and some blue and green nines, are

---

developed souls. There are many degrees of developed souls. Socrates (3 and light blue) was so fully developed as to be nearly conscious. On reaching the ninth sphere souls become conscious. Usually conscious souls coming to earth have no number, though rare, conscious souls have come in every age. Tao, Elisha, Buddha, John the Baptist, Joan of Arc, Swedenborg, Tolstoy, Bahá'í Ullah, are some of these.

**14. to all nations:**

Abdul Bahá visited the United States in 1912.

**15. perfected soul:**

Perfected souls are those who have completed their work in the terrestrial spheres and are ready to be archangels, yet choose to incarnate for a special work. Abdul Bahá is the first one of these since Mary of Nazareth, who came for the purpose of highest motherhood. Jesus, the Perfect Man, was an archangel, the only one ever born on this planet.

**16. John Fitch:**

See *Historical Collections of Connecticut*.  
*McMaster's History of the United States*, Vol. I., pp. 432-35.  
*Life of John Fitch*, Westcott.

**17. Have been found:**

While this was being written the news came that Cook and Peary both claim to have discovered the North Pole, which assuredly neither one found, though Peary did good work. Later comes the news of the discovery of the South Pole by Amundsen; yet he has failed to find the Antarctic people.

**18. oldest of all our country:**

I count Yucatan as part of Egypt.

**19. Juno be discovered:**

A planet nearer to this earth than Mars has been observed by several astronomers. It will probably receive the name of its first discoverer and later be called Juno.

## CANTO XV

**i. then all shall prophesy:**

Joel ii. 28.

**2. for all mankind:**

St. Luke ii. 14.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will towards men," is the version of the angel's song in the Protestant Bible. The Catholic Bible gives another translation of these verses:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." Some day these verses will read thus:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to Mary."

**3. a thousand years:**

Revelation xx. 4. Rhea will then be in the third sphere.

**4. my mother and my brethren:**

St. Matthew xii. 50. St. Luke viii. 21.

**5. ideal child:**

(See Prologue, 71-72.)

Rhea's ideal child is Freedom. The cosmic ideal child is Love.

**6. to bread stones turning:**

In the account of the feeding of the five thousand, St. Matthew xiv. 16-21, we usually think of the multiplication of loaves and fishes; yet no doubt Jesus could have turned the stone to bread as the Tempter suggested earlier, St. Matthew iv. 3.

**7. the higher wisdom twelve were taught:**

St. Matthew xiii. 11.

**8. Nirvana:**

"If any teach Nirvana is to cease, say unto such they lie. If any teach Nirvana is to live, say unto such they err."—Light of Asia, Book the Eighth. Sir Edwin Arnold.

Nirvana is one of the most misunderstood words used by modern writers. The teaching regarding this was the same as that of the Lord Jesus who admonished His disciples to go in and out and find pasture. St. John x. 9. The word Nirvana in Sanskrit means going in and out. The Chinese call it The Yin and the Yang. When the secret of this going is known and practiced properly, with closed door, there is a union of the incarnate ego with the Over Soul which makes for spiritual advancement.

9. flames of fire:  
Hebrews i. 7.
10. life and spirit are:  
St. John v. 63.
11. golden candlestick:  
Revelation i. 12, 13, 20. Exodus xxv. 31.
12. narrow gate:  
St. Matthew vii. 13.
13. ministering spirits:  
St. Luke xxii. 43. Hebrews i. 14.  
Psalms xxiv. 7.
14. preserved:  
The Apocryphal New Testament.  
Giotto's fresco in Santa Maria del Arena at Padova.
15. overcome:  
Revelation ii. 11.
16. two trees do grow:  
Zechariah iv. 3. Revelation xi. 4.
17. He bore for us:  
Romans v. 6-21. Revelation iii. 21.











